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ART. I. — *Sketches of Modern Literature and Eminent Literary Men (being a Gallery of Literary Portraits).* By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Reprinted entire from the London Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 492.

IN a recent article on the Progress of Society, we represented the present age as characterized beyond all preceding times by professed reverence for intellectual attainments and achievements, but as still grossly deficient in that spiritual culture, without which intellect lacks its true nobility, and falls short of its mission and destiny. We propose now to point out some of the intellectual characteristics and tendencies of our times. The aim, indeed, seems at first sight vast and vague; but our discussion will be greatly simplified and brought within reasonable bounds, if, instead of attempting to enumerate in detail all the prominent features of the age, we fix its position, and unfold the principles which inspire its life and direct its energies. In order to do this, we must consider the route in which, and the ends for which, the intellectual effort and enterprise of civilized man have hitherto been directed.

The ages that are gone have been busy chiefly about the material world, — grappling with problems presented by the outward universe. Man awoke into being, surrounded by baffling mysteries. He found himself among existences and objects whose origin, uses, adaptations, and harmonies it surpassed his skill to trace, — beneath heavens whose cir-

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cuits, though obviously connected with his welfare, daily presented more and more perplexing intricacies, — over depths which filled him with awe as they quaked and heaved beneath him, and inflamed his cupidity, as they disclosed their glittering treasures for his use and ornament. On his soul was written the divine mandate, — "Subdue the world, and use it." He had the consciousness of lordship, even while he trembled in ignorance before his meanest subject. And in establishing his supremacy over the material creation, he has been conducting three distinct, yet concurrent, mental processes, from the creation until now.

The first and lowest, yet in some aspects the most essential of these processes, has been that of mechanical invention, which commenced with the rude needlework of our first parents in Eden, grew into distinct arts and trades among the unspiritual posterity of Cain, has given increased power, wealth, and luxury to every successive generation, and now culminates in the mighty Babels that weave raiment for the world, — in the steam-ship that stems the Atlantic storms, — in the harnessed lightning that rides post from city to city.

The second process has been that of philosophy, which, while practical skill has wrought on things known, has toiled in the realm of the unknown, sought out occult causes and harmonies, and laid bare the springs of nature's mechanism. For the first five thousand years of human history, philosophy floundered in palpable darkness, made a hundred blunders to one discovery, and was completely outstripped by practical skill, which seized on the obvious uses of many portions of creation, the nature of which was utterly unknown. The Jews, who, till the Christian era, alone believed in one God, were but little addicted to philosophical speculation. The nations that loved to investigate the causes of things believed in many jarring and malignant deities, holding joint or conflicting sway over the various departments of nature; and they had not, therefore, even the idea of unity, harmony, design, or adaptation, to guide them in their researches, and to lead them to look upon every part of the system in its relation to other parts or to the great whole. Indeed, it took a full thousand or fifteen hundred years after the Christian era for the human mind to become so imbued with the belief of one God, as to make this fundamental truth of theol-

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ogy an axiom of science, — a stage of progress marked by the gradual development, and at length by the full enunciation, of the inductive philosophy. But so soon as man awoke to the distinct consciousness of the beneficent harmony that pervades the universe, science stood firm upon the earth, and measured the heavens. The track of sun and star has been marked by human compasses; unwieldy Jupiter has been tumbled into the scales, while the vibrations of the harp-string have been counted, and the shape of the dew-drop and the falling tear expressed in algebraic formulas. The recent discovery of Le Verrier's planet has affixed the irrefragable seal of verity both to the established theory of the universe and the modern apparatus of mathematical analysis, while the resolution of many of the nebulæ by means of the Earl of Rosse's telescope has driven back the chaotic wave that threatened to sweep over the whole domain of physical astronomy, and to carry us back to a cosmogony as wild and vague as that of Lucretius. As we now look through the universe, we can find no fact which cannot be traced to its class and its law; and though there are unquestionably higher generalizations to be reached, we still have attained a point at which ignorance no longer stimulates inquiry.

The third process referred to is that of the imagination in poetry and fiction. It has been in the region of the unknown that fancy has built her chambers of imagery. In the earlier times, when all the ordinary phenomena of nature were wrapped in mystery, fancy could find vacant room enough for her creations about the daily path and among the familiar incidents of common life. The great poems of antiquity derived their interest from marvels which have now ceased to find a place in prose. The management of the expedition of the Argonauts, achieved by the joint and most potent aid of celestial and infernal deities, would not now transcend the scope of a passed midshipman, and of the heroes of the Trojan war few would rise above the rank and file of a modern army. The Odyssey is founded on the mysteries and perils of a coasting voyage, which one of our New England skippers would make alone in a sail-boat, and deem it no matter of wonder or boasting. Meeting the other day with a shipmaster, who had recently passed through the Strait of Messina, to get a load of salt at a Sicilian port,

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we made eager inquiries after Scylla and Charybdis. He assured us that he had never heard of either, said that he found ample sea-room and safe navigation through the strait, and could not tell what the old poets meant by filling so comfortable a ship's track with supernatural terrors.

After science had begun to clear away the mystery and awe that rested on outward nature, superstition still had a strong hold, not only on the ignorant, but among the lettered and refined; and even those who had themselves outgrown ideas of this class have sympathized sufficiently with the popular mind to enjoy imagery founded upon them. Accordingly, since the classic mythology yielded place, demons, fairies, supernatural appearances and interpositions, have furnished, almost up to our own day, ample materials for romance and poetry; and there has been full enough of nature left unappropriated by art and unexplored by philosophy for the free range of fancy. But this is the case no longer. Art and science have driven the imagination from her last earthly covert, — have let in broad daylight upon her lurking-places, — have supplanted her world of chimeras and fantastic forms by a world of stiff, stubborn, angular facts, which she can neither bend nor mould.

Here, then, we have the true position of our age. We have subdued and mastered the material universe. We have availed ourselves of its uses, registered its laws, and shaken out its mysteries. We stand where we were made to stand, — at the summit of this lower creation. We are at an era of high attainment, which the ages that are gone had hopelessly longed to reach. No wonder, then, that boastfulness presents itself among the prominent characteristics of our times. There are, indeed, other worlds to be conquered, and sublimer elevations to be scaled; but, though it be ungraceful, is it unnatural that we should pause for a while, and look down? Ours is indeed a boastful age. How ready we are to scorn the treasured wisdom of vanished generations, and to look back on the men of former times as if they had been mere barbarians, forgetting that the slavery and the wars of our day will come to be regarded with unmingled detestation and horror, as no less marks of the lowest grade of civilization than cannibalism seems to us now! But self-gratulation, self-praise, now tinges every expression of the general mind. The giant strides, which the

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last few years have taken in all the arts of life and in the sciences on which they rest, make the age a golden one, in the eyes of all who regard material prosperity as the supreme good; and those who think that they occupy a higher point of view are prone to look on the newly invented moral machinery of the day as perfect in its workings, and on the point of exterminating all inequality, wrong, and evil, unmindful that crime is growing beneath the reformer's fingers, and the rankest harvest of iniquity springing up in the wake of the radicalist's plough. We think proudly of the age, because we measure it for the most part by a material standard, and not by its spiritual attainments and promise. But the next generation will be as humble as we are boastful; for it will have become accustomed to the elevation that makes us giddy, and will begin to look with earnest aspiration upon the loftier and more arduous heights at the foot of which we stand, — even as the dwellers in the vales of Switzerland make slight account of the hundreds of feet that lift them above the sea, while they feed their flocks at the base of inaccessible, cloud-encircled cliffs.

Our age is also eminently utilitarian, in the lowest sense of the word. The powers of outward nature are so fully developed, and in such vigorous exercise, as to claim a disproportionate share of men's time and energies. Such great mechanical inventions are yet recent, such marvellous applications of science to art are among the wonders, or rather, have ceased to be the wonders, of the day, that most persons talk, reason, and feel, as if the rapid creation of value were the test of genius, the supreme end of being, and the crowning purpose of life. Man is looked upon as a mechanical power, and men educate themselves for the same uses to which they consecrate spinning-jennies and steam-boilers. Certain intellectual traits and endowments a man must have, in order to be a successful producer, for mere bone and muscle can no longer work out valuable results; in modern mills, a wise child can outgrind an unreasoning Samson. But with regard to the elements of a more spiritual culture, the question is virtually asked, — "What is their market value? Will they help me make better, or sell more, goods? Will they tell on 'change, or have weight at the stock-board? Will they make me sharper at a bargain, or wiser as to my investments?" Money-scales are made to answer

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all uses, and the balance of the sanctuary seldom has the dust shaken from its beam.

A day or two after Washington Allston's death, we occupied a seat in a railroad car behind a spruce *jobber* from Kilby street, who was expounding to his wife (who with a woman's truer instinct seemed aware that a great man had fallen), that Allston's decease would not be *half so much felt* as that of any common business man about the city; for, said he, "I do not suppose that he circulated in all his life so much money as we sometimes take in a single week." This piece of stupidity, which the man might have been too shrewd to utter for any other ear, tells the whole story of the too frequent indifference and contempt with which the fine arts are treated in this country, and of the dearth throughout the civilized world, in this age of traffic, of artists whose works are likely to live. We often find the artist regarded simply as the complement of the carpenter and upholsterer. Pictures and statues are *done* to order, to fill up architectural vacancies, or to supply the absence of columns or curtains, instead of demanding room and a welcome, because they sprang from the artist's own inspiration. On no other ground could the rotunda of our national Capitol have been defaced by the sacrilegious caricature of the baptism of Pocahontas, — the work of that Chapman, who has since executed the Harpers' brilliant travesty of the Holy Scriptures. A similar stubborn determination to have a group of statuary where something seemed lacking on the front of the Capitol could alone have licensed the figure of that respectable old gentleman, with an orange in his hand, standing in no very delicate juxtaposition with a pretty young lady dressed as was Eve in Eden, which, by "making believe a great deal," and practising with closed eyes, the frequenters of the premises have at length learned to regard as representing Columbus, as he startles a sleeping aboriginal beauty by his rapture on discovering the roundness of the world. On the other hand, that noble master-work of Greenough — false to the ideal of Washington only because it suggests a more than human majesty of soul, and might well represent the highest achievement of Christian art, with Jupiter Tonans for its seedling conception — is left by the collected wisdom of the nation in a leaky shanty outside the Capitol walls, not because there is no room for it within, but

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because there is no place that specially needs to be thus filled.

We may trace the workings of this same grovelling utilitarianism in the gradual decline of classical learning. The scholar is challenged in vain to produce a philosopher's stone which can transmute the dead languages into gold; and, as business letters never need to be written, or orders made or answered, in Latin or Greek, they are pronounced useless by multitudes of those who ought to know better, and the generous nurture that they may give to the higher powers and finer susceptibilities of youth is disdained and rejected. Meanwhile, as Horace says was the case in his day,

> "Pueri longis rationibus assem
> Discunt in partes centum diducere."

And with regard to many of the most approved and popular maxims and modes of education, we may well ask with the same poet, —

> "An, hæc animos ærugo et cura peculi
> Quum semel imbuerit, speramus, carmina fingi
> Posse linenda cedro, et levi servanda cupresso?"

Again, in an intellectual point of view, ours is a peculiarly unproductive age. There seems to be very little of vigorous, independent thought. On subjects on which the mind ought to be the most active, reading to a great degree takes the place of thinking, and one is very apt to be of the opinion of the last author that he has read. Men, too, reason in platoons, and hold belief and sentiment in joint-stock corporations, — in corporations for the most part with fictitious capital; for the draft, when made, for solid reasons and arguments, betrays a missing treasurer. Public opinion, sourceless as the wind, groundless as moonshine, is the tyrant; individual intellect, the supple sycophant, the passive slave. If a man gets a new idea, he goes out into the street to ask if there is any thing in it, or looks up to the high places to inquire whether any of the rulers or chief-priests have believed thus; and if his thought finds no echo, it seldom occurs to him to compare it with his own intuitions, to analyze it by his own subtilty, or to verify it by his own experience. This indifference to the higher forms of thought results, no doubt, from the vast amount of indisputable material philosophy and

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wisdom now in the possession of civilized man, in the process of being used up, and promising to supply the practical demands and outward wants of the race for centuries to come.

The prevalent tastes of the reading community indicate a similarly low intellectual standard. The writer who would have the world's suffrages must employ himself in reducing the strong meat of manly minds to the neutral savour and pulpy consistency demanded by the feeble organs of mental infancy. A very large portion of the literary energy of the age is employed in writing history, and that not philosophical, but merely entertaining history, biographical gossip, insignificant detail, fragmentary, episodical narrative, which, so far from aiding in the search for ultimate causes and principles, heaps up piles of impertinent rubbish in the inquirer's path. If the public press may be taken as an exponent of the general mind, the collecting and compiling no matter what from the annals of the past is deemed the most dignified and momentous pursuit that a man can be engaged in. How cursory notice is given to a really profound work, at least in any journal short of a quarterly! If the book is seriously argumentative, it is passed by as obscure and dull. If novel in its speculations, it is denounced as heretical, with garbled specifications, and the shades of free and noble thinkers, who were in advance of their own times and loved bold thought, are evoked to utter anathemas upon the offending author. But does a man publish some pitiful town history, and is he enabled by the careful collation of ancient records to ascertain the precise length of Governor Endicott's beard, or the dimensions of the first meeting-house in Rowley, or the names and accounts of the earliest tythingman and pound-keeper of Dedham, he bends under a whole forest of newspaper laurels, — he is doing noble service to his land and his race, — it is of such materials as these, that the future historian, who has been promised us ever since we can remember, is to build the imperishable monument of our country's renown.

Meantime, how vast the issues of the groaning press! "Of the making of many books there is no end"; but the process is, for the most part, or rather for the wisest and best part, the decanting of old wine into new bottles, even according to the good words of Chaucer, —

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"Out of the olde fieldes, as men saithe,
Cometh all this newe corn fro yere to yere;
And out of olde bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh all this newe science that men lere."

Of such books as feed thought and nourish intellect our times can number few; nor does there seem to be, in any department of literature, or in the higher walks of intellectual research, any leading and controlling mind, as there has almost always been before. The firmament shows no morning-star that outshines all the rest, but a galaxy, with here and there a brighter patch of light from a cluster of luminaries. Nor do we trace in many quarters that spirit of devout and earnest inquiry, that deep solemnity of soul in the contemplation of truth, before which the veil always parts and the empire of the unknown recedes. Two or three great works we have, indeed, had from beyond the Atlantic within as many years. Whewell and Mill (whose labors have been already noticed in our pages), in some respects antagonists in their philosophy, and the latter a much less careful reasoner and safe guide than the former, have done more than any other living English writers to replenish the fountains of fresh and vigorous thought. Their works go down to the very foundations of knowledge, to the roots of thought and theory; but they fail of meeting the general taste of the republic of letters, on account of their utter lack of false rhetoric, amplified or diluted statements, and illustrations drawn from the way-side of busy life. Whewell's History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, though cursorily commended in a recent number of this journal, have not, we believe, found the courtesy of an elaborate notice in any American periodical; and his Elements of Morality have in two or three instances been reviewed with a superciliousness and wrong-headedness which indicated either the indifference of a hireling critic, or an utter inability to rise to the author's point of view and to ppreciate his labors.

The German mind is, indeed, commonly deemed more active at the present time than the Anglo-Saxon, and it certainly grapples with higher themes of thought. But we doubt whether, since Goethe and Richter have passed off the stage, there remains any rival of their fame, as an original and creative mind, in any department whatsoever. German books, on all subjects of archæology, criticism, philosophy,

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and theology, display, indeed, prodigious learning. But so far as our limited acquaintance with German literature extends, its greatest achievements of the present day are of three classes. First, there are works which present, with little method or system, compends of all that can be read or known on a given subject. Secondly, there are numerous works which revive old and often exploded theories, and attempt to sustain them by excerpts, frequently garbled and distorted, from the erudition of all past ages. Then, thirdly, a new theory, so *outré* and absurd, that neither the author himself nor any of his readers can be supposed to have even a momentary faith in it, is often started on some subject, on which the true doctrine has long been established beyond dispute, and this strange theory is made a nucleus for the crystallization of old learning in new and eccentric forms, — the sole object being the exhibition of a startling piece of intellectual jugglery, which shall transfix the literary world with the same kind of admiration with which the less enlightened multitude see a man stand on his head, or balance a a cart-wheel on his chin. Strauss's Life of Jesus, reviewed in our number for October, belongs to this latter class. Its origin is, no doubt, to be accounted for on this wise. Niebuhr (the example of whose confiding faith in historical Christianity is made doubly precious by his extreme skepticism in the weighing of testimony) had applied the most profound and scientific criticism to the heterogeneous compound of fact and fable that bore the name of Roman history, exposed numberless fallacies in the evidence on which the faith of all preceding ages had implicitly rested, and reconstructed with the hand of a master-builder the fabric and fortunes of the great republic. Strauss, emulous of his fame, and yet lacking the enterprise to go beyond the range of his own department of learning, has brought into a period of authentic history the critical instruments which Niebuhr most aptly employed about the traditions of a fabulous age. The work, intellectually considered, is a scientific blunder, — as much so as it would be to apply mechanical reasoning to facts in chemistry, or algebraic formulas to the solution of ethical problems ; for the mode of investigation adapted to dateless and anonymous legends from ages that have transmitted no written history differs *toto cœlo* from that which belongs to records about the date and authorship of which there hangs

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no mystery, and to an age of which the events and statistics are familiarly known.

We pass to the aspect of our times as to works of the imagination. It has been often said, that an epic poem is no longer possible. This we believe ; for no man living has sufficient faith in the commingling of any class of intermediate supernatural agencies with the common affairs of life to furnish the machinery for an epic. Nay, even could a work of this class be elaborated with the highest degree of artistical skill, and its supernatural machinery adjusted with the closest fidelity to the best models, it is doubtful whether it would find readers. We must feel that the poet writes in good faith, in order to enjoy his creations. Had the Henriade been anonymous, it would have passed unchallenged to a secondary place among the works of its class ; but we can never forget, while we read it, that it is the unbelieving, scoffing, sneering Voltaire that is pulling the wires of a machinery which he denied and scorned. Had the Paradise Lost, with its half-pagan demonology, been written in our own day, it would not be read with the whole-hearted admiration, with the intense earnestness of spirit, which it now commands the more with every new perusal ; for we should all the while suspect the author's good faith, and the artificial, heartless process by which we should suppose the poem to have been written would leave its trail on all the gorgeous description and splendid imagery. As it stands, the Paradise Lost is to us what every true poem is, — the belief, the spirit, the image of its age and people, uttering itself through its heaven-attested seer ; and through it we not only behold the fantastic creations with which it swarms, which without contact with humanity have no charm for us, but we are borne back to the age when such creations were possible and credible, we enter for the time into the then current faith, and glow with the hopes and fears, the visions and the musings, that then dwelt deep in the general heart, and quickened the throbbings of the general pulse.

We now can no more recall, in separate forms of fancy and sources of inspiration,

> "The power, the beauty, and the majesty
> That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
> Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and watery depths."

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Dreary, prosaic fact has established its empire in glade, forest, and cavern, — over land, sea, and air, — and has banished spiritual essences from these lower skies. To supply the lost inspiration, various tricks are resorted to. Some have recourse to fantastic language, high-flown epithets, and artificially extravagant moods of mind, and ply in full sight of their readers every stroke of the scourge by which they lash themselves up to a most preposterous state of poetical frenzy. Others strew thickly over a mass of unmeaning platitudes impassioned words fresh from the dictionary, and present a caricature of poetic sentiment, that reminds one of the hideous contortions of muscles in the countenance of a galvanized corpse. Others, like Mrs. Hemans, only less gracefully, write on all classes of subjects, "in strains that sigh and words that weep," and derive their sole claim to a place on Parnassus from this morbid pathos, this maudlin sensibility, so alien from all actual experience that by its very strangeness it passes for inspiration. Others there are, indeed, both in poetry and in fiction, who anticipate the advent of a better age by creations instinct with a tenderly humane, philanthropic, and devout spirit. But the few truly great poets of our day are less creative than descriptive. Thus, Wordsworth betrays little creative fancy, but the keenest, gentlest, kindest powers of observation, intense sympathy with every form of life and mood of feeling, and a sacred harmony with the indwelling spirit that fills the universe with beauty and with glory. Similar endowments, with hardly less delicacy of perception, but with a more masculine tone and a stronger intellectual fibre, place Sterling (who ought to be more largely known), and our countrymen Bryant and Longfellow, among the first living poets, among whom, however, it is difficult to assign rank and to mark the degrees of glory.

To pass to another topic, our age undeniably manifests strong skeptical tendencies. There is, indeed, but little professed and blasphemous infidelity, unless we give that name (as we feel no hesitation in doing) to the *Straussian* forms of (so called) faith. But there is (if we may thus employ the name of an old Jewish sect) an abounding *Sadducism*, — a disposition to believe, trust, and enjoy only things that can be seen and handled, — an aversion to spiritual contemplation and spiritual truth, — an unwillingness to entertain subjects of

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thought drawn from the soul's higher life, from revelation, or from the dread mysteries of a future state. These tendencies result from the false position which we occupy with regard to the region of the unseen and the spiritual. That lies above and beyond; the age looks down and back, — is busy in the contemplation of its own attainments, — is in the mood of self-glorification, which of course implies self-trust and self-sufficiency. Man has, within the last generation, wrought so many wonders, and unravelled so many, in the outward world, as to lead to the belief that there can have been no event in the universe beyond the scope of his intellect, or the range of the laws that he has verified. He comprehends in his philosophy the material universe, which, in its immensity, is still finite, and forgets that he is embosomed in a spiritual universe which is infinite. As regards philosophy, therefore, the tendency is to complete, full-orbed systems, which leave nothing unexplained, and admit nothing that cannot be comprehended within simple, obvious, mechanical laws, — characteristics which ought to brand a system as superficial and utterly inadequate. There must needs be in an infinite universe mysteries too deep, too high, for the unaided intellect, — clefts and chasms which it cannot fill; and for these faith seeks light from a surer wisdom than its own, and rejoicingly welcomes miracle, prophecy, revelation, for its guidance in those arduous paths of research in which "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," — in those departments of truth in which reason has not of itself sufficient premises or data, and therefore cannot assure itself of its own conclusions. Never was more needed than at this culminating era of material philosophy and science the prayer of Lord Bacon: — "This also we humbly and earnestly beg; that human things may not prejudice such as are divine; neither that from the unlocking of the gates of sense, and the kindling of a greater natural light, any thing may arise of incredulity or intellectual night towards divine mysteries; but rather that by our minds thoroughly purged and cleansed from fancy and vanity, and yet subject and perfectly given up to the divine oracles, there may be given unto faith the things that are faith's."

Such are some of the characteristics of our age. The view that we have presented is by no means so discouraging as it might at first sight seem; for the tendencies which we

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regret may be speedily reversed, while the ground that we have gained need not be retrodden. Our position is one eminently favorable to the future and rapid progress of humanity, — one, from which the race may advance with accelerated speed in all the elements of spiritual knowledge, freedom, and power. In ancient fable, the Titans piled mountain upon mountain that they might reach the celestial seats ; and when they began to climb, the angry king of the gods hurled them and their unwieldy scaffolding to the ground. We stand, as they did, upon the tops of the mountains, and the broad earth, the vast universe, lies beneath us ; but for us they furnish a solid foothold from which we can mount the skies, and the Infinite Father stretches out the hand to help those who have subdued the earth to scale the heavens. The spiritual world lies all open for our research and activity. It is in this that industry must toil, science explore, fancy create ; and we trust that the engrossing demands of the material world will soon give place to higher fields of research and modes of effort. Let us now cast a cursory glance at the work which remains to be wrought in coming ages, and in which we trust that our own will begin to bear part.

First, the practical skill, which has almost exhausted its resources in the material world, must apply itself to the reorganization of human society. That the social system is out of joint is only too obvious. Here are the vast masses of superfluous and unproductive wealth ; there the crowded ranks of the suffering, the starving, the degraded, the enslaved, for whom no healing or restoring influence has ever gone forth. These are the valleys to be exalted ; those the mountains to be brought low. War, still the scourge of a guilty world, must be put away, and the principles of peace, forbearance, equity, and good faith brought down to the details of domestic and social life, and thence (for it can be only thence) infused into the machinery of governments and the counsels of nations. Grovelling toil, both among the sordid rich and the hunger-driven poor, must be made to relax its demands and to equalize its burdens, so that in all classes of society the mind and heart shall claim their rights and have their dues, — their sufficient space and means for culture and enjoyment. These ends are not, as we suppose, to be reached by any violent convulsion, outbreak, or revolution.

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On the old Jewish temple was heard no sound of axe or hammer; still less will there be on the tabernacle of God, as its stakes are planted, and its curtains spread over the regenerated earth. Nor have we the slightest faith in Fourierism, or in any of the plans for creating a social machinery which shall move aright by its own momentum. We do not believe that Providence ever meant that human institutions and arrangements should produce the highest results by their own independent and self-adjusting action. It is essential to our best moral discipline, that the bands, wheels, and pulleys of the social machine should be constantly liable to be thrown out of gear and out of play, and should thus need weights of our own addition and compensations of our own device, — the incessant and vigorous exercise of our best powers of mind and heart.

Meanwhile, philosophy has its appointed work, still unwrought, in the spiritual universe. Man has measured the heights and sounded the depths of nature, yet still knows not his own soul. The laws of mind, its mutual relations, its connection with the Supreme Intelligence, the harmonies of the spiritual world, the correspondences between nature and revelation, the scientific aspects of nature, the glimpses that reach us from a higher sphere of being, the shadows of a past, and the foreshinings of a future eternity, — these form a field of research on which the human mind has hardly entered, but which, from their vastness, sublimity, and intense interest, may well demand and tax to the utmost the loftiest powers for unnumbered ages.

Imagination, too, has before her a sphere from which she has hardly begun to draw materials for her creations. In the immensity of the spiritual universe, the realm of the unknown can never vanish. Even revelation gives us only the great outlines of spiritual truth and of the future life; and may not the details have been withholden, in order that fancy might range at will in the vast expanse thus left open, — that there might be, within the temple-gates of eternal truth, ample scope for the creative faculty of the human soul to build, garnish, and people its own mansions? In this spiritual world, there will always be mysteries before which science will veil her face, — hidings of omnipotence, which the keenest eye cannot penetrate, — secrets of the future life, which the earthly vision cannot explore. It is in this region

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that the fountains of poetic inspiration must henceforth be sought. As in ancient times, the poet's and the prophet's name will again be one. Imagination will thus become the handmaid of devotion, letting in the light of eternity on the toils of time, and filling man's path to heaven with celestial harmonies.

We have completed the discussion which we proposed; but, as we have taken Gilfillan's book for our text, we feel bound to give a brief notice of it before we close. To use the epithet which Dickens has stamped as an Americanism, this is one of the most *remarkable* books of the age. The author tells us that "the life of every thinking man may be divided into three eras, — the era of admiration, the era of action, and the era of repose." In the work before us, "he has garnered up the results of his young love and wonder for the master-pieces of his country's genius"; and he informs us, "that, with it, one mental period of his history is closing, and that it is for the public to decide whether he be encouraged to gird up his loins for some other more manlike, more solid, and strenuous achievement." The public, we opine, will very readily connive at his easy transit from the first to the third era. And yet the book is entertaining. The writer seems to have made himself a sort of Boswell general. He has picked up a rich assortment of literary gossip, sat as a humble listener in many learned coteries, heard almost all the great men talk, attended the ministrations of most of the distinguished preachers of England and Scotland, and wormed himself into a knowledge of the personal habits and private history of almost all the originals of his "Gallery of Literary Portraits." Moreover, though the least skilful of portrait-painters, he is by no means unsuccessful. His colors are chosen at random, and his strokes of the brush are mere dabs; but he piles color upon color, and plies stroke upon stroke, till by dint of reiterated trial he hits a tolerable, though in almost every instance a grossly flattered, likeness. His style is the most stilt-like that has come under our cognizance for many a day. His sentences consist generally of metaphors in threes, fours, or fives, most unequally yoked together. For the incoherent mixture of metaphors we can match him by no parallel within our memory, unless we liken him to Orator Emmons, whose peculiar rhetoric cannot have wholly faded from the memory

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of our Boston readers. But the laws of fermentation and combination once in a while enable him to throw together half a dozen bold and striking figures, that really make a splendid sentence, just as every hundredth shake of a kaleidoscope may present a figure of perfect symmetry and surpassing beauty. We are tempted to quote, as a striking and by no means an exaggerated specimen of his style of delineation, the introductory paragraph of his sketch of Robert Hall.

"Robert Hall was the *facile princeps* of English descent [dissent?]. And though his merits have been enshrined and emblazoned in the criticism of Foster, Dugald Stewart, Southey, and John Scott, as well as of Mackintosh and Parr, we may yet, gleaning after them in a field so rich, find a few stray ears. Following in their wake, we may, perchance, pick up a few floating fragments from the wreck of such an argosie. As a preacher, he enjoys the traditional fame of having outstripped all his contemporaries. Some sturdy sons of the Scottish Establishment continued, indeed, long to stand up for the superiority of Chalmers; but their voice, if not drowned, was overwhelmed by the general verdict of public opinion. We believe, however, that, in the mere force of immediate impression, the Scottish preacher had the advantage. The rapidity of Hall's delivery, the ease with which finished sentences succeeded each other like a shower of pearls, the elevation of the sentiment, the purity of the composition, the earnestness of the manner, the piercing coruscations of the eye, — all these taken together, — produced the effect of thrilling every bosom, and enchaining every countenance. But there lacked the struggle and the agony, the prophetic fury, the *insana vis*, the wild and mystic glance, 'seeing the invisible,' and (when the highest point of his oratory was reached) the 'torrent rapture' of our countryman, 'taking the reason prisoner,' and hurrying the whole being as before a whirlwind. In listening to Hall, you felt as under the influence of the 'cup which cheers, but not inebriates.' Hearing Chalmers was like tasting of the 'insane root.' Hall's oratory might be compared to a low but thrilling air; Chalmers's to a loud and barbaric melody. Hall's excitement was fitful, varying with the state of his health and feelings; that of Chalmers was constant and screwed up to a prodigious pitch, as if by the force of frenzy. Hall's inspiration was elegant and Grecian: you said of Chalmers, 'He hath a demon, if he be not full of the God.'" — pp. 74, 75.

Gilfillan has a genius for comparisons. There are no two

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men so unlike, that he cannot put them in juxtaposition; and there are certain names which, like constant terms in mathematical calculation, he brings forward in his estimate of almost every literary character in his catalogue. Burke and Horsley, for some inscrutable reason, have the precedence among these *common measures*, and are both named in connection with authors who can never have reminded any other living man of either of them. We were going to give a list of the men with whom he compares Robert Hall, but find that it would occupy too much room; for we have counted forty, without scanning the last few pages very closely. We should do him injustice not to quote a few of his boldest and most original parallels. Thus, — "Percy Bysshe Shelley, of all the modern poets, with the exception of Coleridge in his youth, reminds us most of Israel's prophets." He terms "Moses Stuart, of Andover University," a Polyphemus, — why, we know not, unless it be on account of his *single-eyed* devotion to the science of Scriptural exegesis. In considering Channing's position with reference to American literature, he is "reminded more of Dr. Johnson than of any other writer." In his sketch of "the preachers of the day," he styles George Croly "the Burke of theology," leaving us in some doubt whether he likens him to the great orator of that name, or to the individual of our own day who has rendered the same name illustrious by his liberal contributions to anatomical science.

In a paper which has "Ralph Waldo Emerson" for its caption, our author gives us a sketch of the literary men of America. Here the absurdities of his style and manner are heightened by a palpable ignorance of his subject, the absence of which is the one redeeming trait of the residue of his work. We quote the following paragraph as a choice *morçeau* of *cockney* criticism, unparalleled for its impertinence, flippancy, and absurdity.

"Ere estimating the writer Emerson, we must permit ourselves a glance, however cursory, at the state of American literature. Its inferiority has long been deplored with a bitterness proportioned to the height of the expectations which had been excited. It had been imagined, that, far as the Andes transcend the Alps, minds were to appear in the western hemisphere, so far transcending our Shakspeares and Miltons. Many excellent reasons were given why nature should bear such a progeny; but

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the Mighty Mother continued obstinately deaf to all those attempts to argue her into productiveness. Not a few, indeed, there were whom the puff of a coterie lifted, for a season, out of their place, to sink into obscurity again. 'Dropsies' were, now and then, taken for 'divinities.' Mocking-birds, approaching the perfection of the mimetic art, abounded, and were mistaken for the eagles of Jove. For every native product of Britain, there was a substitute in America, resembling the original, as the gilded and lettered back of a draught-board does a princely volume. For Byron there was a Bryant; for Coleridge a Dana; for Wordsworth a Percival; for Addison a Washington Irving. Those writers, and many others, had varied talents and accomplishments, nay, genius; but it was timid and tottering as a child learning to walk, and sometimes reminded you of a person described by Robert Hall, 'who appeared to go about apologizing to every body for the unpardonable presumption of being in the world.' It did not dare to draw its inspiration from its own woods, because they were not sung; from its own rivers, because, though the light of God's face shown [shone ?] on them, that of the 'poet's dream' had not yet consecrated their waters; from its own skies, because, though they pillowed the Andes, they folded over no St. Paul's and no Westminster Abbey; from its own sun, because, though the very sun of Homer and Shakspeare, he went down to their eyes amid the waves of the forest, and not amid those of the Atlantic Sea. It lived on borrowed force. It fed on alms. It was the reverse of a republican genius. It had not even audacity or literary licentiousness; not even the power of extravagance or the life of convulsion. Sometimes it selected for its models writers inferior to its own capabilities, because they were British, and you were reminded of the prophet stretching himself, eye to eye, and foot to foot, upon the child of the Shunamite. Still it has numbered the following great names in its intellectual heraldry;—Edwards, Dwight, Brockden Brown, Cooper, John Neal, Moses Stuart, Daniel Webster, Channing, and Emerson." — pp. 328, 329.

Our readers are welcome to a hearty laugh over this extract; but they would hardly have patience with us, should we offer them a word of commentary on a text which so luculently expounds both itself and its author. Nor would the merits of the book have induced us to dignify it even by our critical ban. We have seen fit to notice it, because in the American reprint it is widely circulated and much read, and because its rich and attractive table of contents, and the unique and happy design of combining within a narrow com-

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pass portraitures of the leading English writers of the present generation, have undoubtedly led many to take the author's brass for gold, and his paste for diamonds.

ART. II. — *Report on the Census of the Iroquois Indians in the State of New York, taken by Order of the Legislature in* 1845. By HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT. Legislative Document. Albany. 1846. 8vo. pp. 285.

WE have had a great many speculations on the subject of the red men. Where there is ample room and range for conjecture, it most naturally takes a wide scope, — as water, that is not confined to a channel, spreads out broadly, and is often shallow in proportion. No topic connected with the history of man is less circumscribed ; it is almost a *tabula rasa ;* scarcely a fence or a bound is seen to check the range of the speculations we have alluded to. They can expand at will, and most of them have taken advantage of this unbounded latitude. The truth is, there is a great gulf between the post-diluvian main stock of mankind and this branch found in the western hemisphere. Here we advance on the modern side less than four centuries, when we stand on its brink. A few vague traditions, like slender promontories, shoot forward into the shadows beyond. Those who move out on them, in the hope of reaching the other side, are much like the insect which crawls to the tip of a slender blade of grass growing on the western shore of the Southern Pacific, as if in hopes of reaching the Asiatic shore. On the other hand, if we take our stand among the descendants of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, we are only told that they were scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth. This declaration must be received in all its length and breadth ; still, the gulf is not narrowed one tittle. We can only rest in the conviction, that there are ways past our finding out, and that the way whereby the red men came is one of those ways. We cannot carry forward the chain one link. We can trace it back four hundred years, leaving a vast hiatus of a thousand years. What has been thus sundered no man can expect to join together.

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But though we abstain from presumptuous and bootless speculations of this kind, still there is much to be done with respect to the aborigines, which is clearly within our power. We have dispossessed them, so far as our convenience has urged us, of their domains. Their history has fallen into our hands; it is our duty, not so much to them as to the world, to preserve it. The Indians will find little compensation for such wrongs as they have suffered in the record that faithfully perpetuates their remembrance. The debt is not due to them; they do not claim it. They looked little to the past, and reckon as little upon the future. A cloud was constantly behind them, that shut out that past from view; and no light seemed to be before them. But they have left vestiges which we are expected to gather up. They are subjects of profound interest, as they enable us to study the character of a race that stands so wonderfully apart from the rest of mankind.

Among those who have been busy in this antiquarian work, few will hereafter be more prominent than Mr. Schoolcraft, whose name is prefixed to the volume before us. We do not hesitate to say, that he has done more to bring it to profitable issues than any other man. Others may have spent more time among the Indians; we do not count time in this case as any thing, unless it has been spent with zeal, intelligence, and good advantages. Traders have passed their lives among them, become flesh of their flesh, and had opportunities of observing them under the most familiar aspects. But such men are proof that one may have eyes, and see not, and understandings, yet understand not. They generally divide the aborigines into two classes, — those who hunt, and those who do not; just as they divide all animals into two tribes, — those which are fur-bearing, and those which are not. This is pretty much the extent of their knowledge of the men of the forest and the beasts of the forest. Mr. Schoolcraft, on the contrary, observed with the eye of a philosopher. He has regarded the Indians as a study in all their phases, and has felt that it was only by continued and close observation that he could form any safe opinions of their character and manners. It is not every man that walks through a forest, who comprehends all its botanical distinctions; probably not one in a thousand understands any of them. It is so, though not in the same degree, that observations on

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the Indians may be useful or worthless. These persons may have seen only so many trees ; they are likely to have seen only so many men and women. The remarks of such men, in either case, have about the same value.

Mr. Schoolcraft began his career of observation as a traveller among the Indian tribes. His early association with General Cass, in his official visits to them, gave him much opportunity for glances at their character. But they were mere glances, and no doubt were so considered by himself in after years, however he may have been satisfied with them at the time. In fact, travellers should distrust themselves, and be distrusted by all their readers, if they go one jot beyond the mere facts which fall under their eyes. Even more than that should be required. When the record of a thermometer is given, its position as to exposure and height is also noted ; otherwise, little or no confidence is felt in the truth of the record. A traveller should state his point of view, and the duration of that view. When he merely passes through a place, taking a meal or two and a sleep, he is not authorized to go much beyond the board and bed of that place. He may comment on the cooking he meets with, and on the comforts or annoyances of his bed. Thus far he may go, not much farther. His sketches should be light and shadowy ; a dot and a line will generally fulfil all just purposes in such cases.

Most of the early travellers among the Indians were betrayed into the use of far more elaborate accounts, by the belief that none would be able to detect their exaggerations. At that early day, there might be a hope of impunity. But when Mr. Schoolcraft made his several journeys through the Northwest, standards had been set for the measurement of forest life. Had Baron La Hontan travelled one hundred years later, he would have been one hundred times more particular in his descriptions. He spread out rivers to ten times their proper width, and lifted up falls to more than four times their true height. All travellers should keep an itinerary, as they probably do. The truth, as it appeared at the time, is no doubt then set down, being the fresh impression of actual observation. Such itineraries, when they happen to meet the public eye, are generally very acceptable and much prized. No distrust is felt about their genuineness. It would be politic in those who, from habit or more leisure

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in their progress, have polished off their manuscript, to give it some marks of haste, instead of removing them, with so much care, before publication. If they should go direct to the printer's from their last stage, before they change their dress, and with all the soil of journeying upon them, they would be wise. The tan on their cheeks, and their coats out at the elbows, or covered up by a hunting-shirt, would be their best prefaces. While with this aspect, they are lions; as soon as they change their dress, shave, and crop, they are confounded with the ordinary crowd. So it is with their itineraries; they should come forth much as they went in, with no engrafting and little pruning. Ordinarily, the book of travels that comes out of the publisher's hands is as unlike the notes which came out of the valise at the end of the journey, as a specimen of lead ore is unlike the pewter dish into which it may have subsequently been converted.

No one would be more likely than Mr. Schoolcraft himself to consider his books of travels among the Indians as mere highway and by-way sketches. These hasty glances, however, led him to desire further and better opportunities of investigating their condition, character, and history. He had seen their haunts, and many of their customs, but only in shreds and patches. Even his cursory views had convinced him that they were a peculiar people, and in no one thing more so than in their incommunicative deportment before strangers. The appearance of such persons among them was a signal for assuming an impassive and inexpressive aspect, that marked them, for the time being, as children of the mist. They drew in their prominent characteristics, like a tortoise drawing itself within its shell. Little is seen, and even that indistinctly. Inferences drawn from such appearances would be like the child's opinion of a tortoise in such a state, looking more like a quoit than an animal, as long as the observer stands over it. Mr. Schoolcraft sought a position which would enable him to renew his views day after day, year after year. He was for years among them, and became associated with them in such a way, that, at last, he saw them as they see each other. Their character and customs were gradually unfolded to his view through the course of an entire generation. And during all that lengthened period, his great object was to study them with a patient, philosophical, and liberal spirit, that he might gather

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up materials for future use. These materials have been collected in his hands to a rare and valuable amount. We call them rare and valuable, because they all have the stamp of genuineness, and will hereafter aid more in constructing a monument to a perishing race of human beings, than any other that are in the white man's possession. Some of them have been spread before the public eye; but much, we believe, yet remains behind. There has not been an encouragement to bring them forth. This is no reproach to the public, which has its tastes, and a right to indulge them. Besides, Mr. Schoolcraft may not always have adopted the best means of propitiating those tastes. The titles he has used have not always been expressive of his subjects. His "Algic Researches," which will, at some future day, be regarded as the broadest and clearest mirror of the red man's intellect that has ever been set up before the public eye, suggested nothing as to the bearing or purport of the volumes. The title is hardly equal to the old sign, "Inquire within." And "Oneota" called for as much explanation. A novel may play bopeep with its reader in this way, as such readers generally delight to be puzzled. But all Mr. Schoolcraft's works have deserved a right name.

It is now some few years since Mr. Schoolcraft withdrew from his position in the Northwest, and became a resident of the State of New York. His inclinations have still led him to turn his attention to his favorite subject, and the volume before us shows what task, most intimately connected with it, he has been performing. The State of New York, during the year 1845, passed a law which required a census to be taken of the Indians residing upon several of the reservations in the State, and inquiries to be made into their condition, advancement in civilization, and the like. Mr. Schoolcraft was appointed one of the agents for this duty, and made his report to the State government in October of the same year. The legislature ordered the document to be printed in such numbers as insured that degree of circulation through the community which suited a work of no pretensions to popularity. It should have a place in all public libraries, and would not be misplaced in such private libraries as propose to furnish sources of information relative to the aborigines of our country.

New York has performed a most acceptable work in this

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respect. She has long had within her borders the remnants of an Indian confederacy, which, in the early days of our country, stood predominant far and wide; and to her credit be it spoken, she has permitted them to remain there. It is true, the possessions of these remnants have been brought down to a narrow span. Their once broad domains, measured by latitudes and longitudes, have been reduced to a few reservations which are hardly measured by miles. But these dwindled spots are still theirs. Individuals and companies have often tried to erase these few honorable exceptions from the map of the State. The Indians, however, have clung to the soil, and it is to be hoped that they will be permitted to continue there, until the experiment be fully made, whether the influences of a contiguous white population are conservative or ruinous to the red man. New York presents almost the only opportunity for this experiment. The Indians, as tribes, have been expelled from all the other States east of the Mississippi. Their lands have been purchased, and they have gone over the great river, and are now reëstablished nearly under the shadows of the Rocky Mountains. What will be the result of this vast transfer is yet to be seen. They were before among us in a scattered state, segregated and hedged in; though not civilized, yet feeling some of the influences of civilization, particularly its restraints. They were like so many wild buffaloes fenced round after the manner of domestic cattle; wild still, but barred from that immense herding which gives them the blind and overwhelming power of an avalanche. Now, these fractions are added up into one formidable sum on the borders of the trans-Mississippi States.

Indian tribes are mostly Ishmaelites with respect to each other. At present, this is the security of these States. They are safe, while the Indians have their hands against each other. As long as the barbarians contended among themselves, Rome was not molested. We have conducted tribe after tribe over the Mississippi; all have been loath to go, but were uprooted, even from the least to the greatest. The Indian, by his residence on any spot, scarcely changes a feature of nature; and when he is driven to a new haunt, he leaves no memorial behind (we speak of Northern tribes) that outlasts a few seasons. And yet, his attachment to

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those haunts appears to be the strongest of all local affections. It is not, then, the broad and deep foundation, nor the lofty structure, that most endears a place to the human heart. The inhabitants of cities and cultivated fields may be drawn forth to new places, which will soon assume many of the features of the old. Skill, industry, and taste soon restore all, or nearly all, that had been lost. Not so with the dwellers in tents; their hill-sides, their valleys, their streams, when once left behind, are left for ever. Nature does not repeat herself like art; she has no fac-similes, few resemblances.

The New York Indians have been permitted to remain where the white man found them, and they present the most interesting and satisfactory example of the change that may be wrought in the nomadic and savage character by the influences of contiguous civilization. It was exceedingly desirable that the progress and extent of this change should be fully ascertained. This could be done only by the State authority; cursory and occasional views, such as individuals could take, would be of little advantage. It is evident, from the obstacles that Mr. Schoolcraft encountered, that none could have succeeded but an authorized and prudent agent of the State. It was natural that the Indians should regard with disapprobation or suspicion this attempt to number their tribes. They could not comprehend its objects, unless those objects were such as threatened their independence or welfare. The truth could not be stated to them, that their condition was a subject of curiosity, of philanthropic speculation; that it was desirable to know how far they had departed from the customs of their fathers, and were shading off from their strong relief into the general complexion around them. Mr. Schoolcraft says, — "If I might judge from the scope of remarks made both in and out of council, they regarded it [the census] as an introduction of a Saxon feature into their institutions, which, like a lever, by some process not apparent to them, was designed, in its ultimate effects, to uplift and overturn them." They objected to the census, but still more, says our author, to the scrutiny "which the act called for into their agricultural products, and the results of their industry." We may well suppose this. Their numbers might be necessary to determine the distribution of pensions, &c.; but an account of their grain,

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cattle, and other property was an unprecedented thing, and seemed only a preliminary to taxation. It required, no doubt, much prudence and familiarity with the Indian character to get over or around their objections. Mr. Schoolcraft was likely to be well qualified for this delicate task; and it would appear by the result, that he was able to perform it without leaving any serious dissatisfaction behind.

The census in one respect is important. We desire to know the extent of their population, that we may compare it with their numerical strength when the white man first came in contact with them, and particularly with their numbers when they settled down into their present peaceful condition. We may thus judge whether that condition has been favorable or unfavorable to their increase. This is a very interesting question. It is often said that the red man fades under the light of civilization, and many facts have favored this assertion. The Indian, as a savage, has not thrived with the white man. His forests are cleared up, and his game destroyed or dispersed. He must change his habits, or starve. Many tribes appear to have preferred the latter course; the New York Indians have been more wise, or more yielding. They have undergone this change; they have ceased to be hunters, and have become agriculturists. Have they lost by the transformation?

Mr. Schoolcraft's Report will answer this interesting question more satisfactorily than it has yet been answered. The number of these Indians was not accurately ascertained at former periods; the statements made were likely to be exaggerated. Even admitting that these reports were true, still the conclusion is, that the Iroquois are *not* dwindling away; on the contrary, says our author, they are "now on the increase." Such a conclusion, well warranted, as this appears to be, must be gratifying to every benevolent mind. We have cut down all the forests of the aborigines, and the fur-bearing animals have fled as their haunts have been removed. These animals could not change their habits; the sun, let in upon their ranges, seemed to lick them up with the moisture that had softened these solitudes under their stealthy step for ages. It was feared that the wild man was as unchangeable as the wild animal, — that he, too, would pass away with the shadows of the forest. This Report shows that he has a more accommodating spirit than we formerly assigned to him.

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The New York Indian has conformed to his altered circumstances. He has learned to live by the sweat of his brow, and has thus submitted to the great decree that was stamped on the destiny of man at the beginning. This is the true test of Indian improvability. Whenever he begins habitually to work, he begins a new existence, or rather, he begins to insure a continued existence. A square mile of the untouched forest is not more unlike a cultivated farm, than the roving savage is unlike the tiller of the earth. Nature in her rough state is not intended to sustain a large people; she gives no grains, and has no cattle. Her spontaneous productions, her maize, her potatoes, are little or nothing without the hand of man. These two great articles of human food had their origin in this hemisphere. They came into use after the discovery by Columbus, and this use is among the grand consequences of that discovery. Still, the traces of them in the wild state are hardly discernible; the Indians knew them, but did not place much reliance on them as food.

Mr. Schoolcraft's report of the agricultural products of the Iroquois is most encouraging. The total population of the tribes is somewhat under four thousand; the quantity of cultivated land occupied by them is stated at nearly fourteen thousand acres. We do not stop to inquire how this compares with the white population in this respect. The proportion may fall far below, and still be high enough to show that these Indians till land sufficient to give bread to themselves and fodder to their cattle. When this point is gained, they are safe. It is hardly possible for them to retrograde from it, and it is probable they will continue to advance. Hand in hand with their progress in agriculture is seen the increase in the number of their domestic animals. These animals, excepting the dog, are never seen with the savage; they cannot subsist in the forest. From the beginning, the *gros et menu betail* have consorted with the shepherd and the tiller of the ground; they have hung around the tent-opening and the threshold, yielding their necks to the yoke, their fleeces for raiment, their milk for food, their bodies for the sacrifice. They have lain down and risen up among the human race with household familiarity. The line between them and the beasts of the field was broadly drawn at the creation. It has never been effaced; and when man took to the forest and the chase, the cattle after their kind did not follow him.

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The New York Indians have two thousand two hundred and seventy-five head of neat cattle, nearly one third of them being milch-cows. The butter made is in proportion, being over twenty thousand pounds yearly. The number of their horses, sheep, and hogs is equally encouraging. They have, also, according to this Report, nearly seven thousand fruit-trees. These the Indians had in earlier days, while still in the savage state; they must have scattered the seed soon after the white men had bearing trees. There may have been no design in it; the apples they brought back from their visits to the white settlements, when eaten, and the cores cast into the bushes around, may have sprung up unnoticed until they began to bear fruit. General Sullivan, when he made his expedition against the Iroquois during the Revolutionary war, found many fruitful orchards among them. It is well known that he cut them down to the ground. This was an act of questionable propriety. It is allowable, under such circumstances, to devastate all crops, to raze habitations, to measure the destruction by the measure of that of which it is in retaliation. The Indians had been unsparing in their warfare; it was intended to render their haunts on our frontier as untenable as possible. Whether this was effected in any degree by the destruction of orchards may be doubted. The apple was a luxury, not a support; all other means of living having been removed, the apple-trees would have been counted as nothing.

We have looked over the tables of this Report with much gratification; they furnish proofs of the meliorated condition of the Indians that cannot be gainsaid. It is true, they apply only to a few small tribes, which stand apart from the rest of their race. They are under influences which other tribes do not feel, or feel only so remotely as not to be benefited by them. While we are satisfied that *they* are improving, and have all the ordinary chances of continuance as a people, we may regret that they alone are so; that most of the other red men are deteriorating, with those chances constantly diminishing. Nevertheless, we have before us one instance that seems to contradict the general rule; that convinces us that the existence, in the same community, of the two races, the white and the red men, is compatible. This conviction may lead to such general policy as will insure a similar destiny to other tribes. We cannot bring those back which have been trans-

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planted. The tree, once taken up, must be cherished where it has been set down again. In our guardian kindness, we have endeavoured to fence round the Indians, in their new habitations, against the white man. Prohibitions and penalties have been set up, which, like scarecrows, do not scare any thing. The country is as open as the face of the heavens; it is almost as easy to walk into the one as to look into the other. The only effect, probably, of these restrictive laws is to keep out honest men. Men go into the Indian country as they please, and do what they please when there, only taking care not to offend the Indians themselves. If all restrictions were taken off, more men might not go in, but they would be of a different description. Good men would, at least, be mixed up with the bad. Sieves ordinarily let through the flour, and hold back the bran; these laws operate like sieves reversed; the bran passes through, leaving the better part behind.

As the Indians cannot be brought back to the white man, we would say, then let the white man go to them. Let them go in as they list, mix up with and teach them. It has been apprehended that the effect of such a freedom of intercourse would be bad. Possibly it would; but the probability is the other way. The present system does not work well; a new one might work better. This is sufficient not only to justify, but to call for, a change. If we preserve the Indians on the other side of the Mississippi *as* Indians, that is, if we shut out from them all the influences of civilization, they will either fall upon their own weapons, or upon ours. They will war with each other, until at last they may be led to war against us. In either case they bleed, and become exhausted; and in one case, they are probably exterminated. To avert this double evil, they must be assimilated with us as the New York Indians are now assimilated. Such an assimilation will never be effected by present causes, which mostly work the other way; others must therefore be put in operation. We can think of none so likely to be powerful and effective as an open and lawful intercourse with them. It is open enough now; let it also be lawful. In this way, the Western Indians may gradually become like the New York Indians, an agricultural people. The remnant will then, perhaps, be saved.

Mr. Schoolcraft bestows some attention, in his Report,

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upon the history of the Iroquois. That part of it which is subsequent to the coming of the whites is sufficiently well known. Their preceding history is involved in shadows, and is nothing but tradition, having all the indistinctness of objects seen through such a medium. Mr. Schoolcraft regards these traditions as worthy of record. They are so, particularly when given in their Indian shape. This shape is generally so uncouth and distorted as to be thought to require modification. Such attempts may serve to render them more symmetrical, but they render them less valuable in the same proportion. Fossils are valued only while preserving the look they wore when disinterred. To polish one of these bones thus dug up, in order to make it more pleasing or less offensive to the eye, would not be a greater blunder than to remove the uncouthness and distortions of these traditions. They should be gathered up and preserved just as they are found, with all their incoherences, extravagances, and savage peculiarities. Thus presented for contemplation, they are a profound study. Mr. Schoolcraft has done more than any other man in this work of collection and preservation. His "Algic Researches" are made up of relics, which will grow in estimation as time advances. They are the best evidences of the inner man of the Indian that we have. His imagination is there exhibited in all its wildness and power; and these qualities are often displayed in a striking and terrible degree. They refer as distinctly to the great cardinal events of the early world as do the traditions of Greece and Rome, and show whence the Indians came here, though not how, or when, they came. Vast ruptures are seen in the earth's surface; the two sides agree, and would fit, could they be brought together; but when or how those sides were rent asunder, may not be known.

Mr. Schoolcraft has also bestowed particular attention upon the "American antiquities," as they are termed. He examined the mounds, carvings, and other works found in the Iroquois country, and has given delineations of most of them. These may not be important at this time, but they should be preserved, and made matter of public record. We cannot always estimate the value of these remains at the time they are discovered. Our author says, — "There appear to be three eras in the aboriginal occupancy of the continent." The first era he makes to refer to "the aboriginal

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migration from other parts of the globe." The "vestiges and proofs" under this head he justly deems exceedingly limited; but he adds, — "The departments of physiology and philology, which have heretofore constituted the principal topics of research, are still attractive, and are by no means a closed field." He has looked a good deal into these departments, and can form some judgment of their promise in these respects. We are glad to see that he is not discouraged, and hope that his further labors will be better rewarded than the past have been. We have a doubt whether all the attention that has thus far been applied to this object has not been thrown away, unless it be counted something to ascertain that nothing could be done. The races that are supposed to have migrated from the Eastern to the Western hemisphere were of a character to leave no traces of their footsteps upon the face of nature that would outlive a generation; we therefore look in vain through all the arctic regions for any physiological trace of these movements. The north gives up nothing; it is not until we come into the milder regions, that we see any thing to arrest the eye. Mounds, barrows, and other structures there appear, but they suggest nothing Asiatic. They bespeak little, but that little has no more reference to Asia than to Africa.

Language has been looked to for an answer. It is true that language speaks, but no American language, we believe, has as yet been made to utter an intelligible Asiatic phrase. Points of resemblance have been discovered, which, however, prove no identity. As well might a Roman nose, when found among us, prove that we came from Romulus. Such accidental resemblances may probably be found between nearly all languages; some of the Indian and African languages may thus far agree. If this agreement would not be an argument in favor of identity, in spite of the woolly head and the jet complexion, it would be none if these physical characteristics were out of the way. Such resemblances have been found between some of the Indian dialects and the Hebrew, and theorists have thence inferred that the "lost tribes of Israel" have been found in this hemisphere. Such theorists have the accommodating vision of Polonius.

Unwritten languages are changeable, so as to have no fixed form. The dialects of America may well serve as

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clews to local migrations, particularly those of a recent date; such clews have been found, and have led to many plausible conjectures as to affinities. But when we attempt to run back with a language to another hemisphere, the trace will soon be lost in uncertainty and obscurity. An effort to trace back the genealogy of the first wolf we meet with in our forests to the shaggy nurse of Rome's founders would hardly be more hopeless and bootless. But this applies to words; there may be intellectual impressions that endure with time, and survive all changes of place. Such are some of the traditions found among the Indians, and which Mr. Schoolcraft has preserved. They refer to events that affected the whole earth, and the remembrance of which must have been ineffaceably stamped into the minds of all living beings. No people have yet been discovered, who appear to be without this stamp, more or less discernible. The most prominent of this kind of events is the flood. Tradition after tradition is met with among the Indians of this continent which bears this deep stamp. What are we allowed to infer from this? Not that Indians sprung from any one quarter of the globe; much less, that they came from the loins of any one people of Asia. All the descendants of Noah knew of this stupendous event, and, wherever they were, there was the remembrance of it. Hence, these traditions only show a connection with the post-diluvians; they do not give any clew to Mr. Schoolcraft's first inquiry, as to "the aboriginal migration from other parts of the globe."

The second head of inquiry is much more promising, referring to the "migrations, wars, affinities, and general ethnological characteristics, prior to the discovery of the continent." The latter part of this phrase might be stretched back to any age, however remote; we do not presume, however, that our author intended his inquiries should endeavour to grope beyond all light. The objects of these investigations he states to be, "the grouping of languages, the similarity and dissimilarity of arts, modes of defence, and means of subsistence." These are tangible objects, and may well employ much time and much talent; they hold out much encouragement of success. While we would deride all vain and presumptuous attempts, such as we have referred to, inquiries like these command our approbation; we would cheer them on, for they can hardly fail to produce useful results.

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The migrations of the tribes in this hemisphere have a deep interest. It is evident that their stay has been permanent nowhere. They have conquered and been conquered, until their history, so far as it can be ascertained, has been that of the clouds ; with their brightness and their darkness, their masses and their tenuity ; now fixed, as if a part of the firmament ; now speeding from horizon to horizon, as if they were chariots of fire. These changes have left some vestiges behind them. A slight vestige is sufficient, as one bone is often sufficient proof of the existence of a certain animal ; a whole skeleton would not be more.

The antiquities of this continent are now extensively known. In the north, there are mounds and specimens of rude sculpture ; in the central regions, there are architectural remains of a much higher order of human labor. The question has been, with respect to all these antiquities, whether they could have been the work of such inhabitants as are satisfactorily known to have been on this continent, or whether they must have a higher reference. The more elaborate antiquities of the central regions were at first supposed to present the greatest difficulties. Mr. Stephens found many ruined structures which, for a time, suggested a doubt whether they could have been formed by such skill as we know has existed among the aborigines. That doubt is now removed. These structures are massy, but rude ; the sculpture is awkward and clumsy ; and Mr. Schoolcraft exhibits in his work a few delineations which would compare advantageously as to symmetry with most of Mr. Catherwood's. We believe the public mind is now satisfied, that there is nothing in the central regions, which obliges it to go beyond the time of the Spanish conquest to account for the work. The Guatemalian and Yucatanian are said to excel the Mexican structures ; this may be, and not embarrass the question. The same skill would do more with one kind of materials than with another ; the same skill would achieve much in a freestone country, that could do almost nothing in a granite country.

We confess, we find more difficulty in accounting for the manner in which certain porphyritic "stone hatchets," or "hammers," occasionally found in the northern mounds, were made, than in accounting for all the structures of Mexico and Central America. These pieces of porphyry, or green-

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stone, are of the hardest composition ; granite is more easily worked than they. We know that diamond will cut diamond ; but it is supposing too much to believe that the Indians undertook to fashion these fragments of porphyry into shape by the application of the same stone, or a harder one, if they could find it. It would seem as if nothing but steel, and steel applied with skill, too, could have effected the modification. The boldest theorist has not ventured to give the Indians any help of this kind. Native copper and native iron have been within their reach ; but these would not have aided them. They would have been even more powerless than the viper's teeth against the file. If time would have enabled them to finish such a task, the difficulty would have been lessened, as an Indian has time and patience enough. It would be consistent with their habits to devote the leisure of months to such a work. But the modification of porphyry is not within the compass of time or patience. Besides, there is an argument that goes still deeper. Had they the tools thus to work such stone, they would not have needed the stone utensil ; no stone hatchets would be made, when steel ones could be had. The Indians have had flint arrow-heads ; these must have taxed their ingenuity and labor in all respects. But there is cleavage in the flint-stone ; while the greenstone is the severest compression of various components. It is almost as different from those components in their ordinary state, as the brick is from the clay of which it was made. There is no satisfactory solution of this problem, and probably one can never be found which will satisfy us.

Mr. Schoolcraft has looked much at languages to trace out these bonds of affinity. He has also examined mounds ; as he remarks, these mounds are the most intelligible witnesses of these affinities. They are everywhere seen ; it is wonderful how they dot and seam the vast Western interior. It is almost useless to inquire for what purpose they were thrown up ; they are so various in form as to baffle all conjecture. No modes of warfare known among the Indians seem to have called for such aids. Mankind, in their barbarous state, have had some uniformity in their warlike habits, their weapons having had some degree of similarity. But we find no warrant in history for these remains. It is not, therefore, with a view of untying or cutting this Gordian knot,

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that we would study these tumuli ; we would look into them for such antiquities as resist the earth's corrosive power, and bring them forth for the work of comparison. If a mound is found which is like another already known in a different latitude, one step is gained in the way of affinities ; if the same utensils or weapons are found in both, another step is gained. Indeed, the question of affinity is almost settled ; the same tribe had probably occupied the two grounds, and left distinctive evidences of its change of locality. It is difficult to arrange aboriginal chronology, desirable as it may be. There are traditions that the north and the south have shifted scenes, but whether the shift was towards or from the equator it is not easy to determine. These mounds, however, though dark oracles, may sooner or later deliver something intelligible ; all they utter should be carefully noted and preserved in this hope.

The erection of the structures whose ruins are found in the central parts of America is accounted for with some degree of satisfaction. In a tropical climate, little labor is bestowed upon the shelter of the commonalty. In Egypt, when her pyramids and temples were built, probably little else was built ; the labor of nearly the whole people was no doubt concentrated upon these masses ; a despotic government could command such a concentration. This consideration greatly diminishes the surprise at first felt in contemplating these wonders of the world. If the whole labor which any one of our large communities bestows upon its private dwellings were applied to one or two architectural objects, similar wonders would rise in our own land.

The governments of the central parts of America appear to have been purely despotic. Their climate also was mild ; it is probable, therefore, that nearly the whole labor of the people there was applied to these public structures. The tumuli of the north are humble in magnitude, compared with the vast remains at the south ; with proper tools, they could be thrown up without difficulty. But there is no evidence that the northern tribes had any tools fitted for such a work. A small mound, heaped up by hand merely, would be a greater work than a very large one thrown up by spades. Besides, there does not seem to have been any government organization in these northern regions, that could command the labor of the multitude. We do not know, it is true,

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what may have been in those early days ; but as far as warrantable conjecture goes, no such despotic organizations existed then. The Northern Indians appear never to have labored, in the usual sense of the word, either for themselves, or for those having the rule over them. They appear to have contemned manual toil, and on all occasions to have been ashamed to dig. We doubt whether all the toil, in the way of digging, that has been got out of the Northern tribes since they have been known to the whites, would achieve any one of the extensive works in question found in the State of Ohio. There is, therefore, the double difficulty in this question, — the want of the necessary labor, and the want of suitable means to apply it to advantage, had the labor been at command. The Indian antiquities at the north, though comparatively humble in their character, oppose inquiry at every step. Still, all opposition may be surmounted by such patient and industrious investigators as Mr. Schoolcraft.

We have made no quotations from the Report before us, though we have availed ourselves largely of its facts. These constitute the merit and value of the volume, which hardly admitted much display of literary execution. The manner, however, is good ; the arrangement of the subject is judicious, and presents its various parts distinctly to view, while the style is unambitious and clear.

We have alluded to the proofs of intellectual power in the Indians with which Mr. Schoolcraft had before furnished the public ; and we are now induced to make an extract from this Report, which has a bearing upon this point. It is a tradition of the Senecas. When we are looking for proofs of this intellectual power in the Indians, in what shape do we expect to find them ? They have been a barbarous people from the beginning. With such a character, Indian intellect can be expected to display itself only in their traditions. Imagination is a faculty that develops itself in the infancy of a nation ; it is strong almost in proportion as the nation is rude, and gradually loses its force step by step with the advance of civilization. Imagination seems to be a wild product ; it luxuriates among a wild people, like the rank and unchecked growth of the face of the earth. The forest puts forth an enormous vegetation ; trees and parasites flourish there with a giant's strength ; all the nourishment of the soil is sucked up by them. The sun licks up nothing ; a dense veil

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intercepts its burning rays, and allows only their genial warmth to sift down upon the ground. Cultivation changes all this; in regulating every thing, we restrain every thing; it is improvement, but it is still a check. The horse under the bit and in the draught is the same animal as the snorting courser of the prairie; but his matchless energies are all cramped and subdued. It is nearly so with the imagination; the Indian gives it full play. These traditions are the coins of the aborigines, often obscured and overlaid with extraneous matter; still, they are almost the only remains that bear the stamp of remote ages. We cannot always understand them; so it is with many coins; nevertheless, they are preserved with great care, in the hope that interpretation may one day come. But these traditions are more valuable than coins in one respect; they have a value, even if they fail to be interpreted. The imagination they display is independent of such interpretation. Very few of the Indian tales which Mr. Schoolcraft has heretofore published are intelligible in their bearing; doubtless, they all had an application to events, either moral or physical. We may hope, but must probably hope in vain, to find out that application in most cases. The tree which has been prostrate for ages in the forest, if undisturbed, still retains an aspect in its final decay that leaves no doubt of its original character. It has not a leaf, a twig, a branch, nor perhaps even a fibre of its trunk, remaining. The only index may be a long, slender tumulus, which, having become a mere spongy mass, a foot might kick out of shape with a few blows. As long as this tumulus remains, it shows to the least-practised eye that a tree once stood and had fallen there, though the most expert botanist might fail to detect the class or genus to which it belonged. It proves that a majestic forest once was there, and we care little whether the remains we now contemplate are those of an oak or a pine.

Thus it is, in some degree, with these tales. They have doubtless lost their original texture, have lost nearly all that gave them, in their day of freshness, their beauty, their force, and their distinctness of character. Nevertheless, they are the best remains of the Indian character, and, as such, should be preserved with jealous care, with all their simplicity, all their mutilations, all their shapelessness. Mr. Schoolcraft gives us in this Report several specimens of the Indian's

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carving; his intention was, that the wood-cuts should present an exact *fac-simile* of what they copy, with every blemish, all rudeness of outline, and all awkwardness in filling up carefully preserved. The artist may have sometimes departed from this rigorous rule; we are led to suspect that he did not always do as badly as the original required. As the artist ought to have done in all instances, and as we believe his employer intended he should do, so we believe Mr. Schoolcraft meant to do with all these tales.

The tradition we have alluded to, as given in this Report, is the following. Mr. Schoolcraft is speaking of the Senecas, when he says, —

"The term by which they call themselves is Nundowaga, or the People of the Hill; a name that leads us at once to consider the accounts of their own origin. Various relations of this story have been given, differing in some of their details, but all coinciding in the main events, namely: that they originated and lived on a well-known hill, at the head of the Canandaigua lake, where they were put in imminent peril of utter destruction by a monstrous serpent, which circled itself about the fort, and lay with its mouth open at the gate. The following is given from a native source, and has some novel details to recommend it.

"While the tribe had its seat and council-fire on this hill, a woman and her son were living near it, when the boy one day caught a small two-headed serpent, called Kaistowanea, in the bushes. He brought it home as a pet to amuse himself, and put it in a box, where he fed it on bird's flesh, and other dainties. After some time it had become so large that it rested on the beams of the lodge, and the hunters were obliged to feed it with their deer; but it soon went out and made its abode on a neighbouring hill, where it maintained itself. It often went out and sported in the lake, and in time became so large and mischievous that the tribe were put in dread of it. They consulted on the subject one evening, and determined to fly the next morning; but with the light of the next morning the monster had encircled the hill, and lay with his double mouth extended before the gate. Some attempted to pass out, but were driven back; others tried to climb over its body, but were unable. Hunger at last drove them to desperation, and they made a rush at the pass, but only rushed into the monster's double jaws. All were devoured but a warrior and his sister, who waited in vain expectancy of relief. At length, the warrior had a dream, in which he was showed that if he would fledge his arrows with the hair of his sister, the charm

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would prevail over the enemy. He was warned not to heed the frightful heads and hissing tongues, but shoot at the heart. Accordingly, the next morning, he armed himself with his keenest weapons, charmed as directed, and boldly shot at the serpent's heart. The instantaneous recoiling of the monster proved that the wound was mortal. He began in great agony to roll down the hill, breaking down trees and uttering horrid noises, until he rolled into the lake. Here he slaked his thirst, and tried by water to mitigate his agony, dashing about in fury. At length he vomited up all the people he had eaten, and immediately expired, and sank to the bottom." — pp. 60, 61.

This tradition is doubtless given as it was received. It has all the marks of Indian crudeness and extravagance about it, and may therefore be regarded as genuine. Mr. Schoolcraft hazards an interpretation of it, which is not objectionable as far as it goes, but seems to fall far short of what might be warranted by the scope of the tradition. It has relation, without doubt, to an important event in the early history of the Senecas ; a dim shadow cast forward into subsequent times, showing an obscure outline of some great revolution. It would be no stretch of Indian phraseology, even at the present day, to narrate a similar modern event in equally figurative language. The Indian families are designated, as Mr. Schoolcraft has largely explained in his various works, by *totems*, or names of certain animals, birds, &c. The serpent in this case may signify a chief who was adopted, while young, into the bosom of an alien tribe, and who, when he had become strong, returned the kindness, serpent-like, with ingratitude and injury, bringing his benefactors to the brink of ruin. The elevation of the serpent to the "beams" is probably only a mode of intimating the elevation of the stranger to superiority and power in the friendly tribe ; the change of diet from bird's flesh to deer's meat bespeaks the increase of his exactions. All the steps from secret enmity to open hostility are shadowed forth. The siege is plain enough, and the destruction of all the tribe, excepting a warrior and his sister, in the course of it, is equally so. The mode in which the relief is effected is not equally clear, and fancy has a wide field to play in. The agency of the woman in bringing it about — an agency so common in the troubles of life — is exerted in a strange way. We are left to conjecture how her "hair" over-

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came the enemy. Fledging arrows with it, unless they were Cupid's darts, gives us no clew. "Golden locks," and even "raven hair," have had a large share in catastrophes; but not such raven hair, — the black, coarse, lank locks, that invariably cover the squaw's head. The white man's fancy cannot comprehend this; but the red man's may.

We have less to do, however, with interpretations of this tradition, than with its merit in comparison with similar proofs of intellectual invention exhibited by the ancients of our own color. This tradition will compare advantageously, in most points, with the stories which set forth, in a like allegorical manner, the early events of the Grecian and Roman history. They are not more figurative or romantic, and only less susceptible of interpretation because the early Indian history is utterly unknown. Grecian and Roman history began in fable, and might have ended in obscurity, had the same ignorance prevailed in after times as at the beginning. The allegory of the Golden Fleece has covered over with a sort of classic beauty an expedition that was probably not less predatory, nor more daring, than numberless Indian expeditions that lie concealed under their allegorical coverings, which have not become classical only because the Indians never became civilized. The light of letters fortunately shone on *our* ancients as they advanced in growth. It was not so with the Indians; they have had no records. Nations have risen and sunk, and left no memorial behind them. Individuals have acquired fame, which, like a deep and strong sound, has vibrated through the air far and wide, catching the attention of every ear, and calling forth the admiration of every mind; but which, like a mere sound, sooner or later, gradually died away into silence. Perhaps a vague tradition, like that we are considering, might give it an uncertain existence, but without lineament or distinctness, liable to any appropriation, and bearing down with it, from generation to generation, no proof of persons, and but a misty proof of an event.

It is a subject for deep reflection, this difference of fate that marks the achievements of civilization and barbarism. The one has a perpetuity that may end only with civilized man; the others die with the generation that witnessed them. Probably the degree of merit or splendor has been the same; a nation may have been saved, or a nation may have been

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destroyed ; but whether the latter event be a subject of regret is a different question. The good examples of history are valuable, but the bad ones work mischief. And what is the proportion that the former bear to the latter ? That of the good to the bad men in Sodom.

We have heard it intimated, that the national legislature proposes to follow the lead of New York, and have a census taken of the Indians under the guardian care of the government. We hope this will prove to be true, for many reasons, which our limits do not permit us to enumerate. And we also hope that Mr. Schoolcraft's valuable services will be secured in the work.

ART. III. — *The Life of Joseph Addison.* By LUCY AIKIN. Philadelphia : Carey & Hart. 1846. 12mo. pp. 279.

WE had not ventured to promise ourselves an opportunity of bringing this great man in review before us ; and we are not without misgivings lest the world, which, like poor Lear, is apt to be somewhat disordered in mind, should ask as he did, which is the justice and which the culprit. But we are grateful to Miss Aikin for writing this unpretending life of Addison, and still more so, for doing it in her quiet and sensible manner, contenting herself with a likeness, and not trying to make it fascinating with paint and gilding, after the fashion of the present day. Indeed, there is hardly a subject in the whole range of literature, where affectation and display would be more out of place. Those attractive arts, which snatch at impossible graces, sacrificing truth to effect, and simple nature to quick impression, would be reproved to silence, if not to shame, by the presence of this great master. The very thought of such treatment is enough to make one wish he were on earth again, exerting the authority which a powerful, refined, and graceful genius like his would have, wherever it existed. It would be a sport to see how many popular authors, who are read and admired by thousands now, would, like the swine in Scripture, which they resemble in coarseness and the spirit that

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has entered into them, soon be seen running violently down a steep place to perish in the sea of oblivion, — those blessed waters which, it is to be hoped, will never dry away.

There is something in the literary fame of this writer which it is always refreshing to remember; like the Parthenon, it retains its charm, though for ages unvisited by the traveller, laid waste by the barbarian, and weather-stained by time; so far transcending the adventurous antics of modern art, that, as long as a fragment of pillar or peri-style remains, it will be impossible to doubt the perfection of that which the world of taste adores. Writing always from a full mind, and never for the sake of writing, he is always rich to overflowing in his resources, and, however excellent the work may be, gives the impression that he is able to produce something better. His memory was full of information, all the particulars of which had found their places in his mind in harmony and order, so that classical allusions and suggestions from what he had seen and read presented themselves when they were wanted, giving him power to select the best. Like most other calm and quiet observers of life, he found in his own experience incidents and intimations which, playfully introduced, gave spirit and life to his writings. His movements were so easy and graceful, that no one thought of the hard study and self-discipline by which alone he could have gained so complete a mastery of his own powers. Every thing seemed to be thrown off without an effort, and so indeed it was; the effort came earlier in the history of his mind; and certain it is, that, without long and patient thought, such as requires great concentration of the intellectual powers, he never could have acquired a logical exactness so entirely free from all the appearance of art, nor a habit of active and earnest thought so much resembling revery in the familiarity and carelessness of its flow.

One of the most striking traits of Addison's mind was his humor, a quality of writing which is enjoyed more generally than it is understood. It is commonly supposed to be a gift, something belonging to the native constitution of the mind; but if so, the birthright would be found of little advantage without that ready tact and intuitive discernment of the right time and place, which give humor its principal charm. The untimely jest is like the stamp of an awkward man upon a gouty toe; it is apt to be received with a gratitude bordering

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on profaneness, and it is a caution to all the prudent to keep out of the way of the offender's disastrous evolutions. Some, like Swift, who would otherwise be masters of the art, disarm themselves of part of their power by an appearance of ill-nature. Any thing which looks like savageness or an intent to wound always creates antipathy to him who indulges his satirical propensity at the expense of another's feelings. Even if the satire should be wholly impersonal, and aimed at the follies and infirmities of human nature, the caustic and biting reflection which implies bitterness in him who makes it never gives pleasure, nor finds a general welcome.

There is, also, in some humorous writers who have nothing of this misanthropy, a kind of sly coarseness, an apparent enjoyment of sensual allusions, a disposition to tread as near as they dare to such forbidden ground, which the refined and cultivated reader takes as an insult to himself, and does not readily forgive. This is a temptation, a strange and fatal one, from which we are sorry to say a writer of our own land, whom we could otherwise name with the highest honor, is not entirely free. But in Addison's humor no one can trace any of these faults of taste, spirit, or feeling; it plays like sunbeams through the broken clouds upon the landscape, lighting it up with gladness. Nature herself is not more exempt from severity and grossness; and we see, that, largely gifted as he was with the natural power, he rather restrains than indulges it; he never looks abroad for the jest, and receives with selection those which present themselves as he is writing. He always distinguishes most accurately the appropriate place and time for producing it; thus showing that it requires high cultivation of mind, a quick perception of fitness, and a perfect command of the powers, to employ this faculty to advantage. Otherwise it is of no value, and may be even an injury to the possessor; as the gift of Tell's arrows would be of little avail without the sure hand and eye to use them.

Nothing could be more superfluous than to praise the style of Addison, which has been admired by successive generations as the most perfect of all examples. Art, in its highest cultivation, comes back to nature; and thus, while naturalness is the prevailing charm of his manner, it shows the result, but not the action, of high finish and industrious care. The word *gentlemanly* would describe it better than

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any other, because it implies the union of elegance and refinement with energy and power. In order to be thus natural, style must be the true expression of the habitual movements of the mind; it is not to be made up or put on at pleasure; if it is second-hand, it will betray its unlawful origin, like stolen garments which do not fit the wearer. The only way really to improve a deficient style is, not to change the arrangement and selection of language; the care in such cases must be applied directly to the mind itself; and its utterance will become free and graceful, in proportion to the order which it establishes among its treasures and resources, and the easy mastery over its own powers which practice enables it to obtain.

We say this, because style is often spoken of as if it was an art, like drawing or painting, which may be acquired by one mind as well as another, by the obscure and feeble as well as the clear and strong. So, in point of fact, the matter is treated by many writers; those, for example, who have endeavoured to Germanize their manner, practising on it the same arts which jockeys apply to horses' tails, to make them ambitious and exalted. But all the while, the style is not their own; they are responsible, doubtless, as a man is held to answer for what he borrows or steals; but it gives no indication of their natural tone of thought, any more than a bell, when it tolls for funeral or worship, expresses its own sorrow or devotion. Should their minds perchance speak out, they would throw all the fine arrangement into confusion, and startle their owners, perhaps, by the plain English which they would employ. We may depend upon it, that Carlyle does not talk Carlylism, nor do the imitators of that eminent person walk in darkness through a conversation as coolly as through a printed page. When their object is to express their thought, none can do it better; and till they do the same thing in writing as freely as in ordinary communication with their friends, they may be cheered on with the desperate admiration of a misguided few, but they will find themselves out in their dead reckoning. If they are bound for immortality, or even for general favor, they had better take observations of the great lights of the literary world. From these they will find, that no style can be extensively popular and pleasing which is not a true and direct expression of the writer's way of thinking. It is not

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enslaved to any particular form ; it is bound by no narrow and rigid law. The elephantine march of Johnson may be as welcome as the manly gait of Addison, because it represents as truly the movements of his ponderous and gigantic mind.

But the character of this distinguished man is a more important consideration than his talents or his style ; indeed, it was this which, shining through his writings, did as much as his ability to give him influence in his own time, and an illustrious memory in ours. John Foster, who, with all his excellence, occasionally betrayed something of that crustiness which among some sects passes for a Christian grace, spoke in a wholesale and sweeping way of all the chief names in English literature, as opposed to the spirit of the gospel, and aiding and comforting the enemy by their influence and example. To some extent, this was true. There was quite too little sense of responsibility associated with intellectual power ; either the intense effort to keep body and soul together made them careless in what manner they fed the popular taste, or the jealousies incident to their profession destroyed their conscience and kindness ; or in some instances, perhaps, their heads were turned by success. Whatever the cause may have been, a greater proportion than one could have supposed were unfaithful to the high trust which is confided to all who are gifted with high powers. Still, it is extraordinary that with such an example as Addison before him, one which can be contemplated with almost unmingled satisfaction, any moralist should give so hasty a verdict, which savours more of passion than truth even in its application to others, and cannot be sustained for a moment with respect to him. If religion be the great science of duty, it would be hard to show where it ever found a more effective teacher ; and we trust we shall be able to make it appear that, if his tone and profession were high, his life and conversation stood ready to make them good.

But here we are met by some prevailing impressions concerning Addison, which allow that in most respects he was eminently worthy, but nevertheless charge him with certain faults and frailties which throw a shadow over his name ; and, as the subject is an interesting chapter in literary history, we propose to consider it somewhat at large. All who knew him bore witness to his excellence ; his goodness of

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heart and strength of principle appear in every part of his life. His freedom from ambition is clearly shown by his writing for the most part without giving his name to the world, and his generous kindness could hardly be proved more conclusively than by his submitting to this labor to serve another. And yet, strange as it may seem, it is in these very points that some have assailed him, accusing him of jealous hostility to rising men of genius, and of selfish unkindness to his friends. Such traits of character are not very consistent with that religious virtue which he is so generally admitted to have possessed, that, as Boswell assures us, Johnson, who, from political prejudice, was no friend to his memory, was in the habit of recommending his writings to those who felt the need of high influence and inspiration, and often spoke of him with great respect, as foremost among the wise and good.

All these impressions to the disadvantage of Addison can be traced home to the authority of Pope, who, though in some respects a good man, was notoriously jealous of his own literary standing, and, as he had no mercy for those who were beneath, was not likely to look with much benignity on one who stood above him. His infirmity was not without its excuses; his personal deformity was of a kind which sours the temper; his nervous temperament was irritable to the last degree; and while his poetical talent made him a subject of interest and admiration, his bodily weakness prevented his appearing familiarly in the public eye. In his partial retirement, he was surrounded by parasites of that kind who manifest their faithfulness, not by friendly services, but by flattering unworthy prejudices and passions, and, in case of any alienation, are like the firemen of Constantinople, who, it is said, for reasons of their own, sometimes throw oil on the flames of a conflagration, which has less effect to extinguish them than the element that is commonly employed.

Spence's Anecdotes, which Johnson used so freely in writing his Lives of the Poets, contains a rich abundance of this kind of lore. Pope appears to have made his humble friend the residuary legatee of all his suspicions and aversions; and as Johnson lived at a time when party spirit was at the highest, and did not conceal his belief that to be a "vile Whig" was an inexpiable sin, he gave more faith to the stories and intimations of the Anecdotes than he would have done, if

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Addison had had the presumptive evidence of Toryism in his favor; and, as his life of the Whig statesman and poet has of course displaced all others, the character which he has given him determines the opinion of the present age. But there was nothing underhand in the prejudice of Johnson; it was always manly, aboveboard, and made no pretension to thorough impartiality. Such was his stern veracity, that nothing would induce him to distort or suppress the truth, or rather what he considered the truth, though he was often misled by his feelings in his attempts to ascertain it. On several occasions, as we shall see, he detects Spence's misrepresentations, and ascribes them to the *malignity* of Pope. The wonder is, that when he saw through some of these mistakes or perversions of fact, whichever they may have been, he should have felt as if such a guide could ever be safely trusted; for trust him he did, too much and too far; almost every thing which he has recorded to the disadvantage of Addison rests on Spence's authority alone. We do not suppose that Pope told his humble chronicler what he did not himself believe; the term *malignity*, which Johnson employs, must be received with some discount for his habitual choice of overgrown words. The amount of this malice was, that, being jealous of Addison as a rival, he was ready to credit and repeat whatever was said to his disadvantage; and those persons who think it a pity to spoil a pretty quarrel were always at hand to minister to the prejudice which Pope, unfortunately for his happiness and honor, was too well disposed to feel.

Very little is known of Addison's early life, nor can it now be ascertained how far the influences which acted upon him in childhood determined his character in later years; sometimes those influences form young minds by sympathy, sometimes by reaction and resistance. His father was a divine, respectable in his way, but earnest and busy in those times which made all men politicians. Active, however, as he was in his devotion to church and king, he lived in comparative want, and was rewarded only by coming in sight of a bishopric before he died. One story of Addison's younger days represents him as escaping from school, to avoid some punishment which weighed on his imagination, and living on such food as the woods supplied, till his retreat was discovered. Dr. Johnson records a tradition of his once being

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ringleader in a "barring out." The two legends seem inconsistent with each other, and yet they may both be true. The former does not show, as Miss Aikin believes, the elements of that bashful spirit which afflicted him so much in his manhood. The fact is, that all boys grow retiring in their manner, when they are threatened with a whipping; and though it is not always the case, as Goldsmith says, that your modest people are the most impudent in the world, it is true, that many are bold and free with their associates, who are subdued in the presence of others.

Addison was never able, through a life spent in the daylight of the world, to throw off that embarrassment which paralyzed the action of his mind in company, and made him appear distant, cold, and still. Chesterfield, in whose presence he was not likely to thaw, described him as an awkward man, while those whose company he enjoyed received a very different impression of his manners and social powers. Swift, who was not apt to err by excess of praise, said that he never saw a man half so agreeable. Lady Mary Montague, who had a tolerable acquaintance with society, described him as the best company in the world. Pope, who, in his very eulogy, shows something of pique, allows that his company was more charming than that of any other man, though with strangers he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence; thus ascribing to *hauteur* that coldness which was evidently owing to natural diffidence and reserve. Dr. Young says, that he was rather mute on some occasions; but when he felt at ease, he went on in a noble strain of thought and language, which enchained the attention of all.

There are many such testimonials to the richness and variety of his conversation; and if any received a different impression, it is plainly owing to the constitutional, or rather English, reserve, which hung like a mill-stone about him all his days. It is thought to be less common in our country; here, old and young, the latter especially, have in general quite as much confidence as the case requires. Still, there are examples of those who labor and suffer under this disease, which renders them in company "afraid to sit, afraid to fly," unable to say the right thing, and, if they say any thing, sure to say the wrong; but generally so oppressed with the necessity of speaking, that, through fear of being silent, they dare not open their lips, and causing epicures in conversation to say,

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that, however much they might like the oyster, if accessible, they cannot submit to the trouble of opening the shell.

It was while at school that Addison formed that friendship with Steele which gave so decided a direction to his future life. Steele, who, though his parents were English, contrived to be born in Dublin, as the appropriate birthplace for one of such an Irish nature, was, as the world knows full well, a thoughtless, inconsistent, rantipole person, full of talent and good feeling, which were made of small effect by his total want of discretion in common affairs. If it was possible for him to get into difficulty, he was sure to improve the chance; but at the same time, so amiable was his disposition, that he always found friends, who, though out of patience with his folly, were ready to get him out of the scrape. Early in life, being sensible of his own frailty, he endeavoured to put himself under the necessity of living religiously, by writing a book called The Christian Hero; but as there was no basis of principle, nor even taste, under his conversion, the inconsistency which soon appeared between his life and his profession made it worse for him in every respect than if his banner had not been lifted quite so high. Then, to enliven himself under the depression brought on by ridicule and reproach, he wrote a comedy called The Funeral, with which the public were entertained, as might be expected from so sprightly a subject, and which, of course, was in the same degree refreshing to the writer.

A literary life commencing thus would hardly be expected to lead to propitious results; and he would have done nothing to establish his reputation as a writer, had it not been for his illustrious friend. It was not unnatural that the shy and delicate Addison should take a fancy to the bold and open-hearted Steele; and the latter had sufficient discernment to understand the merits and abilities of his companion. The attachment thus formed continued nearly through life; and only the exasperation of political feeling, which spares nothing that is sacred, could have alienated them from each other; for it is unfortunately true, that the bands were broken at last.

Few particulars of Addison's life during the years spent at Oxford have been recorded; but there is enough to show, even if his writings afforded less ample testimony, that he made good use of his time. One circumstance is remem-

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bered, which implies that he had not fallen into the way of drinking that is so common in the great English Universities, and is not suppressed by right moral feeling as it should be in ours; most of his studies were after dinner, a time when the levee of the Muses is not apt to be best attended. Such associations of young men are in the habit among themselves of manufacturing a public sentiment for their own use; it is often very unlike any other which can be found in the earth below. It maintains, that lounging, reading novels and similar picture-books, together with a certain coarse defiance of authority, are proofs of genius, and that good-fellowship, like religious character among the ancient Jews, is determined not by what cometh out of the mouth, but rather by that which goeth in. The tendency to these corruptions was strong in his day; for drinking to excess was too common in the high and low places of society to excite the disgust which it deserves; and that he should be able to pursue his studies, at a time when those about him were taking stronger potations than the Castalian fountain supplies, is an evidence that the taste for excess, which has been charged upon him, as we apprehend without reason, certainly did not exist at a period of life when the foundations of that habit are most likely to be laid.

It is quite clear that he must have disciplined his mind at this time, in preparation for that easy and graceful criticism in which he excelled, and in which no one without deep thought, as well as study, can ever attain success. He was also versed in some branches of natural history, as his pleasing remarks on instinct, and some of his letters, imply; and that he acquired this knowledge at this period of life may be inferred from the well known "Addison's Walk," which is still pointed out to visiters at Oxford, as his favorite resort. By his Latin verse he acquired reputation, and with it some substantial advantage. His first attempt in English verse was an address to Dryden, then going down into the cold evening of his day, uncheered even by that patronage which considers itself more blessed to receive the homage of genius than to furnish it with the means of subsistence. Miss Aikin calls it the age of Mæcenases, we hardly know why; they certainly showed that kind of patronage which bestows little and exacts much, which requires the sacrifice of manliness and independence in those on whom it smiles, and parts

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with its guineas only on receiving a heavier golden weight of glory. This kind of liberality may be found in any age; any one will trade on those advantageous terms. But if genius, even in Addison's time, expected a more disinterested bounty, it was apt to be disappointed; it was well if its demand for bread was answered with a single stone; it might consider itself too happy if it was not pelted with them.

Addison appears to have been originally destined for the church, and his thoughtful and contemplative spirit might have found a home in the sacred profession, where it is not, as in England, dependent on patronage, and therefore married to worldliness by law. For some reason now unknown, perhaps by unconsciously yielding to circumstances, he inclined to the paths of literature; and while yet at Oxford, he is found in communication with Tonson, the bookseller, whose name is as familiar in the annals of the time as that of Monsieur Tonson at a later day. His essay on the Georgics, which he affixed to the translation of Dryden, who appears to have been pleased and flattered by his attentions, was not considered as promising much strength and originality, though its style was unexceptionable, and its criticism just. Of a translation of the fourth Georgic, which he attempted, the elder poet courteously observed, that, after it, his own swarm would not be worth the hiving. He engaged also in a translation of Herodotus, to be superintended and partly executed by himself; which implies that he had more acquaintance with Greek than Johnson was disposed to allow. This work never reached the press, but his translations from Ovid were published, with notes which eclipse the poetry, and, as the great critic admitted, gave full promise of that discriminating taste and talent which were afterwards so brightly manifested, and admired as widely as they were known. He also produced a work which, at a later period, he seemed very willing to suppress. It was an account of English poets from Chaucer to Dryden, in which he treats the patriarch and his successor, Spenser, without the reverence which they so well deserve, and which is clamorously asserted for them by some, who, admiring without having read, are vengeful against those who have read without admiring.

The truth was, that the French classical taste was then coming into England, teaching its poets to care rather more

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for polished elegance of language and measure than for the more substantial elements of truth and nature. The new fashion prevailed, and, as usual, the fashion which it displaced was treated with unmerited scorn. In this way it is that the public taste is always swinging, like a pendulum, far on one side or the other. This fancy came to its height of finish and excellence in Pope; another age has seen him, with all his beauty and power, treated with profane derision, while a passion for infantine simplicity rises and reigns for a time; this, too, after keeping the stage for its permitted season, is destined to give place to some other excess. But sufficient to the day is its own evil; what this excess is to be we are not yet unfortunate enough to know.

Addison, with no small share of talent for poetry, was of course under the influence of the day, and, while his natural tendency was to nature, he was drawn aside by cultivation, and thus inclining one way while he walked in another, he could not be expected to reach the height of success. It is a little remarkable, that the effort which brought him at once into notice was made to order. Such productions generally have small attraction, except to those whose exploits they commemorate and flatter; if they betray any other inspiration than that of necessity or ambition, their flame, like a fire of shavings, is soon spent, leaving no permanent brightness in the literary sky. His courtly career commenced with lines on the king's return from his European campaign in 1695, which gained him the favorable regard of Lord Somers, whose approbation was an honor. In 1697, he again sang the praise of William, who had no ear for such matters, in some lines on the Peace of Ryswick. These were addressed to Montagu, then a leading public character, eminent in literature as well as in the public councils. That statesman, in acknowledgment of the attention, procured him a grant of three hundred pounds a year, to give him the means of travelling, — a favor which would have been more to the purpose, had the money ever been paid; but the king died soon after, and the little which he ever did for literature came at once to a close.

The young poet also gained reputation by Latin verses on the Peace. Johnson allows them to have been vigorous and elegant; and when Addison went abroad, the volume, published with a preface of his own writing, served as an intro-

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duction to learned and accomplished men. Among others, he presented it to Boileau, then in the height of his fame. The Frenchman replied, that the work had given him a new idea of English cultivation; and truly there was room for new ideas, if we may judge from his remark to a traveller, who told him what honor the English had paid to the memory of Dryden. He said he was happy to learn it, but he had never heard the gentleman's name before. Alas for glorious John! The truth was, the French at that time lorded it over the political and literary world like undisputed and rather supercilious masters. King William had done something to break their civil and military sceptre, and Marlborough was in a fair way to finish what he had begun. But it was long before any literary changes let sufficient light into France to see the names of Shakspeare and Milton, so completely eclipsed were they by certain French luminaries, — lost Pleiads, too, which have long since perished, and never been missed from the skies.

Whatever Addison's timidity and reserve may have been in England, he appears to have left them behind him when he travelled; for we find him making acquaintance with all those who were distinguished in literature. He remarks, in one of his letters, that he had not seen a blush since he landed in France; probably it is with blushes as with other matters, that the supply is regulated by the demand. Being but imperfectly acquainted with the French language, he took up his residence for a time at Blois, where it was thought to be spoken in great purity, in order to learn it; and we happen to know something of his habits of life while there, from a French Abbé, a careless but impartial observer.

This worthy speaks of him as lying in bed all the forenoon, according to the London fashion, which has its origin in the circumstance, that the sun, in that dark atmosphere, brings no light which makes it worth while to rise. He was not talkative, and was often so lost in thought, that the ecclesiastic would be in his room some time before Addison was aware of his presence; which may be true, though it is hard to conceive how the Abbé should have endured so long constraint upon his own active tongue. He says, too, with an air of some surprise, and as if it brought the Englishman's morals into suspicion, that he had no *amour* while he resided there; if there was any thing of the kind, he must have

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known it, which is very likely to be true. But the reproach of this deficiency is one that can be forgiven by those who do not regard morals and refinement as inconsistent things. The Nine were the only ladies of his acquaintance, and they appear to have received his devoted attentions. While preparing himself by the acquisition of modern languages for his European tour, he was diligently studying the allusions of classical writers to Italy and its antiquities, those being the subject of interest on which he had set his heart. His letters, written at the time, are short, but they have some touches of his peculiar manner, particularly one in which he congratulates a friend who tells him that he has lost ten pounds by a copy of verses. Addison assures him that every time he meets with such a loss, the more like a true poet he will be. In the spelling of his letters there is something which would fill a Phonographer with delight; the word "bin" always represents the preterite of the verb to be; and there are sundry other graces of the kind, which show how little importance was then attached to what is now considered essential in a well-educated writer.

On his second visit to Paris, he was able to enjoy the society in which it abounded; and if it seems strange, that, with his acknowledged reserve, he could ever make himself at home in it, we must remember that such persons are very much influenced by the prevailing social spirit. In England, such a man would need to be furnished with an ice-breaker, to make his way in their arctic circles; but where there is no reserve to meet reserve, but all are at their ease, a bashful man forgets himself, ceases to think of his own words and motions, and therefore is unconstrained and free. He was very much struck with the cheerfulness of the French, and the excellent terms with themselves on which they all stood. Sometimes their self-exaltation was disagreeable to an Englishman, who of course had as good an opinion of his own country as they could possibly have of France; but their familiar courtesy was always pleasing; and among their men of letters he found these whom he considered it a privilege to know. Among others, he visited Malebranche, who was much admired by the English. The French nation at the time had taken a religious turn, and apprehended that there might be something unchristian in speculations which they did not understand. Malebranche was therefore

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better acquainted with the great men of England than some others of his countrymen; and though he said nothing of glorious John, who was out of his line, he had heard of Newton, and also of Hobbes, at whom he shook his head.

Addison waited afterwards on Boileau, who was old and a little deaf, but conversed incomparably well, though he was very severe in his strictures on the present times, and flew into a passion with all who did not share his reverence for the past. Johnson thinks, that, as Boileau had "an injudicious and peevish contempt for modern Latin," the flattering things which he said of Addison, whom he knew only through his edition of the Musæ Anglicanæ, were proofs of his civility, not of his approbation. It might rather have been regarded as a testimony to the classical excellence of Addison's Latin, and also of his taste, that the unsparing criticisms which the learned Frenchman made on other modern attempts were not considered as applying to his. When Boileau was freely berating his own time and all its literary productions, Addison asked him if he would not except Telemachus, which was then in the height of its fame. He allowed that it gave a better idea of Homer's way than any translation, and that some passages of it were superior to Virgil; but he had no patience with the eternal preaching of Mentor, and, on the whole, admitted nothing in its favor which it was possible to deny. As Boileau, after the death of his friend Racine, lived in retirement, his reception of Addison was a distinguished favor. It implied a high opinion of the traveller, and we are told by Tickell, that his friend had gained a very high and extensive reputation in other nations, before he was known or talked of in his own.

But Italy is the country in which such a traveller must feel most at home. He reached it in the usual way, by the tour through Switzerland, where the scenery impressed him as it does all others. His indifference, amounting to contempt, for the Gothic architecture, which appears in some passages of his work, has given an impression to the disadvantage of his taste. But this preference was of the conventional kind; it was one in which he was educated; it was not to be overcome by general cultivation, like a mistaken choice in literary works, nor had it any thing to do with that love of nature, which often is found mature and faultless in those who do not know one picture, statue, or building from another.

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While in France, he was agreeably struck with those places in which the French king, when improving his palace-grounds, had followed the leading suggestions of nature, instead of forcing nature into the traces of art. We apprehend that he must have found but few such cases, and he valued them the more, perhaps, on account of their rarity; for the landscape-gardening of that day, which was imported from that country into England, seemed to have for its leading principle to suppress nature, and to extinguish what it could not reform.

But while he found pleasure in contemplating these wonders and glories of the visible world, his active and searching mind made him a philosophical observer of men; he looks upon them with "most humorous sadness," — sometimes smiling at follies and pretensions, often breathing a fine spirit of liberty, but always inspired with a love of his race. He was just the man to encounter the officer of the Prince of Monaco, whose dominions consisted of two towns; that official told him, with much solemnity, that his master and the king of France were faithful allies and friends. His most Christian Majesty must have derived great solace from this assurance, when Marlborough was thundering on his borders. The little republic of San Marino, which has existed through so many changes in Europe, is described with admirable humor; of that kind, however, which, without any violent transition, easily resumes the serious vein. It closes with a manly reflection on that natural love of liberty, which fills its rocks and snows with inhabitants, while the Campagna is deserted, showing the deep and universal feeling, that the chief blessing of moral existence is for men to feel that they are free.

In his description of Rome, where he spent considerable time, the same fine spirit appears. Though he does not seem to have been an enthusiast in the arts, he was deeply interested in every thing connected with ancient literature; and the remains of the Eternal City, eternal in its glory and influence, though sinking under the effects of malaria and time, had all of them some relation to those studies in which he was most deeply interested. His political feeling, if, indeed, it does not deserve the higher name of humanity, is shown in the remark, that the grandeur of the old commonwealth manifested itself in works of convenience or necessity, such as temples, highways, aqueducts, walks, and bridges;

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while the magnificence of the city under the emperors displayed itself in works of luxury or ostentation, such as amphitheatres, circuses, triumphal arches, pillars, and mausoleums. Miss Aikin suggests that he was the first who ever used the expression "classic ground," which is now as familiar as the ground on which we tread. In his days, Rome was not visited, as it is now, by tourists from all parts of the world; the Englishman, having no social intercourse with the living, had ample time for intimacy with the mighty dead. Addison remarks, that he had become an adept in ancient coins, while he had almost lost his acquaintance with English money. As to rust, he could tell the age of it at sight; having been forced by his total want of other society to converse with pictures, statues, and medals, all of which had some story to tell of the interesting and memorable past.

Whatever criticism may at times have said of the work in which he imparted to the world the results of his observation on foreign countries, the public, who are sure to be impartial and at least sufficiently discerning, gave it a hearty welcome. At first, it was thought too learned for popular circulation; but when its true character was understood, it was so much in demand, that, before it could be reprinted, it rose to five times its first price. Johnson praises it rather coldly, though he admits the manner in which its elegance gains upon the reader; of some parts he remarks, that it is not a severe censure to say that they might have been written at home. He might have said that it is no censure at all, but rather a statement of the fact with respect to this work and most others of the kind. His own tour to the Hebrides was written at home, and in his case, as in Addison's, the value consists in fine trains of thought and striking remarks suggested by new scenes and objects, and not in artist-like descriptions; though Addison often shows great power in scene-painting, and would have applied it with distinguished success, had not moral and intellectual observation been more in harmony with the taste and tendency of his mind.

It is a little singular that the Dialogues on Medals, which are so connected with the foreign tour, should have been kept by him, and not suffered to see the light till after his death. None of his writings assemble more of his peculiar traits. Though Johnson does not allow him to have possessed great learning, he admits that he studied the Latin poets with

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diligence and skill; qualifying his disparaging remark by saying, that the abundance of his own mind supplied him with whatever he wanted. Certainly, nothing can be better selected and applied than the classical knowledge which he brings to bear on the subject before him; and if he was never deficient in the information required, there seems no reason for challenging his acquaintance with other parts of the field which he was not concerned to explore. Perhaps, too, his learning may be undervalued in consequence of the playful humor in which the Dialogues abound; an article so seldom encountered among professed scholars and antiquaries, that the lively remark is thought inconsistent with severe research, and the gay, without inquiry into its merits, is at once set down as far inferior to the grave.

Swift, in a well-known allusion to Addison's circumstances at this time, speaks of him as caressed by lords and left distressed in foreign lands; which is true enough, so far as regards his circumstances, though the lords do not appear to deserve the reproach which the Dean, with his usual caustic philanthropy, endeavours to cast upon them. They faithfully served Addison, or rather meant to serve him, while they had the power; it was no fault of theirs that King William broke his neck, and the pension was left unpaid. Their ability to serve him depended on their continuance in office, and they would have been glad to retain the power, if possible. They had already designated him for the office of English secretary, to attend Prince Eugene, who had just commenced the war in Italy, for the purpose of transmitting home accounts of his plans and operations. These designs in his favor, of course, came to nothing, when they lost their places; and he must certainly have been hard pressed for the means of subsistence. With his usual manly reserve on matters which were personal to himself, he says nothing of his own wants or his means; neither does Tickell, who had the means of knowing, supply the deficiency; but the papers of Tonson show, that he was looking round for that support which patronage was no longer able to supply. The bookseller, who was a sort of Mæcenas in his way, had been desired by the Duke of Somerset, usually called the Proud, — one of those animals whom chance sometimes appears to lift up to see how they will look in their elevation, — to find a travelling tutor for his son; and it occurred to Tonson, in his

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good-nature, that the place would be the one for Addison. For the service thus rendered the Duke was to pay a hundred guineas at the end of the year, which seemed to himself so munificent, that he expected the offer to be welcomed with rapture by the fortunate individual on whom the choice should fall. Addison had no objection to the place, but he had no mind to worship the golden calf that offered it. He accordingly wrote an acceptance of the proposal, saying at the same time, that the compensation was not such as would make it an object, if the place were not on other accounts such as he desired. This independence was something so new to the nobleman, that he considered it equal to a rejection of his offer; at any rate, he saw that it would not be received with the profound sense of obligation which he expected; and thus he lost the opportunity of going down to future times in connection with one who would have taught his son the manners and feelings of a gentleman, which the young sparks of aristocracy have not always the means of learning, and whose fame was bright enough to illuminate the insignificance of his own.

The literary history of England affords many such examples of lords in rank who are commoners in spirit and feeling. It is well that the changes of time had transferred the office of patron of men of letters to publishers like Jacob Tonson and his successors. If all of them had manifested the sense and spirit of Addison, the traditional base of prejudice on which the card-house of nobility rests must long since have given way to a better system, which would estimate claims to respect, not by the court register, nor the assessor's list, but by the elevation of manly and moral feeling and the riches of the heart.

When Addison returned to England, he was high in reputation; but as he was in his thirty-third year, without the means of subsistence, the respect which was paid him, and the honor of being a member of the Kitcat, did not quite console him for the prospect of starving. But his political party was rising; the victories of Marlborough were quite as beneficial to the Whigs as to the country; and when the battle of Blenheim had thrown all others into the shade, Godolphin, turning his attention for once from Newmarket to Parnassus, was anxious to find some poet to sing the triumph in strains of equal glory. As the gentlemen of his

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acquaintance dealt in other steeds than Pegasus, he applied to Montagu, better known by his title of Halifax, who told him, with more truth than courtesy, that if he knew such a person, he would not advise him to write while fools and blockheads were in favor, and those who had a good title to distinction were neglected. The lord treasurer did not resent the insinuation, though exceeding broad, and simply promised that whoever would do the service worthily should have no reason to repent his labors. He then sent to Addison, at the suggestion of Halifax, who wisely thought that the poet would do more for himself than his friends could do for him. The work was undertaken at once, and when it had proceeded as far as the famous simile of the angel, Godolphin, on seeing it, gave him the place of commissioner of appeals, which fell vacant by the resignation of John Locke.

There is something grotesque in this dealing in poetry as merchandise, and rewarding the bard with a post from which the great metaphysician had just departed. But what is more to the purpose, the poem was exactly what was wanted; and it does credit to the public taste, that, with so small an infusion of thunder and lightning, without any approach to extravagance or excess, it should have found its way to the proud heart of England, and been deemed an adequate celebration of the greatest triumph of her arms. The truth was, the angel rode in the whirlwind and directed the storm to very good purpose; at any rate, he contrived that they should fill the poet's sails, which were wisely and not ambitiously spread. Though it is not one of those works which readers of the present day care much for, still it is read, which is more than can be said of any other poem manufactured in the same way. They commonly die with the momentary enthusiasm which called them into existence, and the chief credit which the poet now gains is that of having kept clear of the faults and follies in which all similar writings abound. One good effect of it was to set the writer clear from debt. Slow rises talent, when poverty hangs upon it; its flight is rather that of the flying-fish than the eagle; and Marlborough did not more rejoice to see the enemy fly, than the poet to disperse his duns, and once more to stand even with the world.

We have dwelt thus at large on the manner in which Addison came forward into public life, to show that he did

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not ascend, as Lord Bacon says men generally go up to office, by a "winding stair." It was owing to the prevailing impression of his ability, not only in literary efforts, but for the duties of any station. Two years after the publication of the Campaign, he was appointed under-secretary of state by Sir Charles Hedges, and continued in that office by the Earl of Sunderland. The duties could not have been oppressive; at least, he was able to accompany Lord Halifax to the Continent on a complimentary mission to the Elector, officiating as secretary to the minister, and receiving from that Mæcenas no other compensation or reward than the honor and expense of the tour. It is unfortunate that we have not more of his letters, which would give us entertaining glimpses of the public events of the day, such as the union of England and Scotland, which was so bitterly opposed by many of the latter nation. He says that one of the ministers of Edinburgh lamented in his prayer, that Providence, after having exalted England to be the head of Europe, was in a fair way to make it one of the tails; this was probably a correct expression of the gratitude with which the measure of annexation was received.

One pleasant touch of the old Stuart feeling is brought to light, showing that Anne was not entirely passive, though she spent her days under the harrow of royalty without the least power to do as she pleased. Something having passed in the lower house of convocation, tending to reduce her authority as head of the church, she sent word to them that she forgave them for that time, but would make use of some other methods with them in case they did the like in future. He alludes to an odd premonition of the revolutionary spirit in France in an age when no one dreamed of any such thing; it was a proposal conveyed in a memorial, through the Duke of Burgundy, to the government, advising them to get possession of the useless plate in convents and palaces, and to convert it into money; and moreover, to take the needless officers and pensionaries, the number of whom was estimated at eighty thousand, and to employ them in the foreign service of the country. The latter part of this plan might answer for other nations, even for some in which the grand consummation of republicanism is already come. The only difficulties are, that the gentlemen in question, having the management of every thing, would choose to render this

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patriotic service by proxy ; their part is to gather to the carcass when it is fallen, leaving others to pull it down.

Addison was not long to retain this office, which was well suited to his capacity and taste. The queen, who was occasionally persuaded to make changes, to show the world that she had a will of her own, — a fact which, notwithstanding her sex, was seriously doubted, — had begun to take the Tories into favor and council, and was preparing as fast as she dared to remove Marlborough from his brilliant station. Meantime, Addison was employed in an attempt to introduce an English opera to public favor in London. It seemed to him ridiculous, for audiences to sit by the hour listening to a language which neither singer nor hearer understood. His plan was to marry the Italian music to English verse, without reflecting, that, as nature had denied him an ear, he was not the person to officiate at the bridal, and that common sense is not exactly the presiding genius by which such matters are controlled. Johnson says, that on the stage the new opera was either hissed or neglected, and growls at the author for dedicating it, when published, to the Duchess of Marlborough, a woman wholly without pretensions to literature or taste ; not reflecting, that, if poets had been so fastidious in looking for patrons, they would have been at their wits' end where to find them.

The moralist is, however, compelled, by his sense of justice, to allow that the work is airy and elegant, engaging in its progress and pleasing in its close. He says that the subject is well chosen, the fiction pleasant, and the praise of Marlborough in it is the result of good-luck, improved by genius, as perhaps every work of excellence must be. Sir John Hawkins, who pretended to great connoisseurship in music, and must at least have been a perfect judge of a discord, having passed all his life in one, pronounced the music of Rosamond, which was the name of the opera, a "jargon of sounds." This, however, was the fault of the composer, or possibly might be attributed to the crabbed temper of the amateur ; and when Johnson pronounced the opera one of the best of Addison's compositions, it is clear that it could not have injured his fame. One good effect of it was to bring him into acquaintance with Tickell, then at Oxford, who, according to the fashion of the time, sent him some complimentary verses. He soon became the friend and as-

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sociate of Addison, both in his literary and public labors, and always proved himself able, faithful, and honorable in every trust confided to his hands. The only complaint the world has to make of him is, that he has told so few particulars respecting the life of Addison; this shows that Boswells, though their price in the market is not high, are beings of no small value; and that the literary world would consult its own interest by making it a rule to encourage the multiplication of the race, rather than to ridicule and abuse them.

One of the last favors of the Whig administration was, to give Addison the place of secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland, who was then the Marquis of Wharton. At a later period, he visited the same country again, as secretary to Sunderland, who, after a fashion more common in church than in state, did not trouble himself to cross the Channel in the discharge of his official duty. Johnson expresses wonder, that Addison should have connected himself with a person so impious, profligate, and shameless as Wharton, when his own character was, in these respects, precisely the reverse of the other's. He appears to have mistaken the father for the Duke, his son, who was so notorious in connection with the Jacobite party. The elder was no saint certainly, but his character was light compared to the utter darkness of his son's. Archbishop King, a very high authority, says that he had known Wharton forty years, and always considered him a true patriot, and one who had his country's interest at heart; no small praise for a statesman in any age, and one which in that season of all corruption it was a special honor to deserve; so that Addison's connection with him was not that confederacy with sin which the great critic seems to have apprehended.

The conduct of the secretary, in both these missions, commanded respect and gave general satisfaction. But here, again, Johnson seems to intimate that he was rather avaricious in his ways. He tells us, on Swift's authority, that the secretary never remitted his fees of office in favor of his friends, giving as a reason, that if it was done in a hundred instances, it would be a loss to himself of two hundred guineas, while no friend would be a gainer of more than two. Swift, who was a great calculator, could not disapprove such exactness; and it should not have been related, without stating at the same time, that Addison's revenues, which might have

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been very great, had he, like other secretaries, received the presents offered by applicants for office, were reduced, by his determination to take nothing more than the regular fees, so that his income was comparatively small. Archbishop King speaks with great respect of his exemption from every thing like avarice and corruption in his discharge of duty, a virtue of which Ireland had not seen a very rich display, and which is not valued in proportion to its rarity in that unfortunate island even now.

The truth is, that Addison was one of those who care less for appearance than for reality ; he was not disposed to be generous, if that would make it impossible for him to be just. Unlike some other men of great talent, he never felt as if his genius released him from the obligations of common honesty. He would have despised himself, if he had made the flourish of doing liberal favors, while a creditor was suffering or complaining because his debt was unpaid. The knavish repudiation, which is so often tolerated in great men, was not consistent with his regard for his own honor. The feeling of the world with respect to these matters is one that brings a snare. So long as an eminent person is present, to awaken a personal interest in his readers or his party, they forgive him this lavish freedom with money which belongs to others, they forbear to press home that charge of dishonesty to which they know he must plead guilty. But when he is gone from the earth, and the Egyptian tribunal sits in judgment on the dead, that impartial court assumes as the law, that he should first of all have done justly ; for if, trampling on that obligation, he professed to have gone on to the love of mercy, it must condemn as a selfish crime that indulgence of feeling at the expense of principle ; and it decides that the crown of benevolence and generosity shall never be worn by the unjust, and that a man who is not honest enough to pay his debts, when he has the power, however highly he may be gifted, is the meanest work of God. Addison was sometimes very poor ; he was never rich ; his circumstances were such as to make exactness of calculation a necessity as well as a virtue. But it is idle to charge with avarice one who resisted temptations to gain wealth which he might have yielded to without censure from others ; and which he resisted simply because he feared the censure of his own heart.

It is quite evident, that, with this view of duty, he must

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have been often troubled with the reckless improvidence of his friend Steele, who cared little how or from whom he obtained the means of expensive self-indulgence, and when he borrowed, never associated with the act the idea that he must afterwards pay. That Addison was kind and charitable to his follies is evident from their long attachment; but when the revenue of the nation would not have been sufficient to supply Steele's wasteful profusion, it would have been as thoughtless as unavailing to put his own living into the hands of the spendthrift, only to see it fooled away. There are but few traces on record of their dealings, in which, of course, the borrowing was all on one side and the lending on the other; but that Addison lent freely appears from a remark in one of Steele's letters to his wife, in which he says, that "he has paid Mr. Addison the whole thousand pounds." At a later time, he says to her, "You will have Mr. Addison's money to-morrow noon."

But Johnson has embalmed a story to Addison's disadvantage, of his sending an execution into Steele's house for a debt of a hundred pounds, communicated to him by Savage, which has appeared in different forms. One account represents Steele as telling the story with tears in his eyes; and, if these had no other source than their mutual compotations, all such embellishments would be easily supplied by the same inspiration. Another version makes the sum a thousand pounds, and says that with a "genteel letter the balance of the produce of the execution was remitted to Steele." When Johnson adopted the story, it was so inconsistent with all that was known of Addison, that the world could not believe it; he was asked to give his authority; there was no other than that of Savage, which he knew was, if high in his estimation, low enough in that of others; and, instead of resting it on that foundation, he said it was part of the familiar literary history of the day. Now there were times when Savage's powers of hearing and speaking were somewhat confused; he may very easily have misinterpreted some hasty suggestion of Steele's, who, at times, labored under the same physical infirmity, into a statement of what had actually taken place; and one must have an accurate knowledge of the circumstances, at least so far as to be informed whether Savage at the time was at the table or under it, before he can put implicit faith in a tradition based

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on his authority alone. If the story is true in any part, it is rather strange that it did not interrupt the friendly harmony of the parties, which it certainly never did; and the idea suggested by Thomas Sheridan was undoubtedly correct, that it was done, not so much to secure the debt, as to screen Steele's property from other creditors. The debt was real, without question; Addison could not take such a step in collusion with Steele without giving it the aspect of an underhand proceeding, where fraud or conspiracy there was none. As this solution is perfectly consistent with Addison's character, who had not the least severity in his nature to lead him to such painful extremes, we should receive it at once as the satisfactory explanation; that is, if any was needed beyond the circumstance, that the brains of both Steele and Savage were often rolling in those fine frenzies in which visions become reality, and the boundary separating fact and fiction becomes as variable as the profile of a wave of the sea.

Of the difficulty of ascertaining any fact thus told, and therefore of believing it, we have an illustration in what is said of Swift, who must be prominent in any history where he appears, and who was so wayward and peculiar, that his habits attracted more attention than those of other persons equally high. Odd enough, in all conscience, he was; but this same Sheridan, in his biography, has represented him as making his appearance at Button's coffee-house, then the resort of the wits, in a rusty dress, with a rude and unsocial manner, and a freedom of talk, which, if it did not transcend all propriety, at least hung over the outer edge. These peculiarities gained him the name of the "Mad parson," a title to which he had, probably, a more serious claim than those who applied it were able to discern. The date of these proceedings was somewhere between Swift's first political pamphlet in 1701, and his Tale of a Tub in 1704; and, unless the relater of the story could plead somnambulism to the satisfaction of the great jury of the public, there was something in the dates, which, if challenged, must have sorely "plagued the inventor." Addison, who presided in these merry scenes, was all this while residing quietly in Europe; and he did not set up his servant Button in this establishment, till some time after his return at the close of 1703; so that it was in some preëxistent state that Button and his coffee-house must have been regaled with the exploits

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of the "Mad parson." It seems a pity to spoil these pleasant stories by this narrow searching into their truth. In common cases, they may go for what they are worth; but where a great man is charged with inhumanity, entirely at variance with all that is known of his character, there seems to be a reason for applying the test of circumstantial evidence, and figures which do not indulge themselves in lying, but on the contrary sometimes expose the carelessness, to say the least, of those who indiscreetly use them.

The whole history of Addison's relations with Swift is one that does him the greatest honor. It was no easy matter to keep always on good terms with such a man, whose natural disposition was cynical and sarcastic, and who was wrought up, by his strange fortune in politics, to a state of exasperation against all mankind;—against the Whigs, because they had not prevented the necessity of his going over to the enemy; and against the Tories, because, with his sharp discernment, he saw that they disliked while they flattered, and distrusted while they used him. He was not blind to the fact, that, with all his power to serve their cause, he had no power to serve his own interests, which he had no idea of disregarding. He fondly persuaded himself that he could do much for others, but it was clear that he could do nothing for himself; and he was not the man to hold a barren sceptre, and be content with the gratification of vanity alone. This unsatisfactory position in which he stood soured his temper, which was not originally of the same growth with sugar-cane, and made his wayward humor, where he put no constraint upon it, about as much as the most Christian spirit could bear.

We have an example in the story told by Pope, of his paying him a visit in company with Gay, and not arriving till after the hour of supper. Swift felt it as a reflection on his hospitality; he therefore calculated how much the meal would have cost him, and forced each of them to accept half a crown, in order that, if they told the story with the idea of his housekeeping which it implied, they might be under the necessity of reporting themselves as the subjects of his munificence too. There have been many attempts to solve the problem of his unhappy history; but it seems to us, there can be no reasonable doubt that in these eccentricities of life, some of which were so painful, we see the approach of that insanity which clouded his fine understanding at last.

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There are many shades of this unsoundness of mind, before it reaches the point at which responsibility ceases. Where that line is, and when the wayward mind passes over it, can be determined only by Him who reads the heart. There are many cases in which it would be consoling to believe, in spite of modern theologians, that demoniacal possession has not yet wholly ceased from the world.

Considering what Swift's character was, there was something remarkable in his constant respect and attachment for Addison, who was so prominent in the opposite party. Addison regarded him as the first writer of the age, and he, with the greatest deference for Addison's ability, paid a still more enviable homage to his acknowledged virtues. Even when there had been something like estrangement between them, on account of politics, he wrote to Stella, — "I yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is." When Addison first went to Ireland, Swift expressed the hope, in a letter to Archbishop King, that business might not spoil the best man in the world. To Addison himself he says, that every creature in the island who had a grain of worth venerated him, the Tories contending with the Whigs which should say the most in his praise; and if he chose to be king of Ireland, there was not a doubt that all would submit to his power. At the same time, he says, — "I know there is nothing in this to make you of more value to yourself; and yet it ought to convince you that the Irish are not an undistinguishing people."

When Addison was in England, and Swift was daily expecting to hear of the predominance of his own party, he wrote to the Whig secretary to learn whether it was expedient to come over, knowing that he could trust his friendship and wisdom, though on the opposite side. His aim appears to have been a prebend then held by South; but the old man, who was never particularly complaisant, was not disposed to die in order to oblige him. Addison was also consulted with the same sort of confidence by Wharton, who wished to hold his post to the last moment, and not resign till the new ministry were likely, if he delayed, to save him the trouble. But in those times of fierce excitement, when the nation was stunned by the fall of Marlborough, it was not possible for a man with Addison's powers to remain an inactive observer. He soon began to

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write in reply to the Examiner, then conducted by Prior, a deserter from the Whigs; and, without answering in the same tone of abuse which Prior employed, he showed how easy it was to put him down. Prior had brought forward in one of his papers the letter of a solemn correspondent, who recommended the Examiner to the people; Addison said it reminded him of a physician in Paris, who walked the streets with a boy before him proclaiming, — "My father cures all sorts of diseases!" to which the doctor responded, in a grave and composed manner, — "The child says nothing but the truth!"

When the Whig Examiner, in which Addison wrote, came to an end, Swift rejoiced in his journal to Stella, that it was at last "down among the dead men," using the words of a popular song of the day. Johnson, though of the same party, remarks, — "He might well rejoice at the death of that which he could not have killed." The critic, with unusual impartiality, goes on to say, that since party malevolence has died away (it is pleasant to know that party spirit is not immortal), every reader must wish for more of the Whig Examiners; since on no occasion was the genius of the writer more vigorously exerted, and the superiority of his powers more evidently displayed. Swift did not begin writing for the Examiner till Addison had ceased from the Whig Examiner; they met often and with mutual satisfaction, but on some points there was necessarily a reserve. Swift remarks in his journal, — "We are as good friends as ever, but we differ a little about party." At a later period, — "I love him as much as ever, though we seldom meet." Early in the next year, he speaks of their never meeting; but in the autumn he records that he supped at Addison's lodgings, and says, that there was no man whose society was so attractive.

The alienation seems to have been wholly on Swift's side; it arose from his identifying Addison and Steele, for which he had no reason, and considering the former as laid under obligation by his attempts to save the latter. It is clear that Addison had no concern with Steele's contrivances to secure a plank for himself at the shipwreck of his party; he did not choose to talk with Swift on the subject, and the successful politician was wounded by this reserve. He complained that Addison hindered Steele from soliciting his

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services, because he did not wish that his thoughtless friend should be obliged to a Tory; while, in the same sentence, he says that Addison is asking his good offices to make another friend secretary in Geneva, which he shall use his influence to do. Even so it is with the jealous, ready to believe impossible contradictions. He resents Addison's unwillingness to ask a favor for one friend at the very moment when he is asking one for another. Truly, it must have required all Addison's wisdom, or rather his unconscious integrity, to avoid giving irritation to such a temper as this.

Johnson, speaking of Swift's kind services to Addison and his friends, says he wished others to believe what he probably believed himself, that they were indebted to his influence for keeping their places; a form of expression which implies that the Doctor himself did not put implicit faith in his power. But the queen's death finished that overthrow of the Tory party which the quarrels of Oxford and Bolingbroke had begun, and Swift, losing by it the grant of a thousand pounds from the treasury, which he surrendered *multa gemens*, retreated to his deanery in Ireland, a home which he detested, but which was the only preferment that the ministers dared to give to a person of such unclerical fame. When Addison went again to Ireland as secretary to Sunderland, that nobleman, who, with a most affectionate indulgence for himself, was rather unforgiving to others, desired that he would hold no communication with Swift; but with a spirit which did him honor, Addison chose to be the judge of his own society, and refused to give the pledge required. There is reason to suppose that they met in Ireland, though nothing is particularly set down respecting it; and it is well known that they corresponded with each other till the death of Addison, each maintaining the greatest respect and regard for the other. Now, obviously, no man was ever less gifted with reverence by nature than Swift; no one ever had a sharper eye to look through the follies and weaknesses of other men; and it does seem to us, that his profound respect and confidence afford a better testimonial to the excellence of Addison than volumes of mere enthusiastic praise.

While the Whig party was shivering in the wind, and after it had gone down, Addison was more at leisure for literary labors. With the single exception of the Whig Examiner, and some not very complimentary notice of

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Sacheverel, that ridiculous creature, who contrived to lift himself into a moment's notoriety, mistaking it for fame, he does not seem to have concerned himself much with public affairs. Meantime, Steele, who had great activity of mind together with his well known warmth of heart, and was not without that ability which perpetual action gives, had formed the plan of a periodical, to appear three times in the week, intended to contain observations on life and manners, together with the usual matter of newspapers. From its novelty, it met with some success; and Addison, who was then in Ireland, accidentally meeting with some numbers of it, detected its author at once, by a remark which he had himself communicated to Steele, and which he knew was not likely to be indigenous in any common editor's head.

Steele was excellent at suggesting all manner of plans; he was not without resources himself; and he had extraordinary talents for securing the aid of others, and saving himself that labor in which he never delighted. By taking the name of Bickerstaff for the imaginary editor of the Tatler, he attracted attention, that being the name under which Swift had lately satirized Partridge, the almanac-maker, to death. This compliment, as was probably intended, secured the favor and assistance of the Dean. But the greatest windfall was the disposition of Addison to come to the rescue; and surely never was there a channel better suited to make public those treasures of sharp observation, critical remark, and thoughtful humor in which he abounded, and which, if not published anonymously, and in this light and piecemeal form, might have been entirely lost to the world. Steele, who was never deficient in good feeling, was glad beyond measure when he found what aid he had the prospect of receiving; he had no jealousy of that genius which he knew was to make such overshadowing eclipse of his own. In fact, he says that he rejoiced in being excelled; influenced in part, doubtless, by a regard to the circulation of the paper, the profit of which was quite important to his precarious resources, but also enjoying the honor of heralding such talent as that of Addison, and claiming that gratitude for the service which the world was ready to give.

The world had more reason to be grateful for the service actually rendered by these publications, than it was able to estimate at the time; afterwards, the change of manners

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which they were so instrumental in producing evidently appeared to be a signal improvement, as well as a much-needed blessing. The word *gentleman* at that time was a word without a substantial meaning; it simply denoted one who was not born to the worldly grandeur of nobleman, baronet, or 'squire. Nothing like refinement of manners or cultivation of mind was necessarily associated with it. So far as wigs, red heels, and similar decorations could invest one with the aspect of civilization, they were faithfully applied; but though the faith yet lingers in the world, it is a mistake to suppose that tailors and hair-dressers can make a gentleman; and after all those decorations were put on, it was felt that the gilding on the outside of the platter could not supply the place of that cleanness within in which it was so wretchedly wanting. Not much could be gained by the teaching of foreign masters. Louis the Fourteenth, who was careful never to pass a chambermaid without raising his hat, was coarse as sea-sand in the substantial reality of refinement in the domestic and social relations; and in England, whatever conventional system of manners might be ordained, the barbarism of party spirit, intemperate excess, and licentious indulgence was perpetually breaking through. It was necessary for some commanding influence to be exerted strongly enough to lift those virtues which were in low esteem, to put fashionable Vandalism to shame, to raise the woman above the courtesan, the flirt, or even the lady, and to show that the coxcomb, like Beau Fielding, the automaton with a title, or even coronets and orders without heads and hearts under them, were poor varieties of manufacture, compared with the real man.

It may have been, that there was a strong feeling standing ready to welcome the right kind of reformer. The beastly excesses of Charles's court must have produced a reaction in favor of decency, at least, if not of virtue; and after the Revolution of 1688, the sovereign did not encourage rakes and rascals as much as he had done before. Still, though the evil of immorality did not show itself in the highest places as it did in that Pandemonium where such low bipeds as Sedley and Buckingham held sway, it was powerful, and prevailed to such a degree that it required a master to put it down. The right kind of reformer is one who understands the nature of the temptation, and the way

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to approach the heart. There are many who lay claim to that honorable name, and, so far as good intentions go, deserve it, who resemble engineers laying siege to a city, and beginning their operations by knocking their own heads against the wall which they desire to overthrow. This promising experiment is repeated again and again by the reformers of the present day. By reason of the singular firmness of that part of their physical system, they escape the consequences that might be expected to follow, — which is indeed a crowning mercy ; but when they charge others less gifted in the roof-tree with inhumanity for not using the same battering-ram in their warfare, it may be well to show them that there are other means of contending with evil, less violent perhaps, but far more likely to accomplish the purpose ; and that the head, if it has any thing in it, can be used to more advantage in a different way.

Thus Addison, by an easy and graceful adaptation of his suggestions to the place and the time, gained an audience for himself, where others would not have been listened to. He improved the opportunity to impress lessons of wisdom and virtue, and he produced an effect much greater than is generally known. However little the world of that day was inclined to thoughtfulness, it was intellectual enough to admire his ability ; and when men's respect was thus secured, they could not treat with scorn the instructions of such a master. Thus, thousands who would not have paid regard to mere professional teaching were put in the way to hear of religion and duty, and still more, to see the pleasantness of those paths which he desired to have them tread.

Steele had the same good purpose of doing something to raise the prevailing tone of morals and manners ; but there was an obvious reason why he was not equal to the effort, inasmuch as he must needs have commenced the enterprise by taking heed to his own way of life. It is not by one who is able only to supply the gossip of the hour that such a work can be successfully done. He could not have effected much in that way without his more powerful coadjutor. But in the alliance, his knowledge of the world was not without its influence ; his ways of life brought him into acquaintance with all sorts of persons ; this gave him that knowing air which is so generally impressive ; and as the intimation was held out that real events and characters were alluded to, his

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familiarity with men and manners made him formidable, since it was certain that nothing which he knew would be withheld from the public by excessive caution or reserve. His short narratives, imaginary letters, and various particulars of the kind, which have now lost their interest, were then attractive and exciting. That there was much chaff to the wheat is certain; still, there was something there; and even now, though the day of such writings is over, those who have any love of common sense or literary history will find as much to gratify their intellectual taste, if they happen to have any, by reading the Tatler, as in dozing away life by lying parallel with the horizon on the ill-savoured heaps of George Sand, and all that unsanctified crew.

To the Tatler succeeded the Spectator, a work of higher order, published every day, and almost entirely abstaining from party strife, with the view of making more elevating impressions on the public mind. The Tatler was commenced and closed without Addison's knowledge; but the new paper was more under his command; and in it he distinguished his own articles by certain letters which were afterwards well understood. Tickell rather superfluously says, that he did so, because he did not wish to usurp the praise of others; Steele insinuated, that it was because he could not without discontent allow others to share his own. Johnson quotes this last remark, as if he thought there was cause for the complaint which it implied; but why, in the name of reason, should Addison surrender all the credit of his own labor and talent to another? One would think, that, after having done so through the whole existence of the Tatler, and having in that way lifted it into favor and circulation, it was about as much as one, who had no special claim upon him, could rightfully demand. And we should like well to know how many literary men there are, who, while conscious, as he must have been, that they are the life and soul of a publication, would allow others to appropriate all the profits and the praise.

Meantime, it may be well to state that the meaning of the Clio letters was not known at the time, and the reader of the day had no means, except internal evidence, of distinguishing one writer from another. Johnson adds to this a disparaging remark, which he might well have spared, saying he had heard that Addison eagerly seized his share of the income of

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the Spectator. He does not give his authority; probably he had none, more than popular report or conjecture. But it would be difficult to give any reason why Addison should be counted avaricious for deriving some benefit from his labor; and Johnson should have been too well acquainted with what is rational and right, to imply such a groundless charge. His circumstances were not such as to raise him above the necessity of this exertion; and it does seem poor and unworthy enough to censure him for doing what every one else would have done in his place, and at the same time withhold all credit from his generosity on the former occasion, when he did what not one man in fifty thousand could find it in his heart to do.

The Spectator soon gave evidence of the advantage of having more of Addison's interest in it, and of being wholly under his control. He excluded politics almost entirely, that pernicious indulgence by which Steele had run the bark of his own fortunes ashore. The small gossip and scandal, allusions to which had been thought necessary to supply attraction to the Tatler, were thrown overboard without ceremony, and preparation was made to give the Spectator a tone serious, earnest, and high. It was a bold undertaking; few of our Dailies would venture quite so far; but the great master who had it in charge, with his endless variety of resources, was able to make it popular, and at the same time an authority in his own age, and to render it through all future time a subject of admiration to the intellectual, — alas that they should be so few! Those who wanted entertainment were refreshed with the Freezing of Words, Shallum, and Hilpah, not to speak of Sir Roger de Coverley, perhaps the most refined and delicate piece of humor which the English or any language affords. The imaginative reader was delighted with the Vision of Mirza, and similar fancies, playing like sunbeams on the solemn field of duty which was spread out before his mind. In his critical papers, his object is not to display his own profoundness, but to bring his readers into sympathy with his own perfect taste; and he treats with easy and familiar grace the work before him, whether it be the grand and gigantic scenery of the Paradise Lost, or the charm of simple description in Chevy Chase and the Babes in the Wood. Nothing can be better suited to its purpose than the moral and religious portion of these writings;

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his interest in the subject is not got up for the occasion, like the Catskill cascade, playing when they let on the water; it comes like a clear stream, flowing from a deep well-spring in his heart. With all his earnestness against the Free-thinkers, who, it must be remembered, were unthinking scoffers, ridiculing what they did not understand, he is entirely exempt from narrowness, and maintains that kind and cheerful bearing which religion should always wear.

The style of these celebrated papers is, as every one knows, as near perfection as any thing ever has been, — artless, unaffected, transparent, but always manly and strong. Like Dryden, he followed the example of Tillotson, whose discourses, though as sermons they are no great things, were excellent in their unpretending English style, illustrating the truth, that simplicity is the best of graces, and retains its attraction when ornament, high finish, and cumbrous decoration lose their interest and pass away. As we intimated, the Spectator is not so much read at present as it deserves. The present age abounds, more than it is aware of, in various literary affectations. The Muse in fashion screws her countenance into various contortions, and "looks delightfully with all her might," so that it is almost impossible to tell what her natural expression, if she ever had any, may have been. Possibly a return to these writings might do something to restore the modesty of nature. The experiment is worth trying, at least so far as to know for ourselves whether our taste is depraved or not; if we can take pleasure in these quiet and unexciting works, we may have reason for confidence, that, both in literature and morals, it is still in harmony with that which is good, and which, though neglected at times, will never lose the veneration of those fortunate individuals who are equipped with a mind and a heart.

The Spectator was suddenly brought to a close without consulting with Addison, and the Guardian established in like manner, without the concurrence of the person on whom their character depended. But he was not the man to be offended by such want of attention, though, under the circumstances, a little more deference to his judgment would have done no harm. The Guardian, though not, according to Swift's wicked expression, "cruel dry," was of a graver cast than its predecessors; and in the earlier parts, where we

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cannot trace the hand of the master, it is less interesting than the others. Still, it stands high in comparison with other writings of the kind, with the exception of its own ancestry; and Addison's part in it, though less humorous than his former efforts, is in every way worthy of his fame. Johnson complains of its occasional liveliness as inconsistent with its professed character of Guardian; we do not see why. There is no reason why, even in one who guards the public morals, an attempt to make others smile should be a sin; and even if it were not quite in keeping with the profession, still, as punishment is intended for the prevention of crime, and there are so few human writings which offend by reason of being sprightly overmuch, there is no crying necessity at present for exacting dulness as a religious virtue, or scouting pleasantry as at war with the best interests of mankind.

The work did not extend beyond two volumes, not from want of favor or circulation, but because Steele, with his usual restlessness, longed to be engaged in those politics from which Addison withheld him, and in which he was sure to injure himself, without doing service to any party. Later in life, he involved himself in a world of embarrassment, by a wild speculation for carrying live fish to market; at this time, he was engaged in carrying his fish to the political market, where he succeeded only so far as to bring himself into near acquaintance with the frying-pan and the fire. Shortly after, he met with an unusual measure of success, not, however, in consequence of any happy arrangements of his own, but because the act of Providence unexpectedly removed the queen from her subjects, who were quite ready to spare her to the skies. It is matter of surprise to us that historians do not set down the fact, which to our minds seems clear, though the politicians of her day had no means of knowing it, that the ascendency of Bolingbroke and Oxford, and the fall of Marlborough, were owing, not, to use Burnet's elegant expression, to his "brimstone of a wife," nor to spilling a cup of coffee on the royal gown, but to the attachment of the queen to her exiled brother, and the concurrence of the Tory ministry in her wish and purpose to restore him to the throne. The communication of that administration with the Pretender can now be fully proved; the living actions and the dying words of the queen leave no doubt of her accession to their conspiracies; and this fact, once established,

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explains many things at which the world then wondered, and which, on any other theory, it is hardly possible to understand.

It was the agitation of these political factions that brought forward the celebrated Cato, a drama which Addison had commenced many years before, which he had labored upon during his travels, and which he was induced to finish at last, not from his own interest in it, but from the solicitations of his friends, who believed it might have an effect favorable to the Whigs in those doubtful times of party. The Tory house was divided against itself; the Whigs, who saw in this another pleasing instance of Satan against Satan, took courage from the prospect of their fall. The queen, too, was not immortal, and her habits of life were of the kind not favorable to strength of purpose or length of days. If, as Lucan says, Cato, unlike the gods, was more inclined to sympathize with the weaker party, the great Roman in England at the time might have been sorely puzzled to know which way to lean. In fact, the moment the play was published and acted, both parties claimed Cato, not so much because they cared for Addison as the author, as from their determination to appear to the nation as the champions of the free.

Drury Lane, however thronged in later times, certainly never witnessed more excitement than on this occasion; the performance was then in the afternoon, and, dinner to the contrary notwithstanding, the theatre was besieged before the hour of noon. Steele, who had undertaken to pack an audience, found that he could pack the whole city of London without any sort of trouble. Booth established his fame in the part of Cato. Bolingbroke made him a present of fifty guineas, as he said, "for defending the cause of liberty so well against a Perpetual Dictator"; in which that versatile personage made it clear to the player, that there were actors, not trained to the boards, who were infinitely better than he. The Whigs were not to be outdone in that way; they, too, came with their gifts and laurels, so that, according to Garth's expression, — and no man ever said any thing better, — "It was extremely probable that Cato would have something to live upon after he died."

But there is one thing which in this connection should be faithfully remembered. Johnson has thrown the shadow of avarice over the name of Addison, by the saying, which we

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have before referred to, respecting his avidity for profits and praise. Colley Cibber, who at that time was a joint patentee and manager of Drury Lane, says that the author made a present to him and his brethren of the profits, which were neither few nor small. This was not like a miser; it certainly does not look like eager avidity for money, to give up so freely that which nothing but generosity called him to surrender. And this is a remarkable illustration, showing how a thoughtless phrase of a biographer may fix in the public mind for ages a false impression, though many striking actions, and the whole tenor of the life, show to those who examine the subject that it must be the reverse of true.

Addison does not seem to have anticipated much success, if any, not thinking the drama suitable for the stage. Dr. Young says, that Dryden, to whom it was submitted, predicted that it would not meet with the reception which it deserved. But this must refer to some earlier attempt, or to the part which was written early, certainly not to the finished play, inasmuch as Dryden had left the stage of this world at least a dozen years before. Pope, however, did express the same opinion. When Addison told him that the Rape of the Lock was a delicious piece as it stood, and advised him not to alter it, Pope ascribed the counsel to jealousy on the elder poet's part. How easy would it be to attribute this advice to Addison to unworthy dread of Cato's anticipated renown! Addison, so far from resenting it, only said that he was of the same opinion, but that he had submitted to the judgment of his friends, who were importunate to have it appear. He certainly hated the labor of completing it; he said that he should be glad to have some one do it for him; but when Hughes rather valiantly made the attempt, he saw that it might be brought to an end in good earnest, if left to an inferior hand. Hughes consoled himself for his failure by writing some laudatory lines, which, according to the usual fashion, were afterwards published with the play.

There were several others who took the same opportunity of shining out to the world. Young, Tickell, and Philips are familiar names; but there were others more questionable; among the rest were some lines left with the printer, which, Johnson says, are the best, but which "will lose somewhat of their praise when the author is known to be Jeffreys"!

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There has been a question who this individual could be. Some have supposed that it was the judge of that name; if so, he was more just in letters than in law. But he had been for about twenty years in the other world, where there is reason to suppose that he was less pleasantly engaged than in writing poetry. The person in question was a much more harmless gentleman, who did execution on literary, not human, subjects, and has escaped the doom of everlasting fame.

These flourishes of adulation were not to the taste of the author, and he did his best to decline them. In a letter still preserved, he endeavours to put aside the compliment without wounding the feelings of the person who sent the lines; but as it was not so easy to avoid the honor without inflicting pain on the writers, he submitted to the necessity, and let their little wherries sail by his side. But there was one point, where his honor was concerned, on which he took open and manly ground. He intended to dedicate the play to the Duchess of Marlborough, who was then fallen from her height, and unable to serve his interests if she would. It was not pledged or promised, but his purpose was known. Meantime, the queen, who, without any passion for literature, desired the honor of patronizing Cato, sent him an intimation that a dedication to herself would give her pleasure. He did not choose to take the hint, and, neither to compromise his own independence, nor to offer a needless affront to his sovereign, he sent it forth without a dedication, which was uncommon at that day. But the manliness of the proceeding was more unusual still, when, had he been so disposed, he could have gained favor by the attention, and silenced all objection by pleading the royal command.

This tragedy has been a subject of great admiration, not unmingled with bitter censure, — censure which falls harmless, because it only charges him with not doing what he never wished nor intended to do. In the desperate feuds between the partisans of the classical and romantic schools, every writer connected with the one must needs be ridiculed and disowned by the other. But those who can break through this narrowness of creeds can easily see that these are matters of taste. There is no reason why every thing should be conformed to a single standard; Addison never pretended to be Shakspeare; the last thing in his mind was

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to enter into comparison with the unrivalled. His classical prepossessions inclined him to side with the French; it was in France, indeed, that he set himself seriously about the play; and the only question is, whether he succeeded in what he wished to do, — a question which the world has pretty decidedly answered. Johnson, in his conversation, said that nothing would be more ridiculous than to see a girl weep at the representation of Cato. But what a standard is this! At the performance of his own Irene, no one would ever have cried, except to see the end of it; and it would have gone hard enough with his own Muse, if pathetic interest was so essential a thing. But an audience may be very tolerably entertained without going to the extent of crying. With all his variety of power, Addison never aimed at the pathetic; he dealt more in smiles than tears. It is rather remarkable that he could have thrown so much affecting interest round the Stoic, — not because his grand and solemn bearing is not impressive to the feeling, but because the sympathies of audiences and readers grow accustomed to their familiar courses, and such is not the channel in which they are expected to flow. Though the love-scenes may not be happily conceived, and the tragic interest may not be of the kind most in request with the present play-going generation, this work has a full testimony to its excellence in the place which it holds in the memories of cultivated men. The fine images and sentiment in which it abounds, as Miss Aikin justly remarks, are in constant use, even by those who do not know from what source they drew them.

Dr. Johnson, for some reason or other, has transcribed a great part of Dennis's criticism on Cato, which drags its slow length like a snake through his pages. It deserves attention, not for its justice, though it is not wholly untrue, but for its opening the way to that ill-feeling on the part of Pope toward Addison, which has done more than any thing else to mislead the reading world. This ill-starred critic, whose chief sin seemed to be an utter obtuseness on the subject of poetry, had previously regaled himself by tearing the Rape of the Lock and the Essay on Criticism in pieces with his savage teeth. This was an offence which Pope, who, like sundry other Christians, performed the duty of forgiveness in a way of his own, made a point of resenting. The time was come when he thought he could do it with a better grace

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than by avenging injuries of his own ; accordingly, under the profession of defending Addison, he fell upon Dennis in a coarse and personal lampoon, which was bitter enough to gratify his own spleen, but so contrived, all the while, as to leave the objections to Cato unanswered. Addison, who, with the feelings of a gentleman, had abstained from all reply, did not choose to appear as confederate with another to resent the injury in an underhand way. Nor did he feel under particular obligation to Pope, for holding him up as a shield, while he indulged his own revenge. The low character of the attack, also, was one for which he could not be responsible to the world. He therefore said, that he could not, either in honor or conscience, be privy to such treatment, and that, if he did take notice of Mr. Dennis's objections, it should be in a different way. This was high-minded and honorable ; but it showed Pope that his artifice was seen through, and that his coarseness was disapproved. It was therefore the beginning of sorrows ; he never afterwards was able to forget or forgive it ; and his jealous and irritable feeling having been thus awakened, every word and deed of Addison was perversely misinterpreted. When he once had come under censure of that high authority, he determined to break it down.

Pope was sufficiently kind and manly in other matters, but his jealousy amounted to disease, wherever his poetical reputation was concerned ; and it is surprising to see to what base arts he descended to spread his own renown and take vengeance on all who stood in his way. The reply of Dennis to Pope's abominable satire was a letter from Jacob, the editor of the earlier Lives of the Poets, stating that Pope's life had been submitted to the bard himself, to receive his improvements and corrections ; so that he had indorsed his own praises, which many would gladly do for themselves, but would not so willingly appear to have done. The same underhand course, by which, under pretence of defending Cato, he had fought his own battle, was resorted to on many occasions. In the Key to the Lock, which is known to have been written by himself, he insatiably endeavoured to fix the attention of the public on a work which was already sufficiently admired. In a remarkable paper in the Guardian, he pretends to show how superior Philips's pastorals are to his own, at the same time giving

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extracts with comments which make them ludicrous to the last degree.

But his most singular effort of self-applause was the publication of his letters, all of which have a labored appearance, as if written, as no doubt they were, for the public eye. Johnson's long head suspected, though he could not prove, this extraordinary juggle; in which Pope, finding that a correspondence with a friend, improperly published, had attracted some attention, contrived that an imperfect collection of his letters should be thrown in the way of the bookseller Curll, who had no delicacy in that nor any thing else. Accordingly they were printed; whereupon Pope, pretending to be greatly aggrieved, complained to the House of Lords. Nothing of course was done, as no law was violated; but it gave the poet the opportunity which he wanted, of publishing his letters in full; and, sure enough, they appeared, so industriously fine, so nicely spangled with fine sentiments and brilliant figures, as to bear on the face of them the assurance, that, if written in the first instance to individuals, they were in fact addressed to the world.

The coolness between Addison and Pope, and Pope's revenge in consequence of it, have had such an effect upon the reputation of the former, that the matter requires to be examined at large. It is, at the same time, one of the most curious problems in literary history. It has engaged the inquiring attention of many; among others, of Sir William Blackstone, the light of the English law, who summed up the evidence on the subject, but pronounced no judgment, though his charge leaned evidently in favor of Addison. But there are one or two things to be considered, to which he and others who have discussed the question have not paid sufficient regard. One is, that, while Addison maintained a high and dignified reserve, Pope took every opportunity to tell his own story, and so to avenge his imaginary wrongs; not only repeating it to his parasite Spence, who received it as so much gospel, but by immortalizing it in the portrait of Atticus, one of those admirable caricatures which no one knew so well how to draw, and which, while they abounded in wit and discriminating satire, were deficient in nothing but the weightier matters of justice and truth. The other thing to be regarded is the character of the two men; this affords strong presumptive evidence on the subject which is most likely to have been

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unworthily jealous of the other? Was it the one whose reputation was established, who was reverenced to his heart's desire, and, what was more, who wrote anonymously, and rather with a desire to serve his friends than to establish his own fame, and whose high standing in politics also gave him other interests to divide his attention with this? Or was it he whose temper was so irritable, waspish, and easily excited, that he spent his days in an endless quarrel with poets both high and low, and who had the folly, driven by this mad jealousy, to embalm in rather a filthy preparation the memories of his opposers, who, but for this satire, which injures the writer more than any one else, would have died and been forgotten in a day? One would say beforehand, that the latter would be the one to take offence and bear malice, and so accordingly it proved. Had it been a possible thing, Addison would have lived on good terms with him, and he did so as long as it was in his power.

We have already mentioned the attack on Dennis, and Addison's reprehension of it, as the beginning of this disunion. Dennis always declared, that Pope applied to Lintot to engage him to write against Cato; but though Dennis probably believed it, there may have been some mistake in an application thus received at second-hand. But the next source of trouble is entirely open to the eye. Pope, having finished his first draught of the Rape of the Lock, communicated it to Addison, telling him, at the same time, of his purpose to introduce the Sylphid machinery, which he afterwards did with so much success. Addison, knowing that it was excellent as it stood, and that such alterations were generally failures, told him that it was *merum sal*, a delicious little piece, and advised him to leave it as it was.

Warburton, who, learned and able as he was in some things, was perversely obtuse in others, says that "upon this, Mr. Pope began to open his eyes to Addison's character." Truly, the operations of opening and shutting the eyes were strangely confounded in his mind. What was there in this which any man of sense could have received as jealous or unkind? If, after the poet had wrought out the Rosicrucian machinery, Addison had counselled him to suppress it, there might have been some little ground for the suspicion; but nothing, save the most watchful jealousy, could have taken alarm at the wise advice not to endanger that which was

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already excellent by an attempt to make it better. Johnson says the same thing; he admits that it might have been done reasonably and kindly; and really, nothing can be more unmanly than the attempt to find a cause of quarrel and a justification of bitterness in such a harmless affair. Indeed, it seems so much like insanity, that it could hardly be explained, without looking for the origin of the difficulty in the spirit of party. Pope, who, as Johnson says, was apt to be diffuse on the subject of his own virtues, pretended to be exempt from political feeling; but he was intimate with the detected Jacobites, Atterbury and Bolingbroke, and it is now well known that he was a bitter Tory in his heart. His other fancied causes of uneasiness, then, were increased by this venomous element, which poisons every heart in which it dwells.

Having thus opened his eyes to Addison's character, without that illumination which would have been more to the purpose on the subject of his own, it was not long before Pope was to receive another similar injury, which made his vision still clearer. He had undertaken the translation of the Iliad, — not, though he says it, by the advice of Addison; for the letter to which he alludes does not bear out this assertion, though it contains strong expressions of confidence in his ability and of interest in his success. It contained an intimation which may have been distasteful to Pope, who so studiously disclaimed any bias from party spirit, in the counsel which Addison gave him for his general conduct, not to content himself with half the nation for his admirers, when he might as easily have them all; but with this exception, if it is one, the tone of the letter is eminently kind. Having heard that some of Philips's hard speeches against Pope had reached the sensitive bard, Addison called on him to assure him that he had no sympathy with what Philips might have said in his dispraise.

It is easy to see, from the tone of Pope's letters, that he feels a vexation which he can see no good reason to indulge or to avow; conscious that he was not friendly to Addison, he amused himself, as usual in such cases, by the faith that he himself was all amiableness, and that Addison was an enemy to him. But he found it easier to impose on himself than on others. We find Jervas, the painter, good-naturedly endeavouring to soothe him by relating Addison's kind expressions respecting him, and his desire to serve his brother-poet,

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when his party had reascended to power. Pope's reply is clear evidence of that state of mind, which, not wholly content with itself, is still less disposed to be satisfied with others. Whoever has encountered such a disposition knows, that as in feeding cross animals, it is well to look after one's fingers; every favor done to the jealous is distorted into an injury, received without thankfulness, and answered with some snappish revenge.

Addison certainly tried hard to bear himself in such a manner as to calm down those unreasonable suspicions. Pope had desired him to look over the first books of his Iliad. Addison asked him to dine with him at a tavern, and there told him that he would rather be excused from it at that time, since his friend Tickell, when at Oxford, had translated the first book of that poem, and was about to submit it to the world. Tickell had desired him to examine it; and if, at the same time, he should do the same service for another, it might place him in a delicate position between the two. Now, in common cases, there could be no reason for this caution; but Addison knew his man, and, being well aware how hard it was to keep the peace, was earnest always to keep to the windward of every affair in which it might be endangered. Pope, however, did not see through his reasons; he told him that Tickell had a perfect right to publish his translation, and he to look it over; but if the first book was thus precluded, he would be glad to send him the second. Addison thus found it impossible to escape; he looked over it, and in a few days returned it with high expressions of praise. Afterwards, when Pope's first four books were ready for the subscribers, Tickell published his first book, and this appears to have rekindled all his former suspicion.

But why had not Tickell a right to publish his fragment? and how did he, by this proceeding, cross the path of one who was so far before him? Besides, if it were wrong, why was Addison to answer for it? Though Tickell was his friend, Addison did not keep him in leading-strings, nor feed him with a spoon. The truth of the matter was, that Addison, when solicited to give his opinion, had said that both were good, but that Tickell's had more of the Greek; this was doubtless his opinion, and there was no disparagement to Pope in declaring it. But it so happened that this was the very point in which Pope was conscious that he was wanting.

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When he commenced the work, he was so oppressed with the difficulty thence arising, that "he wished somebody would hang him"; and the literary world are tolerably unanimous in the opinion, that, however pleasing his Iliad is in itself, there is something quite too modern about it to give much idea of the original. It is like the statues of Louis the Fourteenth, in which, though he wore the classical drapery, he always insisted on retaining the Parisian wig. A scholar, like Addison, would be likely to feel this want of the Homeric simplicity; and why he should be rigidly silent on the subject, it is not easy to understand, when, at the same time, he awarded the translation the full measure of praise which it deserved.

There is no doubt, however, that Pope, all the while, believed Addison himself to be the translator of the first book, which had appeared in Tickell's name. He did not say this while Addison was living; then it could have been easily disproved; but he was himself so much given to artifice and stratagem, that he easily suspected it in others. He says, in a letter to Addison, — "I shall never believe that the author of Cato can say one thing and think another." And yet it is plain that he did so believe; these words are ample proof that he did, for he evidently meant to hint, that the writer of the high sentiments of the tragedy should be above deception in matters of ordinary life. But it might have been well for him to consider what was implied in this charge. It accused Addison of falsehood, repeated again and again. Addison had told him that the work was Tickell's; now, if it was his own, there was no reason why he should not say so; he was under no obligation to refrain from doing a thing because Pope had done it before him. So far from operating to the prejudice of Pope's interests, it went forth to the world with a declaration that it was not to be continued, because the work was already executed by an abler hand. Supposing that Addison would stoop to prevaricate, — and the whole tenor of his life made such a thing incredible, — how was any one in his senses to believe that he did so without any inducement whatever? No man lies, without something to fear, or something to gain by it. The process has no delight in itself to give it attraction. But such was Pope's absurd exaggeration of the importance of his own undertakings, that he was able to work himself into the monstrous belief of

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Addison's manœuvring thus disgracefully in this matter, where he could have nothing to hope for and nothing to dread.

But the reader may ask if there was no evidence upon which to ground these suspicions. If he is not familiar with the subject, he will be rather surprised to learn, that there is nothing whatever but a remark of Dr. Young, who, when he heard that the translation was written at Oxford, said that he was there well acquainted with Tickell, who communicated his writings to him, and he thought it strange that he should have been silent in respect to such an undertaking. This negative testimony certainly does not amount to much ; it was possible that Tickell might have been so employed without making it known to his friends. It was possible that Addison might have been mistaken in the impression that it was written at Oxford. But really, if one man is to be charged with falsehood, because another man has no other means than his word of knowing what he says to be true, a great mortality of human reputations must follow the application of a standard so severe. Miss Aikin has had access to the Tickell papers, which are still carefully preserved ; and among them is a letter from Dr. Young on the subject of this translation, treating it as Tickell's own, telling him that Pope's is generally preferred, but that his is allowed to be excellent, and, he has no doubt, will at last be able to carry the day.

Those papers show, also, that instead of this first book of the Iliad having been translated out of hostility to Pope, Tickell had made arrangements with a bookseller to translate and publish the whole ; the very preface prepared for it is still in existence, containing judiciously formed principles on which he had intended to proceed. Spence, who was not the wisest of mankind, said that he was confirmed in the impression that Addison wrote it, by the circumstance that Tickell once had an opportunity of denying it, which he did not improve. But it must be remembered that no one ventured to bring the charge in Addison's lifetime ; that Tickell, who, according to Spence himself, was a very "fair and worthy man," could not have been aware that such a calumny was spread ; and that if any one had asked him whether he had engaged in a fraud to act the liar's part, he might have been likely to withhold a reply to an application

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so elegantly presented. Old D'Israeli, whose researches were sometimes as valuable as his son's novels are worthless, — and human laudation can no farther go, — not having seen the Tickell papers, believed what Wharton endeavoured to prove. But even in the absence of all external testimony, it is hard to conceive how any one can believe, that a man so exemplary as Addison would engage in a wretched lying conspiracy, by which no earthly purpose, not even that of injury to Pope, had he desired it, could possibly have been answered.

There was but one other thing which Pope could allege in justification of his bitter feeling towards Addison. It seems that Gildon had written a life of Wycherley, in which he abused Pope and his relations; and Pope says young Lord Warwick told him, that Addison had encouraged Gildon to write the scandal, and afterwards paid him ten guineas for doing it. Blackstone sets down this story as utterly incredible, so inconsistent is it in every respect with the character of Addison. It is quite possible that, when Gildon's work was presented to him, he may, before reading it, have given something to the author as matter of charity; but it is nonsense, on such an account, to hold him responsible for what the work contained. Here again, what could he gain by such a proceeding? There was nothing but malice to be gratified in any such way, and if he ever had any malignity, he succeeded better in keeping it to himself than is usual with the sons of men. Besides, if a man of his high standing could have descended to such a measure, is it likely that he would have deposited the secret in a pudding-bag of a boy? There is often in such hopeful youths a good portion of thoughtless malice; even if one of them should lie, it is not a thing wholly without example; but whatever the young lord's communication may have been, we have only Pope's version of it, who probably was not in the best state to understand or remember it as it was; for, according to his own account, he sat down and wrote a violent letter to Addison, charging him with dirty ways, and, among other insults, painting the character of Atticus as it was first written. To this precious missive, Addison, who doubtless perceived that it was impossible to be at peace with such a person, never deigned a reply. Pope says that he "used him civilly ever after," which is more than most men would

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have done. No thoughtful and unprejudiced person will think that Addison ought to have cleared himself from such imputations; for what is character worth, if it will not shield its possessor from such aspersions as this?

That part of this unfortunate history which has been most injurious to the memory of Addison is the account of a last interview with Pope, said to have been arranged by their mutual friends, when Pope expressed a wish to hear his own faults, and spoke as if he did not feel that he had been himself the aggressor. It is said that Addison was so transported with passion, that he accused Pope of upstart vanity, and reminded him that he had been under the greatest literary obligation to him, giving as an instance a line in the Messiah, which he had essentially improved! After some words of contempt for Pope's Homer, he concluded, in a "low, hollow voice of feigned temper," with advice to Pope to be more humble, if he wished to appear well to the world. Pope retorted in the like strain, abusing Addison for his jealousy of the merit of others, and similar failings; and after this exchange of confectionery, the two poets departed in peace, to meet no more.

Internal evidence alone would show that this must have been a poor fabrication. The benevolent fashion in which the interview was conducted was not strictly Addisonian; and the favor with which he upbraided Pope, that of spoiling a very good line of the Messiah, was not enough to put the younger poet under bonds of gratitude to the end of time. If he had wished to insist on this point, he might have referred to all he had written in favor of Pope, as affording a less questionable claim upon his grateful feeling. But it is needless to dwell on this. For no one can doubt, that had there been a word of truth in this story, Pope would not have said, some time before, that Addison "used him civilly ever after"; and as Pope was careful, in his conversations with Spence, to give all his causes of complaint against Addison, with perhaps a trifle over, he must have been loud and long on the subject of such a memorable passage, had it ever occurred.

But the story was not manufactured till after he was in the dust. After his death, appeared a Life of Pope, without any publisher's name, but purporting to be written by William Ayre, Esq., and to contain facts drawn from

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"original manuscripts and the testimony of persons of honor." D'Israeli calls it a "huddled compilation" which appeared in "a suspicious form." Probably there was truth in speaking of the information as original, if much of it was like the story related above. It occasioned some remark when it first appeared, and was openly ascribed to Curll, who was no doubt the person of honor in question, and whose honor was so well established, that nothing could gain credit for a moment which rested on his testimony alone. He was in the habit of publishing these Lives, containing large measures of "original" information, drawn from conversation in coffee-houses, and other unquestionable sources, not to speak of the invention of the writer, and from this latter source must have come this narrative of the last farewell of Pope and Addison, concerning which D'Israeli innocently says, — "Where he obtained all these interesting particulars I have not yet discovered."

One of the most curious illustrations of Pope's state of mind, and one which shows the extravagance of his peculiar feeling, is what he said to Spence respecting Addison's sacred poems, those beautiful lyrics, which have all the spiritual grace of earnest devotion, together with a sweetness of language and measure which, unfortunately, is seldom found in Christian hymns. Tonson, having some pique against Addison, said that when he wrote them, he intended to take orders and obtain a bishopric. But Tonson honestly gave the reason of this very natural surmise; it was, — "I always thought him a priest in his heart." Jacob could not conceive of a man's writing hymns and feeling the spirit of devotion, without something to gain by the operation; and his result was obtained simply by putting two and two together, not because there was any external reason for the suspicion in any rational mind. Johnson admits, that Pope's thinking this notion of Tonson's worth preserving is a proof that some malignity, growing out of their former rivalry, lingered in his heart; for, as he says, "Pope might have reflected that a man who had been secretary of state to Sunderland knew a nearer way to a bishopric than by defending religion or translating the Psalms." He might also have said, as Pope was well aware, that King David himself, had he been extant, might have sung himself to everlasting bliss before he would have reached an English mitre by the force of piety and inspiration alone.

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To the same source, without doubt, may be traced the impression that Addison was given to excess in wine; for not an intimation of the kind can be found in any authority save that of Spence, who was the retailer of all Pope's uncharitable suspicions. He said that Addison kept late hours with his friends at taverns; but he does not charge him with excess; and when we know the prevailing habits of gentlemen at that day, such a practice does not imply, by any means, what it would now. It was the usual way in which they associated with their familiar companions. We may see, that even so late as Boswell's time, more than half a century after, the same custom prevailed in London, and was not then inconsistent with propriety and good morals, though it would be differently regarded now. Swift writes to Colonel Hunter, — "Sometimes Mr. Addison and I steal to a bottle of bad wine, and wish for no third person but you, who, if you were with us, would never be satisfied without three more." This passage, which applies more directly to the question than any other recorded, implies that he was not a slave, nor even inclined, to excess. We find, too, that he was in the habit of retiring from this cheerful society to the solitude of country lodgings, as more suited to his labors and more congenial with his taste.

The disease under which he suffered, and of which he died, the asthma, was not such as intemperance brings on. In the Spectator, he speaks of this habit in a manner which it does not seem credible he should have adopted, if he could have been reproached with the transgression which he so earnestly condemned. Johnson maintains, what he had found in Spence, that Addison sat late in taverns and drank too much wine; but he also says, that Addison's professions and practice could not have been much at variance, since, though he passed his life in a storm of faction, and was formidable for his activity and conspicuous for his station, his enemies never contradicted the character that was given of him by his friends, and he retained the reverence, if not the love, of those who were opposed to him and his party. Moreover, the same great critic says, that he dissipated the prejudice which had long connected gayety with vice, and easy manners with looseness of principle; he restored morality to its dignity, and taught virtue not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of character above all Greek, above all Roman fame.

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Though we are singularly deficient in all information respecting the familiar manners of a person so distinguished, these terms are not descriptive of the influence and character of an intemperate man; and since there is no shadow of authority to charge him with excess save that of Spence, and his information was derived from Pope, who cherished hatred and horror for the "little senate at Button's," we shall hold ourselves excused from believing it, balancing the general character of Addison against the unsustained aspersions of an angry foe.

We do not think it necessary to dwell at length on the story said to have been told by Voltaire, of his having dined in company with Addison when in England, and left him in a state of intoxication which was painful to see. Voltaire may have said it, for he was not very choice in his asseverations; but there is a difficulty in the way of believing it, arising from the fact, that he did not visit England till 1726, and Addison died five years before. It is clear that he was not in the company of Addison while living; whether he has fallen in with him since, we have no means of ascertaining.

It is singular, and not very creditable to Pope, that every story which has ever been told to the disadvantage of Addison proceeds from him, and is based on his authority alone. It is from him we learn that Addison, when he was secretary to the Regency, was called upon to write notice to Hanover that the queen was dead. "To do this," says Johnson, "would not have been difficult for any man but Addison, who was so overwhelmed by the greatness of the event, and so distracted by the choice of expressions, that the Lords, who could not wait for the niceties of criticism, called Mr. Southwell, clerk of the House, and ordered him to despatch the message." Now, though Addison used Pope "civilly ever after" their alienation, it does not seem likely that he would have gone to him with this auricular confession. Besides, it gives the impression that the queen's death took them all by storm; yet the Lords Justices were appointed after her death by the Council, and they, at their meeting, had chosen Addison their secretary, and notified him of his election, so that he had ample time to recover from the shock of that affliction, which, as it restored the ascendency of his own party, was not likely to break his heart. It also appears, that the Earl of Dorset was the

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living letter sent over to announce the event, and to invite the Elector to the vacant throne ; so that it is not probable that Addison was ever brought to this disastrous pass. Had it been so, there is a possibility that, with his long practice in public affairs, and his eminently simple and natural style, in which he no more dealt in choice expressions than in Johnson's heavy cannonade of words, he might have found terms to communicate to the Elector the fact that the throne was vacant, which required neither flourish nor lamentation to make the news go down.

It is to the same amiable authority to which we have referred, and to no other, that we are indebted for the story, that Addison resigned his office because he was incompetent to discharge its duties. But it is ridiculous to suppose, that with his ability and experience of public affairs, he could not do what was so often and so easily done by far inferior men ; for he was no retired scholar untrained in this world's affairs, but a man whose education and habits of life were precisely adapted for the station, with the single exception of speaking in Parliament, which was not expected of him, and which he never undertook to do. The cause of his retirement is obvious enough ; it was the disease of which we have spoken ; his letters speak of long and dangerous fits of sickness, which made his friends anxious, as we learn from Vincent Bourne, who celebrated his recovery, and which may have rendered him unequal to the station, though not for the reasons which Pope's insinuation would imply. It is to be hoped, however, that they gave him credit for some honorable reason for retiring, when he died in the following year, unless, indeed, the same charity which construed severe disease into incompetency had charged his death upon him as a sin.

The subject of Addison's marriage is enveloped in a strange darkness. In this, however, his character is not concerned. Many wise men of mature age involve themselves in this kind of difficulty, from which, when they find their mistake, they cannot easily be extricated. But it is edifying to see, that our impression of the unhappiness of his marriage with the Countess of Warwick rests upon a " perhaps " of Johnson. He, in his blind reverence for rank and title, did not perceive that the high political standing of Addison, together with his literary fame, made him rather more than equal to the widow of a declining house ; for she was

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not of the family which now bears the name; and, having once taken his own view of the matter, his ponderous fancy went on in its career of invention with nothing to stop its wheels. Johnson says, he first became acquainted with the lady from having been tutor to her son. But there is no proof that he ever held this charge; and being at the time in the office of under-secretary of state, it is not very likely that he officiated as tutor to a boy ten years old. That he did take an interest in the youth is certain from his letters, and he did so probably from regard to his mother; but how or when he formed her acquaintance we are not informed. Johnson also quotes from Tonson, — "He formed the design of getting that lady, from the time he was first recommended into the family." Jacob was certainly an extraordinary person to intrust a love-tale with, and if Addison gave him his confidence on such a matter, he placed more trust in his discretion than most other men would have done.

The great critic seems to have been aware, that the world would think it well for him to give some authority besides his own imagination for stating that the marriage was unhappy; but "uncontradicted report" is all the testimony he can bring. But who was to contradict it? Addison might never have heard of it; if he had, he does not seem very likely to have published a manifesto assuring the world that he was not the distressed object they took him for; nor had he descendants to rise up in after days and vindicate his married fame. Johnson might have received a lesson, had he known what was said by his friends of his own fair bride, of her coarse and vulgar airs, and the selfishness with which she indulged herself at great expense in country air and other elements somewhat stronger, while he was laboring with his pen in London. Had the world known nothing more, they might reasonably have inferred that his own connection was no fountain of delight. And yet there is no doubt that he sincerely loved and deplored his wife.

There is something unpardonably rash in the manner in which he has descanted on this part of Addison's history, without even Spence to sustain him. The only fact which we know in relation to it implies that the connection was happy, and not wanting in that mutual confidence which forms its greatest blessing. In Addison's will, dated a month before his death, he left his whole estate, real and

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personal, to his lady; at their marriage, instead of being enriched by the connection, he had settled property on her; his words are, — "I do make and ordain my dear wife executrix of this my last will; and I do appoint her to be guardian of my dear child Charlotte Addison, until she attain the age of one-and-twenty; being well assured that she will take good care of her education and maintenance, and provide for her in case she live to be married." Any body who chooses may believe that such a man would intrust his only child to the care of one who had made his home so miserable that he was driven to spend his evenings in a tavern; but with us, this undoubted expression of confidence weighs more in her favor than any amount of conjecture on the other side. For this woman, it must be remembered, had a son and daughters by her former marriage; and a father must have been more unnatural than we think he was, if he had left his own child a helpless prisoner in a house which is said to have been intolerable to himself.

There is one passage in Addison's history on which we cannot dwell with satisfaction, though the only reproach which it brings is that of yielding for a moment to the exasperation of feeling into which the best men may sometimes fall. When he left office for ever, parties were raging high, and Steele, whose reputation and fortunes had been shattered by his follies, undertook the management of a paper which he called the Plebeian, in opposition to the Peerage bill, which was intended to abridge that power of the crown which had created twelve peers at once in Harley's administration, to secure a majority in the House of Lords. Some of the Whigs opposed the measure, and among them Steele; who was answered in the Old Whig, in a paper written with such force of thought and style, that Addison was known at once to be the writer. It contained no personal allusions, and though earnest in its argument, had nothing in it meant to inflict a personal wound. Not so with Steele's reply; it was angry and bitter, accusing the Old Whig of deserting his principles, and treating him in a manner which seems unaccountable to those who have never seen kind hearts possessed with the devil of party. In his retort, Addison was provoked to some personal and contemptuous expressions, such as he had never used before. The next number of the Plebeian showed that Steele was deeply wounded by the

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treatment which he had brought upon himself; and as Johnson says, — "Every reader must regret that these two illustrious friends, after so many years passed in confidence and endearment, in unity of interest, conformity of opinion, and fellowship of study, should finally part in acrimonious opposition." But so unfortunately it was; and yet we cannot believe that Steele would have written as he did, could he have thought that his former friend would read it almost with his dying eyes. We are authorized to believe that Addison regretted his share in it, from the circumstance that Tickell did not mention this paper in his works, nor insert it among his other writings; and that Steele's resentment was momentary, we may infer from his afterwards mentioning Addison in a letter to Congreve as "the man that he loved best."

The dying scene of Addison was an appropriate close to such a life; the support of that religion which he had followed through all his days was present to brighten the deathbed in his closing hour. Miss Aikin inclines, from internal evidence, to distrust the story told by Dr. Young, of his sending for the young Earl of Warwick, that he might see how a Christian could die. She thinks that it appears too much like display to be consistent with his humble and retiring spirit; but it is going quite too far to discredit a circumstantial statement made on such authority, merely because it does not agree with our notions of what beseems such a place and hour. We can see no such aiming at effect, nor does it savour in the least of ostentation. The young man probably, like too many persons of his rank and age, had no faith in religious feeling; like others, who have known nothing of it from their own experience, he did not believe in its existence, not reflecting that he could not pronounce upon the genuineness of that which he did not know. To us, it seems perfectly natural that Addison, earnest to undeceive him, should have taken that course to show him that religion was not a name and a profession, but a real and substantial thing, which, though unseen, has power to sustain the dying when the shadows of death are falling and the world is passing away.

Before his death, he sent for Gay, with whom he had not been familiar, and, after receiving him with great kindness, asked his forgiveness of some former wrong; he did not say what it was, and Gay never was able to conjecture what it

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could possibly have been. But the incident is important; for, certainly, if the dying man was so anxious to make reparation for an injury which the subject of it was never conscious of receiving, he must, beyond all question, have taken the same opportunity to clear his mind from the shade of those greater offences with which he has been charged, if there were any such to remember. Were there nothing else, this would be sufficient to prove to our satisfaction, that he had never been guilty of that fraud, falsehood, and intemperance, of which an enemy accused him, and which have left a reproach upon his memory that it is high time to remove, wherever the condemnation may fall.

It is a matter of deep interest to the cause of letters to clear from unmerited reproach one of the few, who, with high literary eminence, have labored to maintain not so much the reputation as the character of a Christian. It is the glory of Addison, that in an age when lawless ridicule was sometimes applied to subjects the most important, and when religion was neither valued nor understood by many of the leaders of taste, when Sir William Temple had reason to say, "The fools of David's time, who said in their hearts, There is no God, are the wits of ours," he never was ashamed of the gospel, but quietly opened his heart to its influences, and endeavoured to keep its commands. He was also free from that narrowness with which religious principle is sometimes attended. Sometimes he speaks with severity of those who differed from him; for the virtue of toleration had then hardly dawned upon the public mind; but that he was free from all bigotry is manifest from his patronage of Whiston, and his respect for Thomas Burnet, and the "reasoning mill," as Voltaire called him, Dr. Samuel Clarke. Without any compromise of his faith or feeling, he associated with such men as Garth, who, when dying, sent to him to ask if Christianity was true; and under all circumstances and in all associations, he kept the whiteness of his soul undefiled, except by the stains and shadows thrown upon it by the wretched hostility of Pope. How this was requited we happily are able to tell. After their separation, brought on by the insolent letter mentioned above, having occasion to speak of the manner in which the language was enriched by translations of classical authors, Addison, in the Freeholder, mentions Pope's Homer, not cordially, as if it was meant

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for a peace-offering, but in terms of respect perfectly natural, kind, and such as, though they would not equal the demands of the poet, all disinterested persons would allow to be just.

But we do not mean to represent Addison as faultless; neither was Pope destitute of virtues, though afflicted with that disease of the spirit which made him see all things yellow. To us it seems clear, that the great failing in Addison's character was his fastidiousness; excellent as his heart was, this difficulty prevented his sympathies from extending as widely as religion would have them. It made him shrink from near approach to mankind in general, though warm-hearted to his friends and companions; and thus it often happens, that literary habits and a sensitive nature, though they have their own ways of manifestation, do something to unfit men for active usefulness; as the marble, though excellent for sculpture, is less adapted for works of public improvement than coarser varieties of stone. But after making all possible abatement, enough will remain to establish the character of Addison on the highest ground. As a writer, we look through the history of letters, and we find very few before him; as a man and a Christian, we know of none.

If we have exceeded our usual bounds in enlarging on this subject, it is because we are fully persuaded that justice has never been done to Addison. Those who look into the matter are surprised to see how little foundation there is for many things which go down from generation to generation; it is sometimes alarming to think how long the effect of a calumny may last. But it is consoling to see, that, where the life has been ordered in principle and faithfulness, the general character bears witness for itself which none can deny. The world may charge the man with weaknesses and frailties, but they cannot misrepresent him so far as to overcloud the brightness of his fame. So it has been with Addison; those who credited the slander have not denied his excellence; they have tenderly lamented these darkening stains, as those infirmities which may be expected from poor human nature. But in truth, he needs no such forgiveness, and we believe that those who investigate the matter without having made up their minds beforehand will bring in a verdict of "not guilty," and be ready to exalt him to one of the highest places among the lights of the world.

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ART. IV. — 1. *A Comprehensive Lexicon of the Greek Language, adapted to the Use of Colleges and Schools in the United States.* Third Edition, greatly enlarged and improved. By JOHN PICKERING. Boston: Wilkins, Carter, & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 1456.

2. *A Greek-English Lexicon, based on the German Work of Francis Passow. From the English Edition of Liddell and Scott, with Additions.* By HENRY DRISLER, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1846. 8vo. pp. 1705.

A COMPLETE lexicon of an extensive language, like the Greek, deserves to be ranked, in some points of view, among the rarest monuments of human toil and perseverance. Unpretending as it may be in its appearance, it requires ages for its completion. A pyramid or a temple may be erected in a single generation; for after the plan of it is once formed, it requires only a sufficient array of physical force to speed the work to its conclusion. But no combination of effort in a single generation can form a complete lexicon of an extensive language. The labors of one generation of scholars form but the scaffolding on which the next generation must stand; it is by slow approximations only that the work can be brought to a complete state. As it advances, moreover, the contributions required from other branches of knowledge become more and more extensive. Not to speak of the general advance in the science of language, the results of which the lexicographer is expected to embody in his work, each successful investigator in the history or archæology of an ancient nation imposes a new duty on the interpreter of its language. The labors of a Niebuhr, a Müller, or a Becker, require the lexicographer to readjust his materials, and to reconsider in a thousand wearisome particulars the *dicta* which he or other laborers in the same field have before uttered.

Not only, therefore, must a lexicon be an imperfect record of the language of which it treats (for so much is implied in the fact that all knowledge is progressive), but it will ever come short, more or less, of representing fully the state of learning in its own time. It will require a whole generation to embody in a lexicon the knowledge possessed

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in this department of Greek studies by the scholars of the present age. Such would be the case, if the only obstacle to be overcome were the physical difficulty of collecting and arranging the scattered items of knowledge, and bringing them into harmonious adjustment with the materials already accumulated. But besides these difficulties, it must be remembered that every improvement is an innovation, and in that character it must somewhat offend every scholar who has an affectionate remembrance of his early guides and helps in the road to learning; so that error does not stand on its own merits, but is already intrenched in the favorable regards of most of those who have any knowledge of the matter in debate.

The question to be asked, therefore, respecting a new lexicon is not, whether it is defective, or in some respects erroneous; but, first, How extensive is its aim? And, secondly, Does it embody in a satisfactory degree the learning of the time in regard to the language in question?

We have before us, in the two works named at the head of this article, the latest results of American and foreign scholarship in the department of Greek lexicography. We congratulate the student of the Greek language, a language whose great claims were never appreciated with a nicer discrimination than at the present time, on this accession to their means of study. Estimating each of the works with regard to its proposed end, they leave comparatively little to be desired. The first named, the lexicon of Mr. Pickering, may with much justice be called an original work, since the author, in the earlier edition of it, issued twenty years ago, was the first to break away from the usage that had before prevailed, and to present the definitions in English; and in its present form, the work embodies the best results of his whole life, devoted with singular ardor and success to classical and kindred studies. This work, we believe, will be found to be the best Greek lexicon in the English language for the use of schools and colleges. While it does not aim to embrace the whole circle of Greek literature, it is sufficiently extensive for schools and for the usual wants of students in college. Its execution within its prescribed range is singularly faithful and complete.

The larger lexicon, edited by Professor Drisler, from the English work by Messrs. Liddell and Scott, has been already

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briefly noticed in this Review. We will here only add, that for the mature scholar it forms the proper complement to the work of Mr. Pickering. Though not properly a Thesaurus of the language, it is far more extensive and full than any Greek lexicon ever before published, at so low a price as to bring it within the reach of every scholar. In general, we may say that the mature scholar will find here, in all the attractiveness of historical arrangement, whatever he may wish to know in Greek lexicography.

We would not imply, however, that there are not important deficiencies yet to be supplied in this department. The investigations made in lexicography within the last generation, while they have freed the whole subject from much of the confusion in which it formerly lay, and have led the student to recognize a scientific basis for its future treatment, have yet stimulated inquiry rather than satisfied it, and tend to lead the scholar to look to the work yet to be done, more than to any past achievements. At no former period, we believe, would the observation of Coleridge meet with so ready an acceptance among learned men as at the present time; that the greatest single benefit which learning could bestow on the age would be in the construction of a dictionary of the English language, in which each word should be traced from its root, logically and historically, through all its meanings in the English, and those kindred languages in which it is found. We do not hesitate to say that it is through investigations of this kind, of a wider or narrower extent, that the richest fruits of classical study are to be sought. It is through this intimate communion with the laws of thought and feeling that underlie the conventional usages of languages, that the student becomes an artist, and gains for himself a point of view where he can not only dispense with the aid of critics, but can understand their ignorance.

But before such a work can be done, the ground must be cleared of many obstructions that now occupy it; and this part of the task is hardly more important than it is difficult. It is remarkable with what tenacity an error once received will hold its place, in the midst of inquiries that would seem sufficient at any time to annihilate its claims and banish it from the field. It seems very excusable, as well as natural, on a subject like language, to receive a positive statement as accurately true; it is far easier to accept the *dictum* of an-

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other than to inquire carefully for ourselves; hence, important errors are left for ages uncorrected, aggravating the student's labor, and obstructing his progress even in the most beaten path.

We propose to illustrate these remarks by reference to a single topic in Greek lexicography, — the treatment of the prepositions. These words are so extensively employed in composition with verbs and other parts of speech, and are so varied in their uses when standing alone, that they claim a large share of the student's attention. The intricacies they present begin to bewilder the young learner at an early stage of his study. He soon becomes weary in his attempts to find any unity in the diversified materials before him; and so, instead of gaining sound knowledge, he contents himself with storing up such a multitude of arbitrary definitions as his memory can carry for his use in reading. And in his later progress, there is probably no part of the language which the Greek scholar is less able to discuss in an attractive and intelligent way than this. That this portion of the language has not yet received the elucidation which it needs may be seen in the fact, that it forms an important point in the work of each new laborer in the field of lexicography. The result, however, up to the present time, is a collection of idiomatic usages, rather than the progressive development, in the case of each word, of one leading idea.

To show to what extent this topic is treated in an arbitrary manner, and how little there is of logical deduction in defining the prepositions, we will take for illustration the first that occurs in the lexicon, the preposition *ἀνά*. The primary meaning of *ἀνά* is *up*. This is its original signification as a designation in space; the signification, therefore, from which, if there is any logical deduction in the case, the other meanings of the word may be traced. How far this is done in our Greek lexicons may be seen by observing how far they furnish answers to the following inquiries. 1. How does the preposition *ἀνά* contribute to the meaning of the following words: *ἀναπορεύομαι* = *to journey, or march, from the sea-coast into the interior*; *ἀναπλέω* = *to sail from port to sea*; *ἀνοίγω* = *to open*, as a door; *ἀναπετάννυμι* = *to unroll*, as a sail, which unrolls downward, and not up; also, *to flow down*, as the hair when unbound from the head? 2. Why does *ἀνά* in composition with many verbs give the signification

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of *beginning* to the action they express, as ἀνακαίω = *to kindle*, ἀναλάμπω = *to take fire*, ἀνακλαίω = *to set up a lamentation*? 3. How does it follow from the meaning of ἀνά, that the verbs with which it is compounded are, to a remarkable extent, used intransitively? 4. How is it that ἀνά compounded with certain words expressses *opposition*, or *resistance*, as ἀνακρούω = *to thrust back*, *check*, as a horse, *to put back a ship*, sternwards, by reversing the action of the oars? 5. Why, in a large class of verbs, does ἀνά give the force of repetition to the action of the verb?

Before proceeding farther, it may be well to consider an objection that may possibly be made to this method of inquiry. It may be said, that provided the significations of a word are known, it is of no importance to the student what the logical connection between them is. Let him be content to know the facts, and leave the connection between them as a matter of useless speculation.

It is no credit to our classical culture that such an objection is ever heard; still, it is sometimes made, even by those whose opportunities seem to entitle their opinion to some weight. The answer to the objection is simple. Either language is a product of the rational mind, and hence bears in every feature the impress of reason, or it is a mere chance collection of arbitrary signs, with no rational bond to unite them. If the latter is the true view, then the toilsome and expensive training of our youth in the ancient classical languages, we say, is an immense waste of time and power; if the former view is just, then it is the student's duty at every step of his study of a language to search, by the aid of reason, for the impress of that same reason employed in the production of the language.

And this is not a matter of duty only; it is the student's instinctive desire. The objector has the natural feelings of every learner opposed to him. The learner seeks a reason for every fact, and when he fails to find it, he feels not only that he is a loser, but that he is wronged. He has not found what he knows he has a right to; he has asked for bread, and received a stone. At this point, to meet him with the assertion that there is no reason, such as he is in quest of, is adding insult to injury.

We do not forget the difficulties that may be found in the way of the mode of investigation which is here advocated;

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that in many cases the thread is lost that would guide to the arcana of thought, and after our most diligent search, we must rest satisfied with facts whose connection with each other is not seen. This, however, should only make us more highly prize those rays of light which a careful and rigorous analysis may shed on the rational interpretation of language.

To render the point of our inquiry more distinct respecting the Greek prepositions, we will select another, the opposite of *ἀνά*, and, by a similar set of inquiries to those just gone through, will show the arbitrary manner in which it is usually treated. The primary signification of *κατά* is *down*. It is from this original meaning that all the other significations of the word, if logically deduced, must be derived. In this connection the following questions present themselves. 1. How does *κατά* contribute to the peculiar meanings of *καταπλέω* = *to sail to port*; *κατακλείω* = *to shut*; *καταπορεύομαι* = *to come back*; *καταπέμπω* = *to send from the inland to the sea-coast*? 2. What is the force of *κατά* in the words *κατατέμνω* = *to cut up*, or *cut in pieces*; *κατεσθίω* = *to eat up*, *devour* (the signification of *κατά* in this word is not *down*, as we shall show)? See also many other compounds of *κατά* whose meanings are similarly modified. 3. What is the force of *κατά* in *καταφυγή* = *a place of refuge*; *κατάλαμψις* = *a reflection of light*; and why does *κατά*, more than *ἀνά*, give a transitive force to the words with which it is compounded?

We have carefully avoided, in the foregoing examples, using any word in which the preposition has its primitive signification. It may be thought that the word *καταπέμπω* is an exception, as the preposition does designate what is in some degree true in going from the interior of a country to the coast; but we shall show that *κατά* has a derived, and not its primary, signification here; and it is obvious, *a priori*, that to give it its primary meaning would give a feeble and unsatisfactory interpretation to the word. The idea of *descent* in going from the interior of a country to the sea-coast is not sufficiently prominent to have suggested this preposition to be employed in the descriptive word. The signification of the preposition in each of the preceding examples is derived; and our next object will be to show, by logical deduction, the strict connection that subsists between the primary meaning of the preposition and the secondary mean-

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ings which it has in the examples. We begin with the preposition κατά.

The primary meaning of κατά is *down*. Now, all downward motion has a natural and fixed point, where it terminates; namely, the surface of the earth. Here the falling stone and the falling flakes of snow stop; and here, when it has found the lowest possible point, the running brook ceases to flow. As, therefore, all downward motion has in nature a fixed point of termination, it follows, conversely, first, that all actions which are contemplated purely with regard to their termination in space may naturally be denoted by the preposition that signifies *down*. Hence, καταπλέω = *to sail to land*, because that is the natural point where the voyage terminates; καταπέμπω = *to send from the inland to the sea-coast*, because there the journey must end; κατακλείω = *to shut*, as a door, because the door-post is the fixed point where the motion ceases; καταπορεύομαι = *to come back*, that is, to the point which is regarded as the person's resting-place; κατάλαμψις = *a reflection*, because the light has met an object and illuminated it. Secondly, actions contemplated merely with regard to their termination, though not in space, are naturally expressed by aid of this preposition. Hence κατατέμνω = *to cut in pieces*, that is, till the cutting is done; κατεσθίω = *to eat up*, *consume*,* that is, until the action ceases because there is nothing left to eat; καταφεύγω = *to take refuge*, *to escape*, that is, to flee (φεύγω), until the action comes to its natural end, which may either be by reaching some place where the pursuer cannot follow, and then it means *to take refuge*; or, it may be, by distancing the pursuer, and then it means *to escape*.

From the foregoing analysis it is seen why κατά, more than any other preposition, gives an intensive, and often a transitive force to the verbs with which it is connected. Other prepositions, as ἐπί, πρός, point to an object in connection with the verb, but they denote some more specific relation than κατά, and consequently do not so often give objective force to the verb. In this connection, we recognize the ground of

* If it is said that κατά here means *down*, then the lexicon is wrong in saying that κατεσθίω means *to eat up*. The two expressions are perfectly distinct. The preposition *up*, here, has reference to the consumption of the object, the preposition *down* to some implied effort on the part of the agent.

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the usage of κατά signifying *according to*, *in conformity with*, as κατὰ φύσιν, κατὰ τύχην. As *down* is the natural direction of things in space, every action that is done naturally, fitly, in its own sphere, may properly have this quality signified by the preposition *down*; thus κατὰ τὸ ἀληθές, κατὰ τὸ δίκαιον, and other like expressions.

This analysis will rescue from the frigid interpretation that is sometimes given them a class of words in which κατά conveys the idea of *disparagement*, *disapproval*, *condemnation*; as κατακρίνω = *to condemn*; καταδοκέω = *to think against one*. It has been said that, in this class of words, κατά has its primitive meaning, *down*. This is, at least, an unnatural interpretation, and entirely gratuitous. We have seen, that even in regard to actions which happen in space, κατά often loses its primary, and bears a derived, meaning. In actions purely moral, then, we should much more naturally expect to find this derived signification. The word κατακρίνω signifies, strictly, *to make one the object of a discriminating judgment*; and this comes to be equivalent to *condemn*, by a well known mental law; namely, that acts of judgment are called forth not by what is in harmony with ourselves, but by what in some way offends us. It is not the innocent whose conduct is marked for special notice, but the guilty; hence, an act of judgment is, in general, an act of blame.

If with these brief indications of a logical treatment of the preposition, we open the lexicon, and examine the mass of explanations arrayed under the word, we shall see at once the want of a better method, and shall find more or less that is erroneous, and calculated only to mislead the student. The following is an instance of this: "τοξεύειν κατά τινος, κατὰ σκοποῦ, *etc.*, to shoot *at*, because the arrow falls *down upon* its mark." Nothing can be worse for the student's mind than such pretended explanations as this. They cheat him of the knowledge they ought to impart, and what is worse, they substitute an absurdity in the guise of knowledge in its place. The notion of *down* has not the least share in the interpretation of the phrase in question. Grant that the arrow does descend somewhat before it reaches the mark, still this descent is so inconsiderable that it could form no appreciable part of the picture to the observer's eye; consequently, it could never have suggested the necessity of employing a word to describe it. The true interpretation has already

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been suggested; κατά is employed because the mark is the point at which the action is to terminate; and the genitive case is used, because the *designed*, and not the *actual*, termination is asserted.

We proceed now to examine the uses of the preposition ἀνά in connection with its primary signification as applied to things in space. The original meaning of ἀνά is *up*. All upward motion has a natural and fixed point of departure; namely, the surface of the earth. From this as its starting-point it extends into space without any definite limit, or point of termination. All upward motion, then, has a definite beginning, and no definite termination; it follows, therefore, first, that actions in space which start from a fixed and known point, and pass into indefinite regions, may naturally be expressed by the aid of this preposition; as ἀναπλέω = *to sail from port to sea*, from a fixed and known point of departure into an indefinite region; ἀναβαίνω = *to go from the coast into the interior* of a country, applied especially to an army landing, and making its progress into an unknown region; ἀνοίγω = *to open*, as a door. Secondly, actions contemplated as *commencing* will naturally be described by the aid of ἀνά; as ἀνακαίω = *to kindle, to rouse*; ἀνοδύρομαι = *to break out into wailing*; ἀναχορεύω = *to begin a choral dance*. Thirdly, as the natural motion of things is downward, an action which opposes a thing in its natural motion may be denoted by this preposition; as ἀνακρούω = *to check*, as a horse by drawing the reins, or as a ship by reversing the motion of the oars. By extending this idea, we come naturally to the notion of *repeated* action; for if the opposing force be sufficiently increased, it will stop the motion of the thing it opposes, and reverse it, causing it to retrace its former course; hence, in the fourth place, ἀνά gives the idea of repeated action; as ἀναμετρέω = *to measure again*; ἀναμάχομαι = *to renew the fight*; ἀναχωρέω = *to go back*.

In the case of both these prepositions we have taken no notice of instances in which they have their primary signification, these being too obvious to require remark.

In some words, the force of ἀνά and κατά in composition seems at first view to be nearly the same; but here a close examination will show that each has its peculiar force. Thus, ἀναιρέω and καθαιρέω may both mean *to destroy*; but the former means to destroy by displacing, the latter by de-

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molishing. Consequently, whenever the existence of a thing depends solely on its position and relations, its annihilation may be expressed by *ἀναιρέω*; for in that case, to remove is to annihilate; thus, *δημοκράτειαν ἀναιρεῖν*, not *καθαιρεῖν*. So, too, *κατὰ τὴν πόλιν*, and *ἀνὰ τὴν πόλιν*, may both mean *through the city*; but the former expression would have reference to the completion of the action, while the latter would refer to its progress from the starting-point; the former would naturally be used if the persons were acquainted with the city, the latter, if they were strangers; the former with the aorist tense, the latter with the imperfect. These are only indications, in a single instance, of those nice distinctions in language which meet the observant scholar at every step of his progress. They suggest to us, if we may so call it, the intense vitality of language, — that it is organized and living to its minutest fibres; and dictionaries and grammars, after the most elaborate classification, can give us only the lifeless parts, instead of the breathing whole.

Without pursuing the subject before us at length, we will add a few examples, showing the importance, in the treatment of the prepositions, of a rigorous deduction from the primitive signification. The prepositions *περί* and *ὑπέρ* both govern the genitive, and both mean *for*; as, *περὶ δόξης*, *for glory*; *ὑπὲρ ἐλευθερίας*, *for freedom*; but each word retains here the traces of its original meaning. As *περί* signifies *about*, it describes our action for a thing to which we have no special or exclusive right, just as our position in space about a thing does not prevent others from holding a similar position. But *ὑπέρ* is exclusive; it describes action for that to which we have a special right, for what is rightfully our own, as standing over a thing is a natural indication that it is ours. Thus, Demosthenes says the war, at its beginning, was *περὶ τοῦ τιμωρήσασθαι Φίλιππον*; but at the close, it was *ὑπὲρ τοῦ μὴ παθεῖν αὐτοὺς κακῶς ὑπὸ τοῦ Φιλίππου*, because the latter was in its nature a thing for themselves to do exclusively of all other persons; the former, others might do as well as they.

When these prepositions have other significations than *for*, they still show on analysis distinct traces of their original meaning. Thus, in speaking of the judges of Socrates, Xenophon says, "In whatever things it was not manifest how he thought, — *οὐδὲν θαυμαστὸν, ὑπὲρ τούτων περὶ αὐτοῦ παραγνῶναι*, — *it is no wonder that on these points they misjudged about*

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him." As that *on*, or *over*, which (ὑπέρ) a man stands is essential to his position, the preposition ὑπέρ is here used to mark the permanent relation between Socrates and certain points of duty and belief, which relation made up his character; while the transient relation of his judges to him is denoted by περί. The prepositions ἀπό and παρά, both with the genitive case, signify *from*; but as παρά, originally signifying *beside of*, denotes a more intimate relation than ἀπό, it is used when a thing is naturally resident in the person from whom it proceeds, — as an inheritance *from* a father, commands *from* a sovereign; while ἀπό, meaning *off from*, denotes a merely superficial relation, and is used when one thing comes accidentally, as it were, from another.

The prepositions ὑπό and πρός may both, with the genitive case, point to the remote agent, the person who causes the action; but ὑπό merely denotes that the action takes place *under* the person's power; πρός brings the remote and immediate agent *face to face*, and pictures the latter as receiving the command from the mouth of the other. Hence, the whole sad picture presented in the πρὸς ἄλλης ἰστὸν ὑφαίνοις of Homer; where the captive Andromache must stand *before the face* of her mistress, take her commands, and go and do her bidding.

The preceding are but a few instances, which a full discussion of the subject would multiply, showing the importance of a strict logical method in treating of this part of the language. When we say, that this method is essential in order to make sure that the ordinary definitions of words shall be given correctly in the lexicon, it may seem that we assume too much; the position, however, is strictly true. No amount of toil and care will save the lexicographer from palpable mistakes, unless he has the light of guiding principles. If he starts with an indefinite notion of a preposition, and does not, by logical forecast, keep the field of inquiry narrow before him, his lexicon will show confusion through the whole circle of words into which the preposition enters. Nowhere more than here should the inquirer remember, that *prudens quæstio dimidium est scientiæ.*

We have an illustration of this in hand. The verb ἀνακλαίω is defined in the larger lexicon before us, "*to weep aloud, to burst into tears*; also, with the accusative, *to weep for, bewail*, — both in Herod. 3. 14." Now the natural question suggested by the analysis of the preposition is, *Is the*

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verb ever transitive? We do not mean by this question to imply that it is not, but the preposition ἀνά justifies us in raising the question, and at least asking for the proof. On examining the passage referred to in Herodotus, the word is found *four* times, and in no one of them is it used with an accusative, expressed or understood. Now, this error could not have occurred, had the field of inquiry been properly narrowed in the lexicographer's mind, by a thorough understanding of the force of the preposition ἀνά. Such a knowledge would have thrown the presumption on the negative side of the question, and would at least have saved him from quoting this passage as proof of the affirmative.

But the evil of a defective method, beginning with the lexicographer, goes on annoying and hindering the learner through his whole course; and the result is, that his knowledge at last is only formal knowledge, and not real. A Greek word in his mind is only a translation of an English word; not a description of some action or thing which he can see about him. As the reading of history is comparatively useless, until, penetrating through all disguises, we find *ourselves* in the Romans, Greeks, or Persians of the story; so the study of a language does but little good, if the student fails to find under its strange costume his own thoughts, feelings, and experience. Then the costume is no longer strange; he has made it his own. It is in this way of learning a new language, that he becomes twice a man.

ART. V. — *The Miscellaneous Works and Remains of the* REV. ROBERT HALL, *with a Memoir of his Life, by* OLINTHUS GREGORY, LL. D; *and a Critical Estimate of his Character and Writings, by* JOHN FOSTER, Author of Essays on Decision of Character, &c. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1846. 16mo. pp. 572.

THERE is no phenomenon, in which the usual law of cause and effect seems more utterly set aside, than in the large number of English dissenting divines, who have occupied the same intellectual level with their contemporaries of the national church. There has been, since the birth of

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Puritanism, no generation, which could not exhibit at least as many eminent thinkers, scholars, preachers, and authors, out of the Establishment, as within its pale ; and in numerous instances, the single great men of the age in their respective departments have been dissenters. We could afford the loss of no work appertaining to the evidences of Christianity so ill, as that of Lardner's Credibility. In the department of Christian ethics and casuistry, Barrow stands unrivalled among the clergy of the English Church, but seems jejune and puerile, when brought into comparison with Baxter. In devotional poetry, Watts and Doddridge have established a law of taste and a standard of excellence coextensive with the language in which they wrote. John Foster's Essays produced a deeper impression on the British public, and were read with more avidity, than any other book of their day. Robert Hall, in the zenith of his reputation, was generally regarded as the first preacher in Great Britain; and of the loyal effusions in every part of the kingdom on the death of the Princess Charlotte, his sermon on that event was the only one that enjoyed more than an ephemeral fame. Gilbert Wakefield, educated, indeed, for the established church, but forsaking the vantage-ground which it gave him at the early age of twenty-three, performed more valuable services for classical literature than we owe to any other scholar of his nation ; while Priestley, the dissenter and heretic, in addition to high theological and professional eminence, attained the first rank among the experimental philosophers of his day. Yet the intellectual disabilities and privations attached to non-conformity would seem of themselves sufficient to preclude all competition on the part of dissenters with the adherents of the Church, and to confine them hopelessly within a subaltern rank of attainments and achievements. Shut out of the universities, excluded from the use of all the principal libraries in the kingdom, set aside from the opportunity of preferment and patronage, always obliged to win with slender aid and contracted sympathy a higher place than is readily accorded them, and, when educated in the Church, and renouncing conformity for conscience' sake, obliged to cast away props and helps to which they have grown accustomed, they are not unaptly typified by the Israelites, who elaborated their full tale of bricks without the accustomed supply of straw.

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The dissenting divines have been for the most part educated in provincial academies, immeasurably inferior in endowments and the apparatus of instruction to the great schools of Eton, Westminster, Harrow, and Rugby, superintended each by two or three hard-working and poorly paid instructers, often pastors as well as teachers, and carrying their pupils through a classical and a theological course in a period of time inadequate for either. But the dissenters have breathed an atmosphere of freedom. They have been nurtured in self-trust and self-dependence. They have not been trammelled by obsolete formalisms or arbitrary prescriptions. They have not bent beneath the crushing tyranny of the past. If they have failed of patronage, they have not paid its inevitable price. If they have lost the shelter of university halls and libraries, they have not been dwarfed under their shadow. On the other hand, the *normal* education of the English mind has borne a strong analogy to the antique style of horticulture. Its shoots have been clipped, trained into espaliers, twisted into quaint and fantastic forms, forced into lateral expansion instead of being left to seek the open sky, artificially stimulated into flowerless foliage and fruitless flowers. Cambridge and Oxford have produced more learning than wisdom, and nurtured more pedantry than genius; and, while they have presented unparalleled opportunities for the highest and freest mental culture, their influences have been such as to cherish mere barren scholarship rather than reproductive energy of mind. Then, again, the very fact that the young churchman finds himself exempted, or rather prohibited, from all investigation on the highest subjects of thought, and held back from all aggressive movements in the direction where curiosity ought to be the most active, must account for the prevalence within the pale of the Establishment of a quiescent state of mind as to all departments of truth, for the resolute clinging to the past in matters of science, literature, and criticism, and for the step or two in the rear of Continental Europe at which England has loved to linger.

With the liberty, which has invigorated the leading minds among the English dissenters, it cannot be denied that they have incurred some strongly marked inconveniences and disadvantages, where their early creed has been such as to exclude them from the universities. One of the most annoying

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features in the intellectual life of the man who has not had a public education is the difficulty that he finds in determining his own relative position and comparative attainments. He lacks the standard of self-judgment. He may have acquired on any given subjet all the erudition and the mental discipline which he would have gained on the beaten track; but he must often feel a painful doubt whether this is the case. The question will constantly rise to his mind, — "Is there not, in this branch of learning, some process of training or some source of instruction open to others, which has been hidden from me? Have I at my command all the resources that others have?" This doubt often renders one diffident in the expression of opinion, where he has a right to speak with confidence and authority, and keeps a truly profound scholar or thinker back in the shadow of those greatly his inferiors, who have passed mechanically through the prescribed forms of culture.

There is another unfortunate tendency, which may often be traced in those who have failed to enjoy the advantages of a public education. They are very apt to regard as exclusively their own, and thus to announce oracularly and dogmatically, thoughts, reasonings, and theories which they have wrought out *suo Marte*, but which are the common property of colleges and universities, are embodied in text-books, and seem trite to those who have passed over the worn threshold of the temple of knowledge. An humble and modest man may thus often appear a pedant. He promulgates essential truths, which, if new, should be proclaimed with a flourish of trumpets far louder than his timid heralding, but which lie as axioms in the minds of his hearers or readers.

Both these tendencies are strikingly illustrated in the life and writings of John Foster, and present themselves prominently to our notice in his recently published correspondence. He, though not held back by false modesty, and endowed with an almost unprecedented power of regarding himself objectively and dispassionately, seems to have been constantly perplexed in the attempt to ascertain his true place and relations in the literary republic. Educated in the paltry Baptist Academy at Bristol, familiarly associating from his youth with people of a very narrow range of intellect, he lived in almost entire isolation and solitary self-consciousness,

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until his unexpected success as an author disclosed to him a dim, and to the last a feebly credited, glimpse of his own acumen and ability, in which he never acquired a prospective confidence sufficient to give him alacrity for the labor of the pen. We are constantly reminded, also, of the leanness of his early culture, in his frequent enunciation of truisms, as if they had never suggested themselves to any other mind, and in his late solution of many questions, doubts, and difficulties, which under better auspices would have been settled in his very boyhood.

All this, we were going to say, and to express therewith our surprise at the entire freedom of Robert Hall from these marks of his Bristol nurture; when, on looking again at his biography, we were reminded that he completed his education by a full course at the University of Aberdeen, where he commenced his life-long intimacy with Sir James Mackintosh, and other young men of superior endowments and promise, with whom he entered at once into the most healthful and friendly communion and competition of intellect. This fact adds new point to our homily on university education, which we are the more solicitous to put on record, on account of the growing disposition of young men in our own community to enter the learned professions (so called), with imperfect preliminary training. A New England college education certainly furnishes a sufficiently small amount of classical and general learning, to serve, in the lowest utilitarian view, as a basis for a professional course, especially as few, after entering upon active life, find or make the time to supply early deficiencies. Young men of only ordinary abilities need all that a college can do for them to make them respectable divines, lawyers, and physicians, to keep them from the rustiness and coarseness that are apt to gather upon a life of mere routine, and to give them the refinement of manners and character necessary to maintain their true place in society. And those, whose native powers can raise them above mediocrity, by hastening prematurely into a professional career, will only work their slow, dim, and circuitous way to an eminence, which, by more thorough training, they might easily and promptly attain, and will always exhibit marks of an irregular and disproportioned intellectual growth. We wish that our colleges would take this matter in hand, would exclude from their professional schools all except

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graduates, and would thus purge themselves of all responsibleness for the slovenly process, which is flooding the professions with dunces and boors.

Robert Hall was no doubt a much greater man than his writings indicate. He has appeared before the public under the greatest possible disadvantages. The complete edition of his works is an insult to his memory. It is swollen into three large octavos by short-hand sketches, often *travesties*, of his sermons, sweepings of his desk, skeletons, and memoranda, which he forgot to burn. Indeed, it is hardly too much to suppose that we have in that collection the contents of every scrap of paper in his hand, or written from his lips, which his editor could find in existence. He wrote but little. Repeated attacks of insanity made him fearful of overtasking his intervals of soundness. Almost unintermitted neuralgia rendered the manual labor of writing always intensely difficult, often impossible; and some of his best productions were dictated to an amanuensis, while he was writhing on a sofa or the floor in utter agony. Of all his published sermons, he wrote but one before it was delivered; and we can easily conceive, that much of his brilliant rhetoric and many happy turns of thought must have escaped his memory, when he came to write or dictate for the press. He prepared no work which was adapted to test or to exhibit the full extent of his mental power or resources. His controversial tracts were written in haste, and for immediate effect; and in them he simply measures strength with his antagonists, without attempting the full discussion of the subjects at issue. His reviews were mere reviews, not essays, — keen, strong, discriminating, but with no purpose beyond that of praising or castigating the work in hand. But it is no mean proof of his compass and vigor of intellect, that, if he seldom rises above the demands of the occasion or his subject, he never falls short of them. Nor does he ever give one the idea that he is making a special effort, or laying out his whole strength. You feel, in reading him, that there is much more in reserve than appears on the page, and that he measures his effort, not by his own capacity, but by the then current needs and expectations of his audience or his readers. He evidently had no design of making an impression on posterity, but simply meant to exert the influence of a Christian mind on the various emergencies that presented themselves in his

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walk of duty. And how great that influence must have been we may best learn, perhaps, from those outlines of discourses, which ought never to have been published. They are always outlines, which a feeble or jejune mind could never have drawn or filled. From his own pen we have nothing weak or paltry, while the occasional *sottises* of his stenographers reveal themselves by their broad contrast with his most hasty and fragmentary writings.

The most striking trait in the character of Hall's mind is its entire lack of striking traits, — the evenness, harmony, and breadth of its development. He never astonishes, and never disappoints. His wisdom and learning are never obtrusive, and never at fault. In argument and illustration, we trace no redundancy, and complain of no omission. His eloquence is never quickened into a torrent-like flow, but is never dry or languid. He is majestic without pretension, and sensible without dulness. The spirits all come at his bidding, and vanish when they are no longer needed. His quick wit never encroaches on his reverence, and his scorching sarcasm is kept in check by conscientious justice. He seems to have been hardly better fitted for his chosen profession, than for any other path in life. His sermons indicate the thoroughly furnished and devoted religious teacher, while his political essays display powers that might have adorned the highest places in the state; and his few contributions to the general literature of the day show, that without profession or preferment, he could have acquired brilliant reputation as a critic, scholar, and man of letters.

Yet, with this high praise, we do not feel authorized in assigning to Hall a place in the first rank of genius. His mind lacked the power of concentration. While never superficial, he is seldom profound. We are indebted to him for few original ideas, or fresh, first-hand views of truth. He was rather a sagacious student, than a deep thinker. He had more discrimination than invention. He was a judicious eclectic, and worked up to admiration the rough materials of thought that lay around him in his library; but seems seldom to have pursued any independent path of research or investigation. We should doubt, even, whether his opinions assumed a systematic form to his own consciousness, or were connected with each other, except by a perception of their moral resemblances, and the instinct of

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self-consistency. His mind was constructive rather than analytic. On most classes of subjects, he was content to build on foundations laid to his hand; and in his peculiar department of theology, though well versed in the grounds of argument, he contributed to the defence of Christianity only the example of his own faith, and the clear, vigorous, and eloquent statement of its reasons and its evidences. In fine, his mind was chiefly noted for its distinct cognizance of the practically important points of every subject, for its strong and healthy action, its conscientious adherence to the right and the true, and the earnest consecration of all its energies to the highest interests of freedom, virtue, and piety. When sane, he was perfectly sane; and it would be hard to point to a writer more constantly under the guidance of common sense and practical wisdom.

Hall's style is rich, but chaste, — highly rhetorical, but never gaudy. He has no sentences penned for show or sound; but solid thought always underlies his ornament and points his metaphors. His tone varies gracefully and naturally with the progress of his discourse. In his sermons, the exordium is always simple, the discussion perspicuous, direct, and often marked by a piquant vivacity of manner; and then from the argumentation he easily rises to a sustained and solemn eloquence, hardly equalled in grandeur and pathos by any writer in modern Christendom, and often reminding us of the loftiest passages of Isaiah or St. Paul, when he crowns one of his complex trains of reasoning with a pæan of gratitude and adoration. His mastery of the resources of the English language is unrivalled and perfect. It would be difficult to find, in his finished writings, a word, idiom, or construction of doubtful purity, or a passage faulty in point of euphony; and there often runs, through page after page, a rhythm hardly less perfect than if restricted by metrical laws. Much of the beauty of his style is to be ascribed to his uniform preference for words of Saxon origin. On this point his biographer relates a conversation, which is well worth transcribing, both for doctrine and reproof.

"In one of my early interviews with Mr. Hall, I used the word *felicity* three or four times in rather quick succession. He asked: 'Why do you say felicity, sir? Happiness is a better word, more musical and genuine English, coming from the Saxon.' 'Not more musical, I think, sir.' 'Yes, more musical;

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and so are words derived from the Saxon generally. Listen, sir: "My heart is smitten, and withered like grass;" there 's plaintive music. Listen again, sir: "Under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice;" there 's cheerful music.' 'Yes; but *rejoice* is French.' 'True, but all the rest is Saxon, and rejoice is almost out of tune with the other words. Listen again: "Thou hast delivered my eyes from tears, my soul from death, and my feet from falling;" all Saxon, sir, except *delivered.* I could think of the word *tear*, sir, till I wept. Then again, for another noble specimen, and almost all good old Saxon-English: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."—p. 31.

We have spoken of the sermon on the death of the Princess Charlotte. This is undoubtedly the most eloquent of his sermons, and we have been led only to admire it the more by attempting to compare it with the magnificent funeral discourses of Bossuet and Massillon. Indeed, we suppose that a taste for their style of pulpit eloquence is almost always outgrown, and may be regarded as marking an era of immature judgment. We can remember the time when we hardly thought any sermons but theirs worth reading; while now, they would yield us but Lenten fare. They never for a moment merge the rhetorician in the Christian preacher. They make the spiritual utterly subordinate to the artistical element. Their most startling appeals and apostrophes have more of theatrical clap-trap than religious unction. Their pointed antitheses, their epigrammatical turns of thought, their studied bursts of emotion, their measured flights into the empyrean, with the wires that pull them back upon the stage-floor in clear view, belittle the great themes of death, judgment, and eternity, and chill the heart while they amuse the fancy. We can imagine an easy and natural transition from their sermons to the ball-room and the theatre, and find no difficulty in believing, that their preaching might have been a favorite entertainment for the dissolute court of Louis the Fourteenth, without starting a penitential tear, or converting a soul. We should as soon seek warmth from the coruscations of the aurora borealis, as spiritual edification from their always brilliant and sparkling, but never fervent, declamation. In their funeral eulogies, they put every rhetorical art and trick in the fullest play; but uniformly desecrate the sad solemnities of death and an

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opening eternity by the most abject man-worship. Nowhere do they so magnify the artificial distinctions and additions of humanity, the trappings of royalty, the pomp of office, the gewgaws of fashion, as in the presence of the great leveller, and in the contemplation of that event which consigns the unclothed soul to the tribunal where the monarch and the beggar find equal privilege. Far otherwise does Robert Hall treat the occasion which called a nation to mourning. He manifests no coarse indifference to the peculiar circumstances of the event. In the illustrious rank of the princess, he hears no ordinary voice of Providence. The hopes that were centred in her person make her dissolution the more profoundly impressive, and read the more eloquent lesson of man's dependence and frailty. Yet not with rhetorical artifice, but with the instinct of a Christian heart, he isolates the princess from her exalted place and destiny, and sees in her unwarned death simply the passage of an humble, dutiful disciple of Christ from a scene of arduous trial to the home of the faithful. There is not a word of adulation; the panegyric is carefully kept far within the limits of well-known fact, and is less full and free than it would have been at the obsequies of some obscure wife and mother in his own flock. He manifestly fears the faintest show of the adoration of earthly greatness in the presence of the King of kings; but maintains throughout the attitude of a prayerful interpreter of the religious uses of this great public calamity. To justify these remarks, we quote one of the most impressive passages.

"When Jehovah was pleased to command Isaiah the prophet to make a public proclamation in the ears of the people, what was it, think you, he was ordered to announce? Was it some profound secret of nature, which had baffled the inquiries of philosophers? or some great political convulsion which was to change the destiny of empires? No: these were not the sort of communications most suited to the grandeur of his nature, or the exigencies of ours. *The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever.* Instead of presenting to our eyes the mutations of power, and the revo-

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lutions of states and kingdoms, he exhibits a more awful and affecting spectacle, — the human race itself withering under the breath of his mouth, perishing under his rebuke; while he plants his eternal word, which subsists from generation to generation, in undecaying vigor, to console our wretchedness, and impregnate the dying mass with the seed of immortality. As the frailty of man, and the perpetuity of *his* promises, are the greatest contrast the universe presents, so the practical impression of this truth, however obvious, is the beginning of wisdom, nor is there a degree of moral elevation to which it will not infallibly conduct us.

"The annunciation of life and immortality by the Gospel, did it contain no other truth, were sufficient to cast all the discoveries of science into shade, and to reduce the highest improvements of reason to the comparative nothingness which the flight of a moment bears to eternity.

"By this discovery the prospects of human nature are infinitely widened, the creature of yesterday becomes the child of eternity; and as felicity is not the less valuable in the eye of reason because it is remote, nor the misery which is certain less to be deprecated because it is not immediately felt, the care of our future interests becomes our chief, and, properly speaking, our only concern. All besides will shortly be nothing; and, therefore, whenever it comes into competition with these, it is as the small dust of the balance.

"Is it now any subject of regret, think you, to this amiable princess, so suddenly removed, *that her sun went down while it was yet day?* or that, prematurely snatched from prospects the most brilliant and enchanting, she was compelled to close her eyes so soon on a world of whose grandeur she formed so conspicuous a part? No: other objects occupy her mind, other thoughts engage her attention, and will continue to engage it for ever. All things with her are changed; and viewed from that pure and ineffable light, for which we humbly hope religion prepared her, the lustre of a diadem is scarcely visible, majesty emits a feeble and sickly ray, and all ranks and conditions of men appear but so many troops of pilgrims, in different garbs, toiling through the same vale of tears, distinguished only by different degrees of wretchedness.

"In the full fruition of eternal joys, she is so far from looking back with lingering regret on what she has quitted, that she is surprised it had the power of affecting her so much; that she took so deep an interest in the scenes of this shadowy state of being, while so near to an *eternal weight of glory;* and, as far as memory may be supposed to contribute to her happiness by

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associating the present with the past, it is not the recollection of her illustrious birth and elevated prospects, but that she visited the abodes of the poor, and learned to weep with those that weep; that, surrounded with the fascinations of pleasure, she was not inebriated by its charms; that she resisted the strongest temptations to pride, preserved her ears open to truth, was impatient of the voice of flattery; in a word, that she sought and cherished the inspirations of piety, and *walked humbly with her God.* This is fruit which survives when the flower withers, — the only ornaments and treasures we can carry into eternity.

"While we look at this event with the eyes of flesh, and survey it in the aspect it bears towards our national prospects, it appears a most singular and affecting catastrophe. But considered in itself, or, more properly, in its relation to a certain, though invisible futurity, its consequences are but commensurate to those which result from the removal of the meanest individual. He whose death is as little regarded as the fall of a leaf in the forest, and he whose departure involves a nation in despair, are, in this view of the subject (by far the most important one), upon a level. Before the presence of the great I AM, into which they both immediately enter, these distinctions vanish, and the true statement of the fact, on either supposition, is, that an immortal spirit has finished its earthly career; has passed the barriers of the invisible world, to appear before its Maker, in order to receive that sentence which will fix its irrevocable doom, *according to the deeds done in the body.* On either supposition, an event has taken place which has no parallel in the revolutions of time, the consequences of which have not room to expand themselves within a narrower sphere than an endless duration. An event has occurred, the issues of which must ever baffle and elude all finite comprehensions, by concealing themselves in the depths of that abyss, of that eternity, which is the dwelling-place of Deity, where there is sufficient space for the destiny of each, among the innumerable millions of the human race, to develop itself, and, without interference or confusion, to sustain and carry forward its separate infinity of interest." — pp. 405 – 408.

The volume before us (which, we remark in passing, contains almost every thing fully worthy of Hall's reputation that has been preserved) gives us also four other sermons, and among them that on "Modern Infidelity," which is a calm, thorough, logical analysis of the remedies for social and political inequalities and evils proposed by the French school of atheistical philosophy, which had then [in 1799] multiplied its proselytes and partisans in England.

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Two of the longest articles in the volume are political pamphlets, published during the first stages of the French Revolution. At this period, the movement seemed to be solely in behalf of civil and religious liberty, and against inveterate abuses and corruptions in church and state. It had therefore the hearty sympathy and the favoring suffrages of the great body of the dissenters in England, as well as of the more moderate and liberal party in the national church, while, on political grounds solely, and without any suspicion of the demoralizing and destructive agencies so soon to be brought into play, it encountered the most vehement opposition and abuse from the High Churchmen and the Tories. Attempts were sedulously made throughout the kingdom to suppress free discussion, and to flatter the lowest orders of the people into disorderly outbreaks of vulgar and unreasoning loyalty. Malicious prosecutions were instituted against the liberty of the press, and mobs were excited in various parts of the kingdom by the most atrocious slanders against the apologists for France and the champions of liberal principles. Hall was at this time a young minister at Cambridge, and his own sympathies conspired with the urgent entreaties of his friends in drawing him into the lists. He appeared before the public, first as an antagonist to the Rev. John Clayton, himself a dissenter, but a vehement accuser of his brethren, mainly on the ground that the liberal party had brought orthodox Christians into an unnatural and sacrilegious alliance with Priestley and other reputed heretics. His attack called out Hall's "*Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom,*" which for severity of rebuke, pungency of sarcasm, and honest, whole-souled indignation, can hardly find a parallel in English literature, while it is based on indisputably sound principles and conclusive arguments. After the heat of controversy had subsided, the author refused to consent to its republication, from sincere respect for Clayton's eminent private worth and ministerial faithfulness; but its popularity was so great that several editions were surreptitiously issued, the last after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century. The following passage is well worth quoting, both for the noble vindication of Priestley at the hand of a theological opponent, and as giving a specimen of the power of keen satire and withering invective, which it must have acquired no small measure of self-control to keep so entirely in abeyance, as Hall ever after held it in pursuing the functions of his sacred office.

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"The religious tenets of Dr. Priestley appear to me erroneous in the extreme; but I should be sorry to suffer any difference of sentiment to diminish my sensibility to virtue, or my admiration of genius. From him the poisoned arrow will fall pointless. His enlightened and active mind, his unwearied assiduity, the extent of his researches, the light he has poured into almost every department of science, will be the admiration of that period, when the greater part of those who have favored, or those who have opposed him, will be alike forgotten. Distinguished merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapors which gather round the rising sun, and follow it in its course, seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints, and with a softened effulgence, the luminary which they cannot hide.

"It is a pity, however, [that] our author, in reproaching characters so illustrious, was not a little more attentive to facts; for unfortunately for him, Dr. Priestley has not in any instance displayed that disaffection to government with which he has been charged so wantonly. In his Lectures on History, and his Essay on Civil Government, which of all his publications fall most properly within the sphere of politics, he has delineated the British constitution with great accuracy, and has expressed his warm admiration of it as the best system of policy the sagacity of man has been able to contrive. In his Familiar Letters to the Inhabitants of Birmingham, a much later work, where the seeds of that implacable dislike were scattered which produced the late riots, he has renewed that declaration, and has informed us, that he has been pleasantly ridiculed by his friends as being a Unitarian in religion, and a Trinitarian in politics. He has lamented, indeed, in common with every enlightened citizen, the existence of certain corruptions, which, being gradually introduced into the constitution, have greatly impaired its vigor; but in this he has had the honor of being followed by the prime minister himself, who began his career by proposing a reform in parliament, merely to court popularity it is true, at a time when it would not have been so safe for him to insult the friends of freedom after having betrayed their interest, as he has since found it.

"Dr. Priestley has, moreover, defended with great ability and success the principles of our dissent, exposing, as the very nature of the undertaking demands, the folly and injustice of all clerical usurpations; and on this account, if on no other, he is entitled to the gratitude of his brethren. In addition to this catalogue of crimes, he has ventured to express his satisfaction on the liberation of France; an event which, promising a firmer establishment to

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liberty than any recorded in the annals of the world, is contemplated by the friends of arbitrary power throughout every kingdom of Europe with the utmost concern. These are the demerits of Dr. Priestley, for which this political astrologist and sacred calculator of nativities pronounces upon him that he is *born to vex the state.* The best apology candor can suggest, will be to hope Mr. Clayton has never read Dr. Priestley's political works; a conjecture somewhat confirmed from his disclaiming all attention to political theories, and from the extreme ignorance he displays through the whole of his discourse on political topics. Still it is to be wished he would have condescended to understand what he means to confute, if it had been only to save himself the trouble and disgrace of this publication.

"The manner in which he speaks of the Birmingham riots, and the cause to which he traces them, are too remarkable to pass unnoticed.

"*When led*, says he, speaking of the sufferers, *by officious zeal, from the quiet duties of their profession into the Senator's province: unhallowed boisterous passions in others, like their own, God may permit to chastise them.* For my own part I was some time before I could develop this extraordinary passage; but I now find the darkness in which it is veiled is no more than that mystic sublimity which has always tinctured the language of those who are appointed to interpret the counsels of heavens.

"I would not have Mr. Clayton deal too freely in these visions, lest the fire and illumination of the prophet should put out the reason of the man, a caution the more necessary in the present instance, as it glimmers so feebly already in several parts of his discourse, that its extinction would not be at all extraordinary. We are, no doubt, much obliged to him for letting us into a secret we could never have learnt any other way. We thank him heartily for informing us that the Birmingham riots were a judgment; and, as we would wish to be grateful for such an important communication, we would whisper in his ear in return, that he should be particularly careful not to suffer this itch of prophesying to grow upon him, men being extremely apt, in this degenerate age, to mistake a prophet for a madman, and to lodge them in the same place of confinement. The best use he could make of his mantle would be to bequeath it to the use of posterity, as for the want of it I am afraid they will be in danger of falling into some very unhappy mistakes. To their unenlightened eyes it will appear a reproach, that in the eighteenth century, an age that boasts its science and improvement, the first philosopher in Europe, of a character unblemished, and of manners the most mild and gentle, should be torn from his family, and obliged to

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flee an outcast and a fugitive from the murderous hands of a frantic rabble; but when they learn that there were not wanting teachers of religion, who secretly triumphed in these barbarities, they will pause for a moment, and imagine they are reading the history of Goths or of Vandals. Erroneous as such a judgment must appear in the eyes of Mr. Clayton, nothing but a ray of his supernatural light could enable us to form a juster decision. Dr. Priestley and his friends are not the first that have suffered in a public cause; and when we recollect, that those who have sustained similar disasters have been generally conspicuous for a superior sanctity of character, what but an acquaintance with the counsels of heaven can enable us to distinguish between these two classes of sufferers, and, whilst one are the favorites of God, to discern in the other the objects of his vengeance? When we contemplate this extraordinary endowment, we are no longer surprised at the superiority he assumes through the whole of his discourse, nor at that air of confusion and disorder which appears in it; both of which we impute to his dwelling so much in the insufferable light, and amidst the coruscations and flashes of the divine glory; a sublime but perilous situation, described with great force and beauty by Mr. Gray: —

> "'He passed the flaming bounds of place and time:
> The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
> Where angels tremble while they gaze,
> He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
> Closed his eyes in endless night.'"

— pp. 135 – 138.

About two years later, Hall, at the earnest solicitation of highly respected friends, prepared and published his Apology for the Freedom of the Press, and for General Liberty. This treatise, though designed for the times, has ceased to be of value now only because its postulates have become axioms, and its principles the basis of English legislation and jurisprudence. In these works, there is probably no sentiment which the writer would have been disposed to retract or disavow in the latter years of his life, though he soon confessed his utter disappointment at the course of results of the French Revolution, and stood forth as a resolute and active opponent of its principles and influences, when they became more fully defined and developed.

The volume before us closes with a selection from Hall's contributions to the Eclectic Review. The best praise of such compositions is to say, as we can say of these, that in minuteness and thoroughness of criticism, range of thought

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and dignity of style, they are commensurate with the merits and demands of the works to which they severally relate. Were we to make any exception to this remark, it would be with reference to the review of Belsham's Memoirs of Lindsey, in which Hall, not content to occupy the position of a candid theological opponent, entirely loses his good temper, and is betrayed into an acrid and almost scurrilous personality, which leads us to imagine, that, whatever progress he might have made in other Christian graces, he had not grown more tolerant of honest differences in the twenty years which had intervened since his defence of Priestley, with whom both Lindsey and Belsham bore as close a kindred in virtue as in reputed heresy.

As we have already hinted, Hall left a higher and dearer fame than can accrue to him from his published works. All who heard him in public, or knew him in private, deemed him one of the greatest men of the age. Wherever he preached, he drew crowded audiences, and had among his frequent and most admiring hearers men of all shades and extremes of opinion, from the beneficed Churchman to the sneering latitudinarian. While he was settled at Cambridge, he generally had fifty or sixty of the members of the University, tutors and fellows, in his afternoon audience, and an attempt to check this irregularity was earnestly and successfully resisted by Bishop Mansell, then Master of Trinity College. In his intercourse with all classes of society, he was eminently happy. His radiant benevolence of countenance and manner secured him a welcome in the houses of the poor, while the charm of his conversation made him in every place of his residence the leading mind in a circle of the highest intelligence and cultivation. Only his friend and admirer Foster shrank from his society, in his diffidence, self-isolation, and consciousness of a power which he could wield only by convulsive and exhausting efforts, unwilling to come often into mental collision with one whose resources were always at hand, and poured out with unstinted prodigality.

There was a vein of eccentricity running through Hall's private life, just enough to lead him to say and do sensible and judicious things in the oddest possible way, without vitiating his judgment or impairing his usefulness. Perhaps the strangest transaction to be referred to this head was his courtship and marriage. He had reached the age of forty-four,

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had been twice insane, and was hopelessly an invalid. He could easily have chosen a wife from the cultivated circles, with which he was continually conversant; but he reasoned with himself that such a wife must make a large sacrifice of personal comfort, taste, and happiness in ministering to his infirmities, and might after all fail in the capacity to meet the inevitable necessities of his condition. On the other hand, to one drawn from an entirely different sphere the most arduous personal services might seem light and easy, while she might be compensated for her devotion to him by the comparative independence and affluence in which he should be able to place her. We will give the story in the words of Gilfillan, who could not let such a precious *morceau* of gossip escape him. "Who has forgot the history of his courtship (not recorded in his biography); his going down to the kitchen of a brother minister, where his inamorata lived in the shape of a most respectable and pious domestic; his lighting the inseparable pipe; his question, 'Betty, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' her answer, 'I hope, sir, I do'; and his succeeding and conclusive query, 'Betty, do you love me?'" This narrative we have derived in substance from more authentic sources, and have no doubt of its accuracy. The result was a happy union with one, who passed without discredit from an humbler to a higher station, ruled his house with dignity, trained his children with discretion, watched over him in health and sickness with the most tender assiduity, was the means under Providence of warding off the recurrence of his mental malady, and no doubt of adding some years to his life and usefulness, smoothed his death-pillow, and cherished the most affectionate memory of his domestic virtues.

We fear that we have given but an imperfect sketch of Hall's genius and character. We have found great difficulty in satisfying ourselves, from the absence of salient points in his mental and moral outline. Had he had great follies or weaknesses, they would have given us shadows for our picture; but the *chiaro-scuro* is as essential an element in the ungentle craft of the critic, as it is with the painter, and we ask praise for our humanity in not dropping a subject so unsuited for a fair exhibition of our artistical skill. As we have let the darker colors dry on our palette, we have felt only growing reverence and love for the man, — admiration for the untiring

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activity of his genius and for the vast amount of intellectual labor, of which we have ample testimony, though not the written record, and gratitude for the legacy of his eloquent example and for the few brilliant memorials of himself, which posterity cannot willingly let perish.

ART. VI. — 1. *Poems.* By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 251.

2. *Poems.* By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Second Series. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 160.

3. *Schiller's Homage of the Arts, with Miscellaneous Pieces from Rückert, Freiligrath, and other German Poets.* By CHARLES T. BROOKS. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 151.

4. *Poems.* By WILLIAM W. STORY. Boston: Little & Brown. 1847. 16mo. pp. 249.

5. *Poems.* By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 124.

6. *The Island Bride, and other Poems.* By JAMES F. COLMAN. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 16mo. pp. 164.

7. *Poems.* By FRANCES ELIZABETH BROWNE. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. 1846. 16mo. pp. 155.

8. *Songs of the Sea, with other Poems.* By EPES SARGENT. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 18mo. pp. 208.

9. *Shells from the Strand of the Sea of Genius.* By HARRIET FARLEY. First Series. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 300.

ONE of our critical brethren across the ocean, some years ago, observing the almost countless multitude of books already in being, and the constantly increasing productiveness of the press, remarked in rather a plaintive way, that unless some short-hand process was speedily invented, the art of reading must be given up in despair. The apprehension was not wholly groundless, though it seems exaggerated, for it pro-

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ceeds on the supposition that books are printed only in order that they may be read ; while it is evident, that many books are printed now-a-days without the slightest expectation that they will be read by anybody. As faithful reviewers, bound to watch the proceedings of authors, pretty much as Mr. Flamstead was appointed to look after the stars, we are supposed to know more than most people about "new publications," and to be able to give seasonable notice when any thing remarkable appears above the literary horizon. We are proxies for the public, who now do much of their reading at second hand, and trust to newspapers, magazines, and reviews, for an estimate of books which they are too poor to purchase, or too indolent to peruse.

The office is at all times a sufficiently onerous one ; but at certain periods of the year, it becomes quite intolerable. At the beginning of winter, for instance, there is some demand for pretty gift-books, as acceptable presents for Christmas and the New Year. Dainty little volumes, with hot-pressed leaves and vellum-colored or arabesque covers, slip in among new work-boxes, droll bronze figures, and articles of *papeterie* and *bijouterie* (we must have French names for our bawbles), as appropriate ornaments for the centre-table. No one thinks of reading the books, any more than of using the work-boxes. Only the patient and conscientious reviewer is expected to tell the public if there is any thing entertaining in them. As so little inquiry is made respecting the contents of the volumes, amateur authors gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to inflict their wares upon the public. Essays, tales, sketches, travels, treatises upon moral law, and "elements" of every science make their appearance almost by hundreds, to deck the bookseller's counters for a week, and his shelves for a century. Great as the demand may be, the supply is still greater.

We are at first disposed to pity the publishers who have hazarded their capital in an enterprise so unpromising. But the worthy bibliopolists need no commiseration ; they are far too shrewd to encounter any such peril. Formerly, it was the fashion for the publishers to pay the authors ; now, the rule is inverted, and the authors alone pay, and very round sums, too, for the use of a publisher's name, and for the privilege of appearing before the public. Most writers now-a-days belong to the *dilettanti* society, and the frequency of

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their appearance is measured not so much by the extent of their reputations, as by the length of their purses. This change of practice was very necessary ; otherwise, the glut in the book-market would have bankrupted " the trade " long ago. Authors have fairly turned the tables on their old tyrants ; Grub Street now rules Paternoster Row, instead of being its ill-paid menial and slave.

In this crowd of seekers after literary immortality, the poets, of course, are not found wanting. They make their appearance in flocks at this propitious season, just as the wild geese, with dissonant clang, wing their way southward at the beginning of winter. Here are nine young disciples of Apollo, — just the number of the Muses, — whom we have the pleasure of introducing to the public, with their maiden publications in their hands, and glowing with the blush of ingenuous shame and ambition. One or two of them, perhaps, are old sinners ; but the greater number are evidently just caught. They are in the agonies of a first appearance, and undergoing as much perturbation as a young legislator when he makes his maiden speech. Our good city of Boston may well be called " the literary metropolis " of America ; we doubt whether any other city in the world ever turned so large a brood of poets out of the nest in one season. Some crusty old fellows may perhaps exclaim with Pope, —

" All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out ! "

But they will do wrong to be surly about the matter. *They* are not obliged to read all these volumes, which contain, according to a rough computation, about eighteen hundred pages of rhyme and blank verse ; that task falls only on the hapless reviewer, and he will doubtless be alone in the performance of it. He has enjoyed some reputation for the power of rapid perusal and omnivorous digestion, and this is certainly an occasion to put his abilities to the test.

With a view not more to our own ease and comfort, than to the welfare and future renown of these callow poets, we would earnestly entreat them to pay a little more heed to the difference between quality and quantity. One cannot make himself more sure to sink in the sea of oblivion than by tying a heavy load of his own works about his neck ; all the corks and bladders he can muster, — newspaper puffs, the flattery of admiring relatives and friends, and the applause of a little

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coterie, — will never save him. His epitaph in our literary annals will be, that he put to sea with a weighty cargo of poetry, and was never heard of more. All the poems of Collins, Gray, and Goldsmith united would hardly fill a volume as large as the least of those now before us; but each of these great names has already survived one century, and not a leaf of their laurels has faded. If either of them had begun his career with the publication of a book like one of these, containing an indefinite number of songs, miscellanies, lyrics, and sonnets, his fame would not have survived his funeral. The satirist laughs at the poet

"Who strains from hard-bound brains six lines a year";

but his own glory would now shine all the brighter, if he had not heaped so many verses upon it. We maintain, that the class of poets whom he sneers at ought to receive all encouragement. There are not many such in our day; the disorder under which our contemporaries suffer is of a different character.

A knack at versification, a tolerable command of poetical diction, and a store of well-used images are now very common endowments; hardly any one can pride himself over his neighbours in the possession of them. Rhyming is as easy as punning, to one who will allow his thoughts to run more by the associations of sound than of sense. The universality of these gifts, if all persons were equally ambitious, might produce very serious consequences; our literature would be drowned by an inundation of poetry. We should all be so busy in writing verses, that nobody would have leisure to read them; or if they did, they would be very caustic critics, for it was long ago remarked, that "poetry is like brown bread, since those who make it at home never like what they meet with elsewhere." Sometime in the course of his life, under the influence of love, madness, or some other calamity, almost every one is silly enough to sin in rhyme.

"Scribimus indocti, doctique, poemata passim."

But not every one is so foolish as to publish his sins to the world. With more prudence than ambition, he first consigns them to the depths of his writing-desk, and afterwards to the flames. The world would not have suffered an irreparable

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loss, if a large portion of the poetical vagaries now before it in print had undergone the same fate.

Old John Locke — rather a prosaic and plain-spoken character, it is true — declared many years ago, that there are no mines of gold or silver in Parnassus. "It is a pleasant air, but a barren soil; and there are very few instances of those who have added to their patrimony by any thing they have reaped from thence." Fame is the only commodity that can now be gathered on the sacred mount; and we have great fears, too, that nearly the whole of this crop has been reaped and appropriated. There are so many seekers after it, that they jostle one another, and, in almost every case, come back empty-handed. Amateur poets, especially, who dabble in rhyme only for their own amusement and the profit of the booksellers, cannot hope to glean much in a field, the resources of which are so carefully husbanded. "The mob of gentlemen who write with ease" has continued to increase in number ever since the days of Pope; too indolent and independent to seek the favor of the public on which they are not obliged to depend, all their talent passes off in a languid and washy facility of versification, which can gain no applause beyond the circle of their spinster cousins and maiden aunts. The privations, the throes, and the rewards of genius are equally unknown to them.

But it is time to look more particularly at the merits of this batch of poets. At the head of the list stands Mr. Emerson, whose mystical effusions have been for some years the delight of a large and increasing circle of young people, and the despair of the critics. He is a chartered libertine, who has long exercised his prerogative of writing enigmas both in prose and verse, sometimes with meaning in them, and sometimes without, — more frequently without. Many of his fragments in verse — if *verse* it can be called, which puts at defiance all the laws of rhythm, metre, grammar, and common sense — were originally published in The Dial, *lucus a non lucendo*, a strange periodical work, which is now withdrawn from sunlight into the utter darkness that it always coveted. These fragments, with some new matter, are now first collected in a separate volume, and published, as we believe, with a sly purpose on the part of the author to quiz his own admirers. His prose essays, on their first appearance, were received with about equal admiration and amazement;

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always enigmatical and frequently absurd in doctrine and sentiment, they also contained flashes of better things. Quaint and pithy apothegms, dry and humorous satire, studied oddities of expression, which made an old thought appear almost as good as a new one, and frequent felicities of poetical and picturesque diction, were the redeeming qualities that compensated the reader for toiling through many pages filled with a mere hubbub and jumble of words. Startling and offensive opinions, drawn mostly from systems of metaphysics that were long ago exploded and forgotten, were either darkly hinted at, or baldly stated without a word of explanation or defence. Poet and mystic, humorist and heretic, the writer seemed, on the one side, to aim at a revival of Heraclitus and Plotinus, and on the other, to be an imitator of Rabelais and Sterne. A few touches of recondite learning, obviously more fantastic than profound, added to the singularity of the compound which he presented to the public. He probably accomplished his first purpose, when his essays simply made people stare, —

> "While some pronounced him wondrous wise,
> And some declared him mad."

But it is only in his prose that Mr. Emerson is a poet; this volume of professed poetry contains the most prosaic and unintelligible stuff that it has ever been our fortune to encounter. The book opens, very appropriately, with a piece called *The Sphinx*. We are no Œdipus, and cannot expound one of the riddles contained in it; but some of our readers may be more successful, and a specimen of it shall therefore be placed before them. It matters not what portion is extracted, for the poem may be read backwards quite as intelligibly as forwards, and no mortal can trace the slightest connection between the verses.

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best;
Yawns the pit of the Dragon,
Lit by rays from the Blest.
The Lethe of nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect,
Which his eyes seek in vain.

"Profounder, profounder,
Man's spirit must dive;
To his aye-rolling orbit
No goal will arrive;
The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found,—for new heavens
He spurneth theold."

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We pause here to ask if, in the Italicized lines, the epithet "aye-rolling" is not a misprint for *eye*-rolling. We never heard of an *ever-rolling* orbit, inasmuch as the orbit usually remains still, and the object, or body, rolls in it. "The eye rolling in its orbit" is a phrase intelligible enough by itself, though it has no imaginable relation here with the context. Then, again, it is not strange that "No goal will arrive"; goals do not usually arrive, but remain fixed; they are the points arrived at.

"Pride ruined the angels,
Their shame them restores;
And the joy that is sweetest
Lurks in stings of remorse.
Have I a lover
Who is noble and free? —
I would he were nobler
Than to love me.

"*Eterne alternation,*
Now follows, now flies;
And under pain, pleasure, —
Under pleasure, pain lies.
Love works at the centre,
Heart-heaving alway;
Forth speed the strong pulses
To the borders of day.

"Dull Sphinx, Jove keep thy five wits!"

Amen! We will quote no farther here, lest we should entirely lose ours. An "alternation," that "now follows, now flies," is an idea profound enough to puzzle the wits of most philosophers.

We cite one other stanza from a different page, as it shows what improvements the poem has undergone in the process of incubation.

"Uprose the merry Sphinx,
And crouched no more in stone;
She melted into purple cloud,
She silvered in the moon;
She spired into a yellow flame;
She flowered in blossoms red;
She flowed into a foaming wave;
She stood Monadnoc's head."

We have not The Dial at hand for reference; but if memory serves us aright, in the poem as first published, instead of the lines here printed in Italics, we had the following: —

"She jumped into a barberry bush,
She jumped into the moon."

This original reading seems to be preferable, as it is more simple and graphic; but the poet probably struck it out,

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lest he should appear indebted to the highly imaginative lines of Mother Goose, —

> "Hey, diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
> The cow jumped over the moon."

The Sphinx concludes her oracles with this tempting declaration: —

> "Thorough a thousand voices
> Spoke the universal dame:
> 'Who telleth one of my meanings,
> Is master of all I am.'"

We doubt whether the fulfilment of this promise will ever be claimed by any body; certainly, not by us, for we do not even know what is meant by a "universal" old lady.

As original in his choice of subjects as in his mode of treating them, Mr. Emerson has some dainty lines addressed to the humble bee. We can quote only the two concluding stanzas, which show the minuteness and delicacy of the poet's observation of nature.

"Aught unsavory or clean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap, and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,
And brier roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

"Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous."

Mr. Emerson delights to build a poem on some nearly forgotten anecdote, or myth, or recorded saying of the wise and great, either in ancient times or the Middle Ages. A sort of misty reference to this theme appears here and there in the verses, and if the reader is lucky enough to remember the anecdote, he may flatter himself that he can see a

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glimpse of meaning in them. But if unlearned or forgetful, no reference, no direct statement, no charitable foot-note, gives him the least hint of the writer's purpose; all is dark as Erebus. Sometimes, an uncouth Sanscrit, Greek, or German compound word stands as the title of a few verses, and answers the poet's object to puzzle his readers quite delightfully. The contrivance is ingenious, and shows how highly obscurity is prized, and that a book of poetry may almost attain the dignity of a child's book of riddles.

Thus, some lines headed *Alphonso of Castile* seem to be founded on the saying recorded of this king, ironically surnamed "The Wise," that if the Almighty had consulted him at the creation, he would have made a much better universe. A few lines may be quoted from this poem, as a specimen of Mr. Emerson's more familiar style. It begins in this original manner: —

> "I, Alphonso, live and learn,
> Seeing Nature go astern.
> Things deteriorate in kind;
> Lemons run to leaves and rind;
> Meagre crop of figs and limes;
> Shorter days and harder times."

After enumerating many other evils and imperfections, equally important in character, the king proceeds to give his advice to the gods in the following choice expressions: —

> "Hear you, then, celestial fellows!
> Fits not to be overzealous;
> Steads not to work on the clean jump,
> Nor wine nor brains perpetual pump.
> Men and gods are *too extense;*
> Could you slacken and condense?
> Your rank overgrowths reduce
> Till your kinds abound with juice?"

The poet probably meant to be satirical, referring to the pragmatical and conceited tone of many foolish busybodies in the affairs of this world. The purpose was well enough; we can only call attention to the neatness and elegance of the machinery contrived for this object, and to the poignancy of his wit.

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Another string of rhymes, entitled *Mithridates*, seems to be founded on the old myth respecting that monarch, that having discovered a sure antidote, he was able to subsist entirely on the most active poisons. After babbling for a time about dogwood, hemlock, "the prussic juice," and upas boughs, the poet breaks out into the following witty and coherent apostrophe: —

> "O doleful ghosts, and goblins merry!
> O all you virtues, methods, mights,
> Means, appliances, delights,
> Reputed wrongs and braggart rights,
> Smug routine, and things allowed,
> Minorities, things under cloud!
> Hither! take me, use me, fill me,
> Vein and artery, though ye kill me!
> *God! I will not be an owl,*
> But sun me in the Capitol."

We commend Mr. Emerson's intention not to be an owl, though when he utters such dismal screeches as these, one may doubt whether the transformation has not already been effected. We never before felt the whole force of Horace's exclamation, *aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.* Is the man sane who can deliberately commit to print this fantastic nonsense?

Another of these effusions is called *Hamatreya.* The word sounds like Sanscrit; we frankly confess our ignorance of its meaning, and have not time to hunt through lexicons and encyclopædias, from one of which it was probably fished up, for a solution of the enigma. The reader may discover Mr. Emerson's drift, if he can, in the following introductory lines.

> "Minott, Lee, Willard, Hosmer, Meriam, Flint
> Possessed the land which rendered to their toil
> Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool, and wood.
> Each of these landlords walked amidst his farm,
> Saying, 'T is mine, my children's, and my name's:
> How sweet the west wind sounds in my own trees!
> How graceful climb those shadows on my hill!
> I fancy these pure waters and the flags
> Know me, as does my dog: we sympathize;
> And, I affirm, my actions smack of the soil.'"

We have not room to quote the whole of this delectable

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stuff. After proceeding for a while, in a similar strain, the poet breaks out into what he calls the Earth-Song. "Hear what the earth says."

"Mine and yours;
Mine, not yours.
Earth endures;
Stars abide —
Shine down in the old sea;
Old are the shores;
But where are old men?
I who have seen much,
Such have I never seen.

"The lawyer's deed
Ran sure,
In tail,
To them, and to their heirs
Who shall succeed,
Without fail,
Forevermore.

"Here is the land,
Shaggy with wood,
With its old valley,
Mound, and flood.
But the heritors?
Fled like the flood's foam, —
The lawyer, and the laws,
And the kingdom,
Clean swept herefrom."

Those who think this Earth-Song is unparalleled are mistaken; we can produce a very similar passage in prose, which the poet possibly had in view, and endeavoured to imitate. That witty buffoon, Foote, happening to hear a person boast of the facility with which he could commit any passage to memory, undertook to write a few lines which the other would not be able to remember accurately, even after repeated perusal. The challenge was accepted, and Foote immediately produced the following, which we will match, for coherency of ideas, with any thing that Mr. Emerson has ever written.

"And she went into the garden to cut a cabbage to make an apple pie; and a she-bear, walking up the street, pops his head into the shop, — What! No soap! and he died; and she very imprudently married the barber, and at the wedding were the Hoblillies and the Joblillies, and the great Panjandrum, with the little button at top, and they all danced till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots."

We mean to be fair with the poet. Having read attentively — *horresco referens!* — the whole book, we affirm that the specimens now laid before our readers fairly represent far the larger portion of it. Here and there, a gleam of light intrudes, and we find brief but striking indications of the talent and feeling which Mr. Emerson unquestionably possesses. But the effect is almost instantly marred by some

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mystical nonsense, some silly pedantry, an intolerable hitch in rhythm or grammar, or an incredible flatness and meanness of expression. In one of the longer poems, *Monadnoc*, one may cull a few single lines, and occasionally a couplet, or a quatrain, of great poetic beauty. But these are like a few costly spices flung into a tub full of dirty and greasy water; they are polluted by the medium in which they float, and one cannot pick them out without soiling his fingers. Here is a couplet containing one of the best, and one of the worst, lines in the piece. The poet, addressing the mountain, exclaims with inimitable bathos, —

> " Ages are thy days,
> *Thou grand expresser of the present tense!* "

The greater part of the poem is made up of such senseless jingle as this: —

> " For the world was built in order,
> And the atoms march in tune;
> Rhyme the pipe, and Time the warder,
> *Cannot forget the sun, the moon.*
> Orb and atom forth they prance,
> When they hear from far the rune;
> None so backward in the troop,
> When the music and the dance
> *Reach his* place and *circumstance*,
> But knows the *sun-creating sound*,
> And, though a *pyramid*, *will bound*."

We can find no nominative to " cannot forget," there is no word to rhyme with " troop," and, in the last four lines, subject and object are mingled in inextricable confusion. Mr. Emerson is evidently one of those poets

> " Who, free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
> Break Priscian's head and Pegasus's neck."

The following pretty and graceful lines form the only tolerable entire piece in the book.

> " O fair and stately maid, whose eyes
> Were kindled in the upper skies
> At the same torch that lighted mine;
> For so I must interpret still
> Thy sweet dominion o' er my will,
> A sympathy divine.

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"Ah! let me blameless gaze upon
Features that seem at heart my own;
Nor fear those watchful sentinels,
Who charm the more their glance forbids,
Chaste-glowing, underneath their lids,
With fire that draws while it repels."

The publication of a volume of such poetry at the present day is a strange phenomenon; but a stranger, still, is the eagerness with which it is received by quite a large circle of neophytes, who look down with pitying contempt on all those who cannot share their admiration of its contents. It is stereotyped, and we hear that one or two thousand copies of it have been sold. How far the taste may be perverted by fashion, prejudice, or the influences of a *clique* or school, it is impossible to say; but there must be limits to all corruptions of it which come short of insanity. It is possible to profess admiration which one does not feel; or for the faculties to be so impaired by disease as to become insensible to their appropriate gratifications. The ear may lose its perception of the finest harmonies, the olfactory nerve may no longer be gratified by the most delicious perfumes; these would be mere defects, a loss of the sources of great enjoyment. But we cannot conceive of enjoyments being created of an opposite character. The ear cannot be trained to receive pleasure from discords, nor the sense of smell to enjoy a stench. As with the pleasures of sense, so is it with intellectual gratifications. We may never have acquired a relish for them, or we may lose it by neglect. But one cannot change the nature of things, and derive positive pleasure from that which is distasteful and odious by its original constitution. Incoherency of thought and studied obscurity of expression, an unmeaning jumble of words and a heap of vulgar and incongruous images, cannot, as such, be agreeable objects to contemplate. If praised by a sect, it must be because each one relies on the opinion of his fellows, so that there is not one independent judgment among them. If the hierophant of the sect be a shrewd humorist, it is most likely that he is mocking the weakness of his admirers.

We pass on to the second Muse on our list. After turning over the leaves of Mr. Channing's volume, one is tempted to exclaim, — Why, this is more excellent foolery than the other. His poetry is a feeble and diluted copy of Mr.

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Emerson's, — not so mystical and incoherent, but far more childish and insipid. The two publications come together very naturally, as cause and effect ; the one is a commentary on the other, the pupil following very closely his master's principles of taste and composition, and carrying them out even more boldly to their legitimate results. Their peculiarities of style are matters of choice and not of accident ; their diction is slovenly upon system, and they strive after dulness and imbecility, as for hidden treasures. They have inverted the poetical decalogue, and strive to commit literary suicide with as much eagerness as others labor for literary immortality. We do not conceive, therefore, that we are doing them any disservice by holding up their peculiarities to the world ; they are anxious to be expelled from the ranks of other poets, and court no honors but those of martyrdom.

If it were not for this consideration, we should hesitate about taking any notice of Mr. Channing's effusions. It is no pleasure to us, certainly, and will probably yield no gratification to our readers, to cover our pages with citations from such a work. Criticism is thrown away upon it, so far as the author is concerned. But example is contagious, and a school of admirers and imitators is easily formed under certain influences, which may have a great effect in corrupting the public taste, unless a vigorous protest be uttered in behalf of sound principles and common sense. Novelties are always captivating, and the old standards of poetry are in danger of being neglected and forgotten, the old landmarks in the realm of taste of being swept away, by the mere force of numbers and impudence on the part of the innovators. Something may be gained by reaction, if the full extent of the evil be exposed at one view, and the public be enabled to view the brass and clay that compose the new literary idols which they are invited to worship.

First Love is the title of one of Mr. Channing's more remarkable poems. It is a story about young Henry, who went to church, "an old, a celebrated church"; yet he went "not as a worshipper," or rather to worship only a young and fair-haired girl.

> "*Her name was Hester, lovely as the Spring.*
> To them, this reverend building was a fane,
> *Whereon* the God of love, fair Cupid laid
> Two youthful hearts, then kindled into flame."

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It was certainly heathenish to put a church to such uses, and Cupid never played a wilder trick than when he first kindled two hearts, and then laid them *on* "this reverend building" as on a gridiron. The poet now breaks out into a rapture.

> "O what is love, young Love, *what liquid fire,*
> *What undiscovered furnace* lighted up,
> *What mirror in our breasts* that thus presents
> A mistress in her bloom and glorious hour.
> To Henry no such thoughts, on Hester's form
> The gentle youth turned gently *a faint look,*
> *More worthy to be worshipped* than the Host
> Which all the congregation worshippèd."

A lively imagination certainly presents young love under a strange variety of aspects, making it appear, at one and the same moment, as "liquid fire," as an "undiscovered furnace," — which would be in itself a very remarkable object, — and as a "mirror in our breasts." That "faint look," also, must needs have been a very holy look, if it was "more worthy to be worshipped" than things divine. But young Henry, as we shall see, had some rather peculiar notions of theology. The sound of the Sabbath bell, we are told, often sent a thrill of fear through his heart,

> "Lest Hester might not be at church that day.
> Yet Hester came, and week succeeded week,
> And months fled by, and sometimes Hester came not.
> *When she was absent, Henry felt how vain,*
> *How utterly vain and hollow was the Creed*
> *Taught from the Liturgy and New Testament.*"

We fear the poor youth had been very imperfectly instructed both in logic and the Catechism. If he went to church only to see Hester, it was a very proper punishment for him that she should stay away, and in her absence that he should be delivered over to Satan. He seems to have been a feeble-minded youth, for he never told his love, and never came "nearer lovely Hester's form," than when in church, or when

> "He paced the quiet street where Hester lived."

The story is very short, for this is the whole of it, the poet probably thinking that brevity is the soul of pathos, no less than of wit. We learn, however, that

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"The ancient Church still holds the sacred form,
And hollow ghosts stalk through the gloomy aisles,
But Hester's form has fled, and Henry's fled."

They ought to have joined company with the other ghosts, and continued to stalk through the aisles for at least a century. But they have fled, and may peace go with them; for they were a rare couple.

Paulo majora canamus; let us now pass to the "Ode," the only one in the volume, and see how our poet succeeds in the lyric strain. As most of it is written in the second person, it is apparently addressed to somebody, or to something, — we know not what; for the poet does not condescend to inform us. It is evidently written in imitation of Mr. Emerson, for one stanza is quite as intelligible as another, or when standing alone as in company with its fellows. It is, therefore, quite convenient for quotation.

"*The circles of thy Thought, shine vast as stars,*
No glass shall round them,
No plummet sound them,
They hem the observer like bright steel wrought bars,
And limpid as the sun,
Or as bright waters run
From the cold fountain of the Alpine springs,
Or diamonds richly set in the King's rings."

It is often said that the stars shine *bright;* but we never heard that they shone "vast" before. This must be the effect of the poet's imagination, which is a very lively one, as it can find a similarity between "circles of thought" and "steel wrought bars."

"*The pins of custom have not pierced* through thee,
Thy shining armor
A perfect charmer;
Even *the hornets of Divinity,*
Allow thee a brief space,
And thy Thought has a place,
Upon the well-bound Library's chaste shelves,
Where man of various wisdom rarely delves."

We are a little staggered by "the hornets of Divinity," as it is not *quite* clear what the poet means. Is it an allusion to the text in Exodus, — "And I will send hornets before thee, which shall drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite, and the

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Hittite, from before thee" ? Then the person here addressed must be one of the heathen.

As Mr. Emerson has written quite a long poem on Mount Monadnoc, it was quite natural that Mr. Channing should indite another of equal length on Mount Wachusett. While on the summit, having gained what it is the fashion to call a "deeper insight into the heart of things,"— though we never could tell what this phrase means, — he improves the opportunity to discourse about politics and religion.

> "Society is leagued against the poor,
> Monopolies close up from most the door
> To fortune, Industry has come to be
> *Competitive, all, — aristocracy ;*
> Work is monotonous, a war for wealth,
> *The universe is plainly out of health.*"

The poet must have thought the universe was in a very bad way indeed, when he undertook to physic it with such lines as these. His couplet about industry reminds us of another, which we first heard in our undergraduate days, as an illustration of the straits to which college poets were sometimes reduced for a rhyme.

> "Father built a well-sweep,
> And wind blew it down ; sheep."

Mr. Channing, or as he here styles himself, *a non studendo*, "the Student," evidently thinks that the Christian religion, as well as Mr. Murray's grammar, is an arbitrary imposition of rules, which ought to be resisted by all freemen.

> "The Student said, — *If all this, truly so,*
> A stagnant element cakes deep below,
> The threadbare relic of the elder age,
> The heirloom of Judea, that sad page
> Recording the fantastic miracles
> Done in that day, which read like jugglers' spells,
> Or incantations in a tiresome play,
> Which later editors might crib away."

He thinks quite as poorly of the ordinances as the doctrines.

> "How cold to me the worn church-service is,
> *I wonder that some people do not hiss.*"

We wonder too, considering that geese are quite as able to hiss as to cackle.

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Thus far we have seen the poet occupied with reflections which might have occurred to him in the cupola of Boston State House quite as appropriately as on the top of Mount Wachusett. But he now proceeds to discourse on topics which might really have been suggested by the *genius loci*. The impressive sound of the wind rushing through a vast forest has been compared to many things; it has been said to ripple, to wash, to howl, to whistle, and to roar; Mr. Channing, determined to be original, goes to the barn-yard for an illustration, and for the first time in our lives we hear that the wind — *crows!*

> "I hear the rustling plumes of these young woods,
> *Like young cockerels crowing to the solitudes*
> While o'er the far horizon trails a mist,
> A kind of autumn smoke or blaze." —

If our readers think this is the most astounding comparison to be found in print, they are quite mistaken. To invert and apply the fine remark of Pascal, we may say that nature itself ceases to furnish objects of wonder, before Mr. Channing's imagination fails to supply fit images to illustrate them.

> — "on some faint-drawn hill-sides fires are burning,
> The far blue smoke their outlines soft in-urning,
> And now half-seen the Peterboro' hills,
> *Peep out like black-fish, nothing but their gills.*" *

Very remarkable hills those must be in the good town of Peterboro', though we are not quite sure whether they resemble the *whole* of the black-fish, or "nothing but their gills"; as these last four words stand in glorious grammatical isolation. The following passage shows that the poet is quite as happy in describing colors as shapes and sounds.

> "Out-bursts the sun, turns villages to gold,
> Blazons the cold lake, burns the near cloud's fold,
> Drops splendidly a curtain of warm tints,
> *And at an apple-green divinely hints.*"

The languishing and ecstatic admiration so happily expressed in this last line reminds us of a subject on which we have the misfortune to differ from the members of that

* It may be as well to inform our readers, that *we* are not responsible for the punctuation of these extracts. The printer's rule in such cases is to "follow the copy."

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school of which Mr. Emerson and Mr. Channing are the brightest ornaments. Hard-hearted critics as we are, we can sympathize with Cowper, in his hearty love of the sights and sounds of the external world. He could truly say,

> "Thou knowest my praise of nature most sincere,
> And that my raptures are not conjured up,
> To serve occasions of poetic pomp."

We can walk with him under his "favorite elms," and enjoy his visits to "the timorous hare,"

> "Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,"

and to "the stock-dove unalarmed," that "sits cooing in the pine-tree," and stints not "his long love-ditty" at the gentle poet's near approach. We may well exclaim,

> "Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
> Of flavor or of scent in fruit or flower,
> Or what he views of beautiful or grand
> In nature, from the broad, majestic oak,
> To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
> Prompts with remembrance of a present God."

But a later race of poets have so profaned these beauties of the outward universe by their puling raptures, their indiscriminate and idolatrous worship, and their heathenish philosophy, that we almost sicken at any allusion to them in verse. One of these modern bards, hovering between mysticism and silliness in his lackadaisical ecstasies, cannot be more aptly hit off than by Dame Quickly, in her account of the fat knight's death-bed: — "After I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields." Mr. Wordsworth has the questionable honor of leading the way to this exaggerated and fantastic manner, and of perverting the love of nature from its proper tendency to see everywhere "the unambiguous footsteps of a God" into a mere cover and pretence for some paltry dreams drawn from the old Pythagorean philosophy. He has carried the "worship" of nature to an unreasonable and ridiculous excess, and fallen into "dizzy raptures," not only over what is beautiful and grand in the outward world, but over low and disgusting objects, which no poetry can elevate above their intrinsic meanness and vulgarity. Still, he

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often adorns his vagaries with so much magnificence of diction and splendor of imagery, — widely departing, it is true, from his own theory, by the very richness of these ornaments, — that we can pardon the overstrained fancies which he renders thus gorgeous and imposing. We are content to hear *him* say,

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

But to the crowd of his servile imitators, who have all his rant, and none of his imagination, all his mysticism, and none of his genius, no such indulgence can be extended. It passeth human patience to see one of these Noodles get down on his knees before a pigweed, and remain there mute with admiration, or staring open-mouthed after a bumble-bee, and calling it "Yellow-breeched philosopher." If their disorder had not passed the use of medicine, we would counsel them to go and study Cowper's Task, and learn to be ashamed of their mystic ravings and transcendental silliness.

But we must go back and take leave of Mr. Channing, or rather allow him to take leave of us; for in some very truculent stanzas at the close of his volume, he has bravely thrown down his gauntlet in the face of the whole critical fraternity. The lines are founded on the old myth about Keats being killed by an article in the Quarterly. We wish another hero had been chosen, as the name of this one is rather unmanageable in verse, and betrays into sad perplexities those who are not familiar with the mysteries of the plural number and the possessive case. We pass over some stanzas about critics who "pluck courage from the Bravo's knife, and stick their victims in small streets by dark," and come to the following.

> "And most of all let them kill Keats alway,
> Or him that can be killed, as sure as steel,
> For many Keats's creep about our day,
> Who would not furnish Heroes half a meal.
>
> "Who writes by Fate the critics shall not kill,
> Nor all the assassins in the great review,
> Who writes by luck his blood some Hack shall spill,
> Some Ghost whom a Musquito might run through.

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"Of Keats' poetry I have small taste,
But trust some Critics still are in the field,
Whose well-puffed Pills are not composed of paste,
Whose swords of lath with wisdom they do wield.

"For me, I trust they will not spare one line,
Or else in frozen silence may abide,
Pray may they hack like butchers at all mine,
And kill me like that Keats if it betide."

Mr. Channing need not be alarmed; we are fully satisfied that he is not a Keats, and that the utmost malice of the critics cannot harm him.

Our readers may think we have given to these two volumes of "poems" more importance than they deserve; and we should think so, too, but for evidence that is at hand of the extravagant admiration which they have excited in certain quarters. On our table are Miss Fuller's recently published volumes, entitled "Papers on Literature and Art," made up of articles mostly critical in their character, which had previously appeared in the magazines and newspapers of the day. One of her essays, on "American Literature," gives a fair specimen of the taste and opinions of that school to which the fair writer belongs, and which is far from being insignificant in point of numbers. Her criticisms are very brief, but comprehensive, and uttered certainly with no lack of confidence. Of Bryant she observes, that "his range is not great nor his genius fertile"; Halleck and Willis "are poets of society"; and Dana "has written so little that he would hardly be seen in a more thickly garnished galaxy."

"Longfellow is artificial and imitative. He borrows incessantly, and mixes what he borrows, so that it does not appear to the best advantage. He is very faulty in using broken or mixed metaphors. The ethical part of his writing has a hollow, second-hand sound. He has, however, elegance, a love of the beautiful, and a fancy for what is large and manly, if not a full sympathy with it. His verse breathes at times much sweetness; and if not allowed to supersede what is better, may promote a taste for good poetry. Though imitative, he is not mechanical.

"We cannot say as much for Lowell, who, we must declare it, though to the grief of some friends, and the disgust of more, is absolutely wanting in the true spirit and tone of poesy. His interest in the moral questions of the day has supplied the want of vitality in himself; his great facility at versification has enabled

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him to fill the ear with a copious stream of pleasant sound. But his verse is stereotyped; his thought sounds no depth, and posterity will not remember him.

"*R. W. Emerson, in melody, in subtle beauty of thought and expression, takes the highest rank upon this list.* But his poems are mostly philosophical, which is not the truest kind of poetry. They want the simple force of nature and passion, and, *while they charm the ear and interest the mind*, fail to wake far-off echoes in the heart. The imagery wears a symbolical air, and serves rather as illustration, than to delight us by fresh and glowing forms of life.

"*We must here mention one whom the country has not yet learned to honor*, perhaps never may, for he wants artistic skill to give complete form to his inspiration. This is William Ellery Channing, nephew and namesake of Dr. C., a volume of whose poems,* published three or four years ago in Boston, remains unknown, except to a few friends, nor, if known, would they probably excite sympathy, as those which have been published in the periodicals have failed to do so. *Yet some of the purest tones of the lyre are his, the finest inspirations as to the feelings and passions of men, deep spiritual insight, and an entire originality in the use of his means.*" — Vol. II., pp. 132, 133.

The volume by the Rev. Charles T. Brooks is so unpretending in character as to be sure of a kind, if not a grateful, reception. It consists solely of translations, the writer being content to act as the herald of other men's thoughts, instead of foisting upon the public his own. His modesty appears not only in the general scheme of the publication, but in the preface, which is written with playful simplicity and frankness, and expresses only the diffident hope, "that this little book may prove light enough for a winter holiday, and weighty enough to last through the next summer." As most of our contemporary bards seem to consider a kind of dog-faced impudence as a necessary attendant of genius, it is pleasant to see them tacitly rebuked by the example of one of their brethren, who is too kind-hearted to inflict a direct castigation upon them. We are not sure but that Mr. Brooks has erred by excess of humility, and by too high an estimate of the merits of his rivals or predecessors. He has done sundry German bards the honor of translating their effu-

* The fair critic here alludes to the *First Series* of Channing's poems. We have been reviewing the *Second Series*, which is thought to excel its predecessor.

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sions, when we are quite satisfied that he could have written better poems of his own. His versions are usually spirited and rhythmical, and so far as we have had opportunity to compare them with the originals, they appear tolerably faithful. He does not follow, it is true, the *fac-simile* plan of translation, now so much in vogue, which only reminds one of the story told of a Chinese artist, who, being engaged to reproduce a fine and costly piece of porcelain to which some accident had happened, followed his instructions so literally as to copy with great skill and labor a crack which extended nearly the whole length of his model.

When the Russian princess, Maria Paulowna, came as a bride to Weimar, in 1804, Schiller undertook to prepare a poetical greeting for her, by writing a little lyric drama, which was represented at the Court Theatre of that Lilliputian duchy. It was a pretty allegory, called The Homage of the Arts, much resembling in form the Masques that were fashionable under the Tudors and the Stuarts. Some peasants appear in the act of transplanting an orange-tree, richly laden with fruit, and surrounded by maidens and children, who hold it steady with wreaths of flowers. They sing verses congratulating this tree : —

> " Child of softer, sunnier bowers,
> In these natal fields of ours,
> Here, henceforth, thy home shall be."

As the tree, or rather the lady, came from St. Petersburg, which is many degrees nearer the north pole than Weimar, we think there was some poetical license in speaking of those "sunnier bowers"; but for this Schiller is not responsible, as he only calls it a tree " aus der fremden Zone," *from a foreign zone*. But he does term it an *orange* tree, and as the lady had received the education of a princess, he probably considered her as a hot-house plant; Mr. Brooks, we suppose, by " softer, sunnier bowers," intended to signify a Russian conservatory. Presently, the Genius of Beauty descends, attended by seven goddesses of Art, three of whom, the poet is careful to tell us, are for the plastic arts, and four for the rhetorical and musical ones. Each of these comes forward, and addresses a short poetical compliment to the princess. Two of these speeches may be taken as a sample of Schiller's manner, and of his translator's skill.

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"GENIUS [turning toward the Princess].

"Beauty's creative Genius stands before thee,
Attended by the Arts, a sister-band.
'T is we who crown all human works with glory, —
Palace and altar own our voice and hand.
We dwelt long since with thy imperial name,
And she, the lofty one who gave thee birth,
Herself the holy sacrificial flame
Tends with pure hand on her domestic hearth.
She bade us follow thee with this our greeting, —
Our smile alone earth's proudest bliss completing.

"ARCHITECTURE [with a mural crown on her head, and a golden ship in her hand].

"Enthroned by Neva's banks, I graced thy home;
Thy world-renowned ancestor called me forth;
At his behest I built a second Rome,
The imperial seat and mistress of the North.
A paradise of stateliness, astounding,
Arose beneath my magic wand, one day;
And now life's gay and busy din is sounding
Where yesterday but gloomy fog-banks lay;
Her bristling naval armaments gigantic
Drive back old Belt to his sea-palace, frantic."

Schiller did well to compose this poetical trifle for the sake of complimenting his princely patrons, though the flattery appears *un peu lourd* for the nineteenth century, — a rather ponderous specimen of German fancy. But he probably attached little value to it, and it was unwise in him or his literary executors to include it in the edition of his works. What has procured for this Russo-Germanic orange-tree the honor of being again transplanted, and to our republican soil too, is more than we can imagine. We should as soon think of bringing over a German *Eilwagen*.

Similar remarks might be made about many of the shorter pieces in this volume, which are hardly worth cutting out of the corner of a newspaper, even if they could ever have effected a lodgment there. Why translate what is of little or no value in the original? Many of them are from Freiligrath, a German poet of our own day, who, probably because he thinks the sunny climes of Italy and Greece, and even the far Orient, have now been sufficiently berhymed, has chosen to lay the scene of his poetry in Africa, and stuffs his verses *ad nauseam* with camels and palm-trees, lions and tigers, giraffes and hippopotamuses. There is something pecu-

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liarly Teutonic in such a fancy. We shall next hear of a pudding-headed German poet in New Holland, making rhymes about ornithorhynchi and kangaroos.

Mr. Story has narrowly escaped being a poet; but it is one of those cases in which a miss is as good as a mile. He has great facility and smoothness of versification, considerable fancy, and an almost unlimited command of poetical expression. But he is quite deficient in strong feeling and a creative imagination. We find abundance of sentiment, and occasionally some tenderness; but no powerful and vivid emotion, no passion, and consequently, nothing of the rapture and energy divine which belong to the true poet. His perception of the beautiful, both in nature and art, is delicate and tasteful, but is expressed in a form somewhat too abstract and æsthetic, too elaborately cultivated and disciplined by rule, to be ever mistaken for the spontaneous and fervid admiration of the naturally gifted mind. The contents of his volume appear not so much like poems, as like studies in the art of poetry. We do not mean that they show excessive labor; quite the contrary; Mr. Story's extraordinary fluency has rather betrayed him into great carelessness. He has a torrent of words and images ready to be poured out upon any topic; but he exercises little discrimination, and seeks to produce effect more by redoubling his strokes than by aiming a single decisive blow. He is constantly striking quite near the mark, but never actually hitting it. And one quickly sees that he is not much in earnest in the affair; he is exercising himself rather for his own amusement, than with a view of kindling emotion or imparting delight to others. His verses show a fanciful exuberance of matter, but no inspiration.

An instinctive perception of the limits of his powers has led to a very fortunate choice of subjects for two of the longer pieces in the book. These are entitled Music, and The Painter's Dream; they contain descriptive catalogues in verse of the great painters and composers, with an attempt to set forth and analyze the effects produced by their respective arts. The idea is not a novel one, but it affords fine scope for a cultivated taste, and a studied appreciation of the beauties of art; and the characteristics of the several schools are brought out with some discrimination and effect in Mr. Story's luscious and redundant style. He is more successful with music than with the sister art, probably because he has more familiar acquaintance with the masterpieces of the great

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composers than with the productions of the old painters. We have room to quote only this fanciful description of a grand and intricate musical composition as performed in full orchestra.

"Hark! the whole orchèstra is in motion,
And before its tongue the once blank air
Trembleth like a moving, musical ocean,
All alive with longing and with prayer.
Now the mass of music is advancing
Like a huge white cloud across the blue, —
With its domes and spires in sunlight glancing,
Shifting as the swift winds hurry through.
Now it surgeth onward like the ocean,
Bursting in wild foam along the shore,
Hurrying on in vehement, restless motion,
Crowding back in spray and wild uproar.
Now ascending, higher still it ranges,
And the far-off music of the spheres
With angelic tones and interchanges
Pierce the labyrinths of these human ears.
From the soul swarm forth its fair creations,
Infinite seekings, vague and undefined,
Thousand outward-stretching aspirations,
Wooed like blossoms by the soft spring wind."

Mr. Story's great fault arises from his extraordinary copiousness of expression, leading to a vague and rambling diffuseness, which obscures and weakens his finest conceptions. He is by no means a lover of mysticism, but the poetry and the meaning of his verses are often effectually shrouded from view under a mere fog of words. Can any one, for instance, find rhyme or reason in the following?

"Imagination must abide content in nature's limit, — the Ideal give its heart to the Real; the highest artist owneth her actual limitation, and builds the triumph of his art in them."

But change the collocation a little, without altering one of the words, and we have this stanza.

"Content in nature's limit,
Must abide Imagination, —
The Ideal to the Real give its heart;
The highest artist owneth
Her actual limitation,
And in them builds the triumph of his art."

This may be called the typographical art of poetry.

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Mr. Story's most ambitious efforts are his least successful ones; he is daring enough, but has not sufficient strength of pinion to sustain him in a long and lofty flight. The idea of *The Island Home* requires the poem to be of "imagination all compact"; but it is so unequally executed, that a portion of it reads like the journal of an unlucky fishing excursion, and the remainder like a fanciful allegory adumbrating some passage of human life. *The Mistake* is an humbler effort, and consequently a far more pleasing one; it betrays very plainly a study of Tennyson's *Talking Oak* and *Locksley Hall;* but it is prettily versified, and some of the stanzas tingle with earnestness, as if the poem were built on reality instead of fiction. *Marian and Geraldine* is a study after specimens by the same master; it is a mere echo of the Claribels, Lilians, Madelines, and Arianas of the same fantastic poet. Mr. Story's "fatal facility" of verse easily lapses into imitation. When he imps his wings for a nobler flight, as in *Prometheus*, *The Exhumation of Napoleon*, and *Niagara*, the result is an entire failure. The lines addressed to "the thundering cataract" begin in this wise.

> "Like *hell-hounds* from their slumber waking,
> And panting madly for their prey,
> Their whitening *manes* in fury shaking,
> And howling down their rocky way,
> From Erie's sleep in rushing rapids breaking,
> Storms down Niaga*ray*."

Horses, not hounds, have manes, though considering the peculiar locality of the breed here referred to, there is no telling what infernal appendages they may have had about them. Such lines are mere sound and fury, signifying nothing; they are in Mr. Forcible Feeble's most characteristic style. What follows is little better.

> "Thy hoary locks thou shakest wildly forth,
> And scarless, in eternal youth, dost rage."

We must pass very hurriedly over the remainder of our tuneful Nine. Mr. Read is an artist, a young sculptor, whose earlier designs were of great promise, and are said to have been very skilfully transferred to the marble. We can readily believe it, for his verses show taste and feeling, with occasional gleams of fancy; and he seldom offends, even

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when he fails to please. But they are mere sketches, evidently committed to paper only in the hours of relaxation, when his hand was weary of holding the chisel. It was a hazardous undertaking to gather them from the magazines and newspapers, in which they probably first saw the light, and to send them forth to the world in this collected form as if to challenge comparison and criticism. For the most part, they are mere copies, reflections in water, of the more popular effusions of favorite contemporary poets. Mr. Read is not a conscious plagiarist; if he had thought that a single line or image on his page was not his own, he would probably have blotted it out. But remnants and shadows of songs which he had loved appear to have haunted his memory, and to have become in a short time so incorporated with his own fancies, that he could no longer distinguish them; so that when he comes to hammer out a poem on his own anvil, the result is a strange compound, which is neither his own property nor that of any body else. Thus, Miss Barrett's fine poem of *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* has given birth to Mr. Read's *Christine*, in which the sentiment, the leading idea, the metre, the plot, the characters, are all, *mutatis mutandis*, borrowed from the English exemplar. But the first few couplets show that Mr. Read sometimes mingles very pretty fancies with his illegal acquisitions. Yet we are not sure that even these fancies are his own; we have a dim recollection of having seen something very like them elsewhere. The story is "supposed to be related by a young sculptor on the hill-side, between Florence and Fesolé."

"Come, my friend, and in the silence and the shadow wrapt apart,
I will loose the golden claspings of this sacred tome, — the heart.

"By the bole of yonder cypress, under branches spread like eaves,
We will sit *where wavering sunshine weaves a romance in the leaves.*

"Here by gentle airs of story shall our dreaming minds be swayed,
And our spirits hang vibrating, like the sunshine with the shade."

Mr. Longfellow asks his lady-love to read to him,

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"Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time."

This is pretty and musical, and conveys rather a striking image; Mr. Read thus appropriates and mars it: —

"Ye mighty masters of the song sublime,
Who, phantom-like, with large unwavering eyes,
Stalk down the solemn wilderness of time."

Miss Barrett's *Vision of Poets* suggested to Mr. Read *The Bards*, supplying not only the manner and form, but many of the more striking expressions in it. As some of the stanzas are quite successfully executed, we will quote a few of them, as specimens of his best manner.

"Old Homer's song, in mighty undulations,
Comes surging, ceaseless, up the oblivious main; —
I hear the rivers from succeeding nations
Go answering down again: —

"Hear Virgil's stream in changeful currents strolling,
And Tasso's sweeping round through Palestine;
And Dante's deep and solemn river rolling
Through groves of midnight pine.

"I hear the iron Norseman's numbers ringing
Through frozen Norway, like a herald's horn;
And like a lark, hear glorious Chaucer singing
Away in England's morn: —

. . . . .

"The world-wide Shakspeare — the imperial Spenser,
Whose shafts of song o'ertop the angels' seats; —
While delicate, as from a silver censer,
Float the sweet dreams of Keats!

"Nor these alone; for, through the growing present,
Westward the starry path of Poesy lies, —
Her glorious spirit, like the evening crescent,
Comes rounding up the skies."

The sixth Muse on our list is that of Mr. James F. Colman. He writes in a modest and sensible tone, putting forward no offensive pretensions, and not aiming to startle his readers by any eccentricities of thought or expression. His poems have no conspicuous merits, and no glaring faults; and we

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are quite reluctant to confess, that their only fault is that of being oppressively wearisome and dull. The patience of Job would hardly suffice for the perusal of *The Island Bride*, which is a narrative poem, consisting of nine mortal cantos, each containing on an average about thirty Spenserian stanzas. We have no particular complaint to make of this operose undertaking; in Dogberry's phrase, "it is quite tolerable, and not to be endured." His rhymes are unexceptionable, his diction good, the versification smooth and uniform, and a bountiful array of the commonplaces of poetry appears on every page. Nearly all his stanzas are quite as good as half of those — the inferior half, it is true — in the first two cantos of Childe Harold. But it is unfortunate for Mr. Colman that he has provoked this comparison, for we sadly miss *the other half*. He has availed himself very liberally of the license granted by Horace, —

"Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum";

but has quite forgotten a subsequent remark of the same critic, though it has been so often quoted, about a certain class of poets whom neither gods, men, nor booksellers will tolerate.

It is of no sort of importance what part of the poem we quote, in order to give our readers a taste of Mr. Colman's quality; for it would be difficult to find a work of equal length so uniform in its excellence. If we had found any better stanzas than the following, we should have given them the preference for citation; and our readers may be assured that the remainder of the poem is quite as good as this sample. We take at random the opening of the first canto, from which it will appear that the writer has been studying Byron very diligently; it is much to his credit, that he has left out of his own work all traces of the noble bard's wickedness and misanthropy, and rather unlucky for him, that he has omitted most of the poetry along with it.

"O, surely never superstition took,
Fair Greece, more gentle lineaments than thine!
In every sculptured god's calm, earnest look
Trace we a spirit only not divine;
Thy sweet congenial credence did entwine
Round each cold image, loveless and alone,
Its tendrils, — as the fragrant clinging vine
With purple petals paints the pallid stone,
And to the lifeless form lends beauty not its own.

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"It lulled the yearnings of the human soul —
Which ever would itself assimilate
To the far orbs that o' er earth's changes roll,
Unquenched by the vicissitudes of fate —
On its half-human breast; and, with full freight
Of odorous flower-buds, threw its arms around
The restless heart, which ever craves to mate
Itself with immortality, and, bound
To earth by earthly ties, still struggles from the ground."

The minor poems at the end of the book are somewhat better; that is, they do not leave the reader's mind in that state of languid quiescence which creeps over one after accomplishing a heavy task. There are some vigorous lines among those "suggested at the White Mountains," and some tender images and pleasing description in *Summer Musings* and *Mater Dolorosa;* but neither of them rises so much above elegant mediocrity as to tempt us to enlarge our quotations. The *Stanzas written after the Departure of an Atlantic Steamer* are the best in the volume, though it is a misfortune that they remind one so plainly of Charles Sprague's glorious *Shakspeare Ode;* but Mr. Colman borrows nothing.

The seventh Muse has inspired a lady, and we are of opinion that we shall best manifest our deference for the sex by passing over her effusions very hurriedly. Mrs. Browne is an Englishwoman, who can probably allege the old excuse for her appearance in public, —

"Obliged by hunger, or request of friends."

She has certainly a kind heart, and is disposed to commemorate in undying verse the virtues of some of these importunate friends, who might otherwise have remained unknown to fame. How grateful they are likely to feel for the compliment may be judged from the following stanza, taken from a little poem on the death of the Dowager Lady Powerscourt.

"She who gains a heavenly crown
Earthly honors meekly wore,
Gladly laid the burden down, —
Powerscourt was the name she bore."

This is quite enough. It is but a brick from the lady's edifice, but an architectural survey of it could not convey a more faithful idea of the whole structure.

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Mr. Sargent has gained some reputation as a song-writer and dramatist, which is not likely to be either enhanced or diminished by the publication of his collected poems. Some of his shorter lyrics are dashed off with great freedom and spirit, though they would suffer by comparison with the bold and fanciful strains of Barry Cornwall, after which they are evidently modelled. Many of them have been successfully wedded to music, which is a good proof of the writer's skill in numbers. Mr. Sargent's ear is quite correct, and he has a fine flow of animated versification, which, with a manly tone of genial sentiment, and occasional delicacy and tenderness, has somewhat blinded the eyes of readers to his rather meagre fancy and lack of original thought. He probably lays no claim to the higher honors of poesy, and we are free, therefore, to give him the tribute that is really due to the simplicity and transparency of his diction, and the melody of his rhymes. He does not labor to be either imaginative or profound, and therefore never sinks into bathos or obscurity. The contents of the volume are very unequal, many of the pieces being occasional in character, and written at long intervals, — for song appears to be his amusement, and not his vocation.

We cannot say much for the dramatic fragments ; the dialogue is lively, and the conversational tone is well preserved ; but these merits cannot conceal a great lack of invention, and poverty of thought. The names and garb of the personages introduced are Italian or Greek ; but this theatrical disguise cannot conceal their Yankee origin, and their talk smacks of modern newspapers. *Adelaide's Triumph* is the most pleasing among the occasional poems ; the story is an old one, but it is prettily versified, in a vein of pure sentiment, and with some pathetic effect. *The Martyr of the Arena* is but partially successful, and *Gonello* is an utter failure. There is something in the Whistlecraft and Beppo style and stanza which is very attractive to young men about town, and to poets of society ; but to imitate them is hazardous, for without an exuberance of wit and fancy, they are flatter than stale beer.

It is a pity that Miss Farley was so ill-advised as to adopt for her volume one of those coxcombical titles which the bad taste of Mr. Willis has brought into fashion. Nothing could be more inappropriate, considering the modest character of

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its contents, and the peculiar claims that it presents for a kind reception from the public. All that was wanted to secure immediate attention was a simple announcement of the fact, that Miss Farley was the editor of the Lowell Offering, and one of the most successful contributors to it; and that, encouraged by the favorable notice which has been taken of that periodical, both in this country and in Europe, she has collected from it, and published in a separate volume, her own fugitive pieces, both in prose and verse. The book, therefore, does not properly come under our cognizance at the present time, as two thirds of its contents are in sober prose. But we wished to assist in making its publication more widely known, so that the public may be able to form some estimate of the character and attainments of the females who are employed in the mills at Lowell. It shows what use was made of her *leisure* by one who spent twelve hours a day at the loom.

The appearance of the Lowell Offering was regarded as a strange phenomenon in England; but it excited comparatively little surprise here, where the blessings of education are so widely diffused, and a higher rate of wages, with a more earnest desire for independence, induces many to devote themselves to manual labor who are well qualified for a more ambitious, but less lucrative, calling. A farmer's daughter finds that she can earn more money by employment in a cotton factory, than by teaching a country district school; and as nearly all distinctions of class are merely nominal in this country, it is not strange that she should choose the shortest road to independence. It will be her own fault, if she is not quite as much respected in the mill as in the schoolhouse. Miss Farley's book shows more talent certainly, but not a higher degree of cultivation, or a wider range of reading, than is quite common among her associates in labor. She writes with facility and correctness, showing a tolerable command of expression, and an instinctive good taste. Her poems are smoothly versified, and display considerable fancy and humor, with frequent indications of deep feeling. She is evidently most familiar with Burns and Mrs. Hemans, and two of her imitations of the former, *The Mouse's Visit*, and the *Lines addressed to the Comet* of 1843, in the manner of the *Address to the De'il*, are quite successful. Certainly, the perusal of her volume was the least disagreeable portion of our task, when we undertook to give our readers some account of nine new poets.

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ART. VII. — *The Life of William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, Major-General in the Army of the United States, during the Revolution; with Selections from his Correspondence.* By his Grandson, WILLIAM ALEXANDER DUER, LL. D. Published for the New Jersey Historical Society, by Wiley & Putnam. New York. 1847. 8vo. pp. 272.

FEW contributions to the literature of our country are more useful than those which furnish the biographies of our distinguished men. In recording the actions, and giving an insight into the character, of those who have rendered valuable services to the republic, they at the same time bestow a merited reward on the faithful public servant, and hold up a valuable example to those who would tread the same honorable career. Moreover, the private records from which they are usually compiled often bring to view much that has escaped the documentary history of the times, and serve to cast a brighter light along the track of general history with which they are connected.

While Mr. Duer, therefore, has performed an act of filial duty in presenting to the public the papers of his distinguished ancestor, he has also made a valuable contribution to the existing materials for our national history. The narrative, too, with which he has skilfully connected the correspondence, that comprises the chief part of his work, supplies agreeably the information which the reader would desire, and enables him to form a just estimate of the actions and character of one of the fathers of our independence. From the volume before us we propose to give a condensed view of the life, services, and character of Lord Stirling.

William Alexander was born in New York, in 1726. His father, James Alexander, was a native of Scotland, who having served at an early age as an engineer officer in the army of the Pretender, in the rebellion of 1715, on its suppression, took refuge in America. Through the interest of friends, he obtained employment, on his arrival, in the office of the secretary of the province, and devoted his leisure assiduously to the study of law. His mathematical acquirements soon obtained for him the appointment of surveyor-general of the provinces of New York and New Jersey. He was also ad-

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mitted to the bar in New York, and, practising in the intervals of his duties as surveyor, according to Smith, the historian of the colony, "attained great eminence for his profound legal knowledge, sagacity, and penetration." In 1720, Governor Burnet appointed him a member of his council. According to the biographer, — "It was not merely as a lawyer, a politician, or a statesman, that Mr. Alexander was distinguished, but also as a man of science. He was not only the principal author, with Dr. Colden, of the memorable report on the Indian trade, in defence of the policy of Governor Burnet, but, together with Dr. Franklin, Francis Hopkinson, and others, founded the American Philosophical Society. He maintained, moreover, a constant correspondence with Halley, the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, and other learned mathematicians in different parts of Europe, upon subjects relating to their common pursuits." James Alexander died in 1756, leaving an ample fortune to his children.

William Alexander had received the best education the country at that time afforded, and had the advantage of private instruction from his father in the exact sciences. Early in life he had engaged in commercial pursuits, and subsequently joined the commissariat of the army.

"The zeal, activity, and military spirit he displayed in the discharge of his duties, in the field as well as in the camp, attracted the notice of the commander-in-chief, General Shirley, whose staff he was eventually invited to join as aide-de-camp and private secretary. In this capacity he served during the greater part of the war, which, although not formally declared in Europe until 1756, had actually commenced on this continent some years before. It was thus that young Alexander had an early opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of military affairs, during three severe campaigns in which he served with General Shirley."

In an interval of his service with the army, the enlightened benevolence which marked his character exhibited itself in his uniting with five of his fellow-townsmen in laying the foundation, by a donation of "six hundred pounds to purchase books for the people," of the admirable institution now known as the New York Society Library. About this period he married Sarah, the eldest daughter of Philip Livingston, proprietor of Livingston manor.

General Shirley having been superseded in the military command in the Colonies, —

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"Major Alexander accompanied him to England in the autumn of 1756, to aid in the settlement of his accounts, and to indicate by his testimony the character of his commander. He was accordingly examined as a witness on his behalf at the bar of the House of Commons, in April, 1757, and his evidence contributed materially to the justification of his friend and patron. The candor and intelligence of the young American in giving his testimony received the marked approbation of the House, and contributed, with the interest of Shirley, and the letters he had brought with him from other military men of rank and family, to facilitate his introduction to some of the most eminent public characters in England; while his conciliatory manners, social accomplishments, general information, and enlightened views in regard to the mutual interests of the mother country and her colonies, recommended him strongly to their esteem and confidence. Among the friends distinguished by rank and station that he made at this period was the eloquent and ingenious Charles Townshend, the versatility of whose talents has obtained a permanent celebrity in the splendid eulogy and quaint metaphors of Edmund Burke."

James, the father of William Alexander, was known, at the time of his leaving Scotland, to be the presumptive heir to the title of the Earl of Stirling. On the death of that nobleman, in 1737, James Alexander was probably prevented from laying claim to the title by the circumstances under which he left his native country, being implicated in the rebellion of 1715.

His son, William Alexander, being free from reproach on this account, and having received from his father a considerable inheritance which he had increased by marriage, so as to render his fortune sufficient for the support of a Scotch earldom, felt bound to make good his claim to a title which he considered rightfully his own. Nor was Mr. Alexander's object in procuring himself to be judicially recognized as the heir male of the deceased Earl of Stirling limited to the attainment of the peerage alone. The estates of the last earl in Scotland had all been sequestrated for the benefit of his creditors. But there remained large tracts of country in America, which had been granted to his ancestors, and which had escaped the sequestration, as well on account of their remoteness, as their inconsiderable value at that period. The progress of time, settlement, and the consequent development of resources, had now given to these tracts no trifling present,

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and immense prospective value, which their enumeration will suffice to show.

They consisted first of Nova Scotia, next of Long Island, and lastly of St. Croix or Sagadahock, a territory comprising all the present State of Maine lying eastward of the Kennebec river. The last Earl of Stirling had conveyed his title to Long Island and St. Croix to the Duke of York, in consideration of an annuity of £ 300, which is said never to have been in any part paid. The right of the earl to make this conveyance was also questioned, by reason of his having refused to enter on the inheritance of his father, on account of the debts with which it was encumbered, chiefly in consequence of the expenses incurred by his father in colonizing his American estates; he had therefore abandoned it to sequestration. The American estates had eventually come to be administered by the crown, which now enjoyed the quitrents.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Alexander was persuaded to hope, that if he could make good, as he had just reason to believe he should, his claim to the earldom of Stirling, the inheritance of the family estates in America might follow. This inheritance he offered to divide equitably with the descendants of the female branch of his family in England, who cordially assented to his proposition, and authorized him to proceed in their behalf. Having made his claims known to his friends in England as well as in this country, "it was," says his biographer, "from the encouragement of Mr. Townshend, the Duke of Argyle, and the Earl of Bute, in addition to the persuasions of General Shirley, and of his friends Messrs. Thomas and John Penn, the proprietaries of Pennsylvania, and of Mr. Morris, their governor of that province, that Mr. Alexander was induced to lay claim to the vacant earldom of Stirling."

Having obtained the highest legal opinions in favor of his claim, among others that of Mr. Wedderburne, afterwards Lord Chancellor and Baron Loughborough, he repaired to Edinburgh in the summer of 1757, and remained there a year, occupied, with the aid of eminent counsel, in collecting the testimony necessary to substantiate his title to the peerage, and in instituting the proper legal proceedings to establish it. These matters not having been accomplished without the law's usual delay, Mr. Alexander returned to

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London to await the result, where it was at length communicated to him by his legal adviser in Edinburgh, in March, 1759, in a letter which thus concluded: — "We had a most creditable jury of the best gentlemen in town, who, with one voice, have found you nearest male-heir to the last deceased Earl of Stirling."

It had appeared in evidence before the jury, that Mr. Alexander was lineally descended from an uncle of the first Earl of Stirling, whose direct male line had failed on the death of his great-grandson in 1737. Under the Scottish laws, a patent of nobility, not confined to heirs male in the direct line, went to the nearest collateral branch. This was not the case in England; but as the claim was to a Scottish peerage, which carried no right, except by election, to a seat in the House of Lords, Mr. Alexander's counsel were of opinion, that his title to the peerage resulted from his having established his claim to be considered the nearest heir male.

Subsequently to the finding of the jury in his favor, Mr. Alexander was addressed by his title of Earl of Stirling, which he continued ever after to use and to receive in his correspondence with the ministers of the crown and other officers of state. His able legal adviser in Scotland was of opinion that, having gone through all the forms which the Scottish laws required to put him in possession of his title, he should now assume it and rest satisfied, until objections should be made at an election of Scottish peers to represent the body in the Imperial Parliament. This opinion coincided with his own. But the Duke of Newcastle, then prime minister, and others of his friends in England, urged him to petition the House of Lords to acknowledge his claim to the peerage, as the most respectful course towards that body, and most likely therefore to conciliate its favor. This he accordingly did.

Whilst the matter was still pending, with several other contested peerages, before that body, the death of his mother in New York made it necessary for him to return home. He accordingly sailed from Portsmouth in the Alcide man-of-war, on the 28th of July. This ship had to convoy a fleet of merchant-vessels for the West Indies, as well as for North America. The circuitous voyage which this involved, as well as the dull sailing of some of the vessels, and their

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general dilatoriness and disobedience of signals, so prolonged the passage, that the Alcide did not arrive at New York until the 21st of October, after a passage of eighty-five days. Soon after his arrival, he wrote to Lord Bute, congratulating him on the recent fall of Martinico, and expressing the opinion, that the force which had accomplished this conquest might advantageously be employed in the reduction of Havana, whose great importance in the hands of England he strongly enforced, especially as a means of subsequently conquering Louisiana. He suggested, moreover, that "if the troops already in the West Indies were insufficient, they might be reinforced by eight or nine good battalions from New York." Havana was, indeed, soon after taken, the expedition having sailed from England soon after Stirling's letter reached Lord Bute. It reinforced itself with the troops which had reduced Martinico, and was further aided in the siege, at a moment when failure seemed inevitable, by the timely arrival of a strong reinforcement from New York.

Stirling had intended returning in the following winter to England, to aid the favorable issue of his petition to the House of Lords. But his passage to New York had been so unexpectedly prolonged as to render this course incompatible with the necessary attention to his domestic affairs. His petition, which could only be entertained after several antecedent ones of a similar nature were disposed of, probably languished for the want of his personal attendance. He wrote to Lord Bute, explaining the circumstances which rendered his immediate return to England impossible, and asking the favor of his "protection and interest, so far as to obtain that justice which every one in like circumstances has enjoyed."

"I only ask," he added, "what the express terms of the patent give to me; what has constantly been the practice of succession in Scotland for a century or two before the union; what has not been altered by that treaty, but is confirmed by it; and this, my Lord, under your protection, I can make no doubt of obtaining; and therefore should be glad to have the proceedings in my case in Scotland brought before their lordships as soon as possible, that they may be satisfied that I hold my title agreeably to the practice of that country, in the most authentic manner."

A change of ministry soon after followed, bringing in the Tories, and dispossessing the Whigs, who were personally

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and politically Stirling's friends. The fall of Bute was especially unfortunate. Prime-minister at the time, a Scotchman himself, and according to popular reproach the favorer of his countrymen, his great influence with the king, whose tutor he had been, and by whom he was greatly beloved, could not but have enabled him to give effect to his friendship to Stirling, by procuring a favorable issue to his claim. With the change of ministry that followed, it was doomed to languish and die. The last that was heard of it was its being postponed for consideration to a succeeding session of Parliament. Another claimant of the peerage subsequently arose, in the person of Alexander Humphreys, who claimed as descended from a daughter of the last earl, and produced a patent, extending the entail to heirs female. But on the production of this document, he was indicted for forgery, and the patent, with other papers on which he relied to prove his title, was found to be spurious; and in a subsequent suit, so late as 1833, after the heirs male of Lord Stirling had failed, it was judicially decided that Humphreys was not the lawful heir to the earldom.

Turning his attention to what was attainable, and of more immediate interest, Stirling now devoted himself with renewed zeal to the concerns of his native country. He became surveyor-general of New Jersey, which office had been held by his father, and busied himself in collecting materials for a new map of North America, having detected many inaccuracies in the maps already published. He announced to Lord Bute his intention to make a journey of exploration around all the great lakes, in furtherance of this project, and also to measure a degree of latitude on the Hudson, for which he was then making preparation. An evidence of his scientific pursuits at this period is preserved in the library of the New York Historical Society, in a manuscript account of an observation made by him of the transit of Venus, for the purpose of verifying the longitude of New York. He was at this time one of the governors of King's, now Columbia, College, in his native city, which was languishing for want of means to render it as useful as its friends desired. The governors determined to send an agent to England, to solicit aid from the benevolent patrons of education in that country. Dr. James Jay, a brother of John Jay, was selected for that purpose, and bore from Stirling urgent letters to Lord

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Romney, Lord Bute, and other influential friends, in furtherance of his mission.*

On the return of Stirling to America, he had resumed his residence in New York. Soon after, he commenced building at Baskenridge in New Jersey, on an extensive estate which he possessed there, his father having been one of the proprietaries of East Jersey. On the completion of his house, he made it his summer residence, and eventually his permanent abode. Soon after his removal to New Jersey, he was chosen a member of the governor's council, and continued to hold the office without interruption until the period of the Revolution. In the political duties thus devolved upon him, in those of his station of surveyor-general, and in others which he appears to have assumed with the higher object of adding to what was then known of the geography of the country, for which purpose he had the aid of detachments from the king's troops in New York, his time was usefully employed; and any leisure that remained must have been occupied by the exertions required of him as a large landed proprietor, solicitous at once to raise the value of his estates and to promote the prosperity of his tenants, by the exercise of an extensive hospitality, and by the correspondence which he continued to maintain at home and abroad. A letter which he wrote at this period to Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdown, possesses no little interest from the account that it gives of his occupations, and his enlightened views respecting the measures to be pursued for promoting the welfare of the Colonies, both for their own sake, and as the best means of advancing the prosperity of the mother country.

"New York, August 6, 1763.

"My dear Lord, — Nothing could have given me greater satisfaction, than hearing of your Lordship's appointment to preside

* Columbia College, thus fostered in its infancy by Stirling, has since become one of the most flourishing and efficient institutions, as far as its course of instruction extends, in this or in any country. For many years, and until the shattered state of his health occasioned his retirement, it was presided over with the greatest ability and entire success by the grandson of its early benefactor, to whom we are indebted for this volume. The discipline of Columbia College, which, from the independent character of our youth, is ever the chief difficulty in our institutions of learning, was perfect under the presidency of Mr. Duer, whose dignified yet courteous bearing, and happy union of suavity and force, always restrained even the approach of insubordination.

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at the board which must have so great a share in the government of a country in which it is my lot to reside. Your Lordship's early inquiries, and strong desire of acquiring knowledge of this new world, must now be of great use to your country; for on a proper management of the colonies on this continent much of Great Britain's future greatness depends. The wants of its increasing population must at all events greatly increase the manufactures of the mother country. The suppression of such branches of trade as interfere with the importation of them from Great Britain, and the encouragement of such a cultivation of these colonies as will supply her with raw materials, for which she is now obliged to pay millions to foreign nations, is a work that must render the value of this continent to Great Britain inestimable. These things have, no doubt, occurred to your Lordship, as well as the proper mode of carrying them into execution. But if you can indulge me, I will, from time to time, send you such hints as occur to me, of measures suitable to this part of the continent; you may perhaps find something among them that has escaped your notice.

"The making of pig and bar iron, and the cultivation of hemp, are two articles that want encouragement greatly. We are capable of supplying Great Britain with both to a great extent; but the first requiring a large stock to begin with, people of moderate fortunes cannot engage in it; and those of large ones are yet very few, and their attention is generally given to the pursuit of other objects. Some few, indeed, in this province and in New Jersey, have lately erected excellent works, the success of which, I hope, will encourage others to follow their example. As to hemp, our farmers have got into a beaten track of raising grain and grazing cattle, and there is no persuading them out of it, unless by examples and premiums; and these it would be well for government to try. A few thousand pounds expended in that way might have a good effect.

"The making of wine, also, is worth the attention of government. Without its aid, the cultivation of the vine will be very slow; for of all the variety of vines in Europe, we do not yet know which will suit this climate; and until that is ascertained by experiment, our people will not plant vineyards. Few of us are able, and a much less number willing, to make the experiment. I have lately imported about twenty different sorts, and have planted two vineyards, one in this province, and one in New Jersey; but I find the experiment tedious, expensive, and uncertain; for after eight or ten years' cultivation, I shall perhaps be obliged to reject nine tenths of them as unfit for the climate, and then begin new vineyards from the remainder. But however tedious, I am

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determined to go through with it. Yet I could wish to be assisted in it. I would then try it to a greater extent, and would the sooner be able to bring the cultivation of the grape into general use.

"It is in these vineyards, my Lord, and in clearing a large body of rich swamp-lands in New Jersey, and fitting it for the cultivation of hemp, in settling a good farm in the wilderness, and bringing to it some of the productions and improvements of Europe, that are my present employments. They have taken place of the pleasures of London, and I sometimes persuade myself that this is the happier life of the two. Yet there are some hours I could wish to have repeated; those in which I was honored with your Lordship's conversation I shall ever recollect with the greatest pleasure."

The attempt to suppress those branches of trade which would check importation from the mother country was one of the grievances complained of at the Revolution. But this formed a part of the settled policy of England, and would not have been for a long time resisted, but for the more unreasonable pretensions which she afterwards attempted to enforce. In addition to his efforts to add to the productions of his country by the cultivation of the vine and of hemp, he soon after induced others to join him in establishing extensive iron-works in New Jersey, to which enterprise he devoted much of his time and attention.

The even tenor of his life, whilst engaged in these tranquil occupations, equally beneficial to the land of his birth, and to that other country which he, in common with his fellow-colonists, was accustomed to consider and speak of as "home," were ere long interrupted by the mad attempt of the Tory administration to tax the American Colonies without their consent. This pretension was in violation at once of their charters and of their intrinsic rights as British subjects, and when once before suggested, it had been rejected by Sir Robert Walpole, for reasons the wisdom of which has long since been confirmed by history.

"I will leave the taxation of America for some of my successors, who may have more courage than I have, and be less a friend to commerce than I am. It has been a maxim with me, during my administration, to encourage the trade of the American Colonies in the utmost latitude; nay, it has been necessary to pass over some irregularities in their trade with Europe; for by encouraging them to an extensive growing foreign commerce,

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if they gain £500,000, I am convinced that £250,000 of their gain will be in his Majesty's exchequer, by the labor and product of this kingdom; as immense quantities of every kind of our manufactures go thither; and, as they increase in their foreign American trade, more of our produce will be wanted. This is taxing them more agreeably to their own constitution and to ours."

One of his successors was found to possess the courage in which Walpole had declared himself deficient, and in March, 1765, Mr. Grenville, assisted by Charles Townshend, who had now changed his party and opinions, carried through Parliament the Stamp Act, for levying duties on certain documents used in the Colonies. History has recorded how this pretension was received in America. Stirling was among the most active of its opposers. He encouraged resistance to its execution by promoting the agreement to dispense with the stamped paper without prejudice to the validity of contracts in which the act required it to be used. He also exerted his influence to procure the removal of the parliamentary agent of New Jersey, who had not opposed the enactment of the obnoxious law, and in causing the eminent solicitor, who had acted for himself in London, to be appointed in his place. A letter from this gentleman, announcing the subsequent repeal of the odious act, expresses the views of Stirling as well as his own. "I entirely agree with your Lordship that we should be content with your commerce, which, indeed, is all that is valuable in the Colonies; and if this commerce will bring every farthing of your money to Britain, I agree with your Lordship that we can have no more."

It became apparent that arms alone were to vindicate the just rights of the Colonies. A Whig, not merely from education and early associations, but from the convictions of his mature judgment, Stirling had opposed the Stamp act, and used his influence to procure its repeal; he had opposed with equal determination the expedients by which, under another form, it was attempted to attain the same unlawful end of taxing the Colonies without their consent. When coercion was at length attempted in Massachusetts, and was followed by the resistance of its people and the shedding of their blood, Stirling was among the first in the other provinces to take up arms in defence of what he knew to be the

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common cause of all the Colonies. The military experience which he had gained on the Canadian frontier twenty years before, under Shirley, together with his local influence and personal popularity, and above all, his ardor in the cause of American liberty, led to his being unanimously chosen by the people of Morris county to command a regiment of militia, which he had been instrumental in raising in the summer of 1775; and the legislature of the province confirmed the choice, and commissioned him accordingly.

He displayed his characteristic energy and activity in recruiting and organizing his regiment, supplying arms at his own expense to such of his men as were unable to arm themselves. Whilst engaged in this duty, he was ordered to organize two regiments of regular troops, which Congress had directed to be raised in New Jersey for the general service. He visited in rapid succession the various parts of the province to procure recruits, collect arms and ammunition, and prepare barracks. In a few days, he succeeded in completing the regiment intended for his own command, the head-quarters of which were established at Elizabethtown. Immediately afterwards he commenced preparations to defend any vessels that might take refuge in the neighbouring waters of New Jersey from molestation by the British cruisers in the harbour of New York; and he asked authority from Congress to take for the public use from any merchant vessels that might arrive whatever ammunition they might have on board, on the payment of its value. This suggestion was adopted. Having reason to believe that the king's governor in New Jersey, William Franklin, son of Dr. Franklin, was likely to undertake something in favor of the royal cause, he caused him to be placed under guard. Having subsequently issued a proclamation in the king's name for assembling the provincial legislature, Franklin was removed to Connecticut by order of Congress, and guarded there as a prisoner.

Early in January, 1776, Stirling received a letter from General Washington, then commanding the army by which Boston was invested, advising him that the British were fitting out an expedition, which the general believed to be destined against Long Island, and possibly against New York itself. He stated that he had detached General Lee to take command in New York, and prepare for its defence, and to

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overawe Long Island, where many of the inhabitants were disaffected; and he directed Stirling to reinforce Lee with troops from New Jersey.

Whilst he was executing these orders, intelligence reached him that a transport for the ministerial army at Boston was hovering off Sandy Hook in distress, waiting for assistance from the king's ships in New York. Supposing her to be laden with arms and ammunition, he immediately started for Amboy, seized a pilot-boat which lay there, and manned her with volunteers to attempt the capture of the transport. He was joined by three boats from Elizabethtown, under Colonel Dayton. They found the ship nearly twenty miles seaward from Sandy Hook, and immediately boarded, captured, and brought her into Elizabethtown. She proved to be laden with coal and provisions. Though Stirling felt a natural regret that the ship was not laden with arms and ammunition, as he had conjectured, yet the capture was a serious annoyance to the enemy. Provisions were already becoming scarce in Boston, and fuel was in such requisition to meet the rigors of a severe winter, that many of the houses were demolished for fire-wood. The promptness with which this little naval enterprise was conceived, and the spirit with which it was conducted, at once established his character for zeal, activity, and gallantry, and gained for him and his followers one of the earliest votes of thanks from Congress. At the same time, he zealously exerted himself to check the attempts, that were made by the disaffected and avaricious, to ship provisions and wood from New Jersey for the aid of the troops in Boston.

On the 4th of February, 1776, he received orders from General Lee to march with his regiment to New York. He set out the following day, and crossing the Hudson with difficulty through the running ice, reached New York on the 6th. There he found no commissary of provisions, and was obliged to supply his regiment with rations by such ways and means as he could devise. On the 1st of March, Stirling was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and his commission was forwarded to him in a highly complimentary letter from the President of Congress. General Lee being soon after detached to take the command in the Southern Colonies, Stirling remained for a season in the chief command at New York. He immediately directed his efforts to cutting

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off the communication between Staten Island, off which the king's ships lay, and Long Island, by stationing parties along the shores of the bay, to watch the movements of the enemy, check their depredations, and destroy their boats, as opportunity offered. He also made great exertions to prepare quarters in New York for the American army, under Washington, who proposed to march thither as soon as the royal forces should leave Boston, which it was evident they could not long continue to hold.

The forces under Stirling, including the New Jersey and Connecticut troops, and volunteers from the city, amounted to two thousand men. It being apprehended, that the fleet and army from Boston would proceed at once to New York, to occupy that place permanently, and endeavour to divide the Colonies by opening a communication through Hudson's river and the Lakes with Canada, every effort was made to strengthen the defences of the place. Stirling called for additional troops from New Jersey and Connecticut, and fortified the most commanding points on Long Island and at New York, being aided by the inhabitants in throwing up the works. In addition to other motives to exertion, he was stimulated by the assurance of Washington, "that the fate of this campaign, and of course the fate of America, depends upon you, and the army under your command, should the enemy attempt your quarter." Though Washington reinforced him after General Howe had embarked a portion of his forces with an apparent intention to depart from Boston, still, lest his preparation might be only a feint, Washington could not withdraw his troops until the British fleet and army departed, on the 17th of March. Then he broke up his camp, and proceeded with his army by detachments to New York.

During a short time, Stirling was superseded in the chief command at New York by Brigadier-General Thompson. He employed the interval in superintending the construction of additional works on the Jersey shore of the Hudson. General Thompson being soon after ordered to the Canada frontier, the chief command again devolved on Stirling, who continued to urge forward the completion of the defences. To the principal work on New York island he gave the name of Fort Washington; to that opposite it, on the Jersey shore, the name of Fort Lee, in compliment to

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the officer who had planned the fortifications. Smaller works were constructed at Horen's Hook and Throg's Neck, to defend the approach by Hell Gate, while the approach to the city by land was guarded by a redoubt at McGowan's pass, near Haerlem. Intrenchments were also thrown up on Long Island, and forts erected or repaired at Red Hook and the Narrows, and on the small islands in the harbour.

General Washington reached New York with the remainder of his army, on the 14th of April, and assumed the chief command. General Howe, instead of proceeding at once, as was expected, to New York, had retired to Halifax, to await reinforcements from England. He arrived in New York towards the close of June, and landed on Staten Island on the 4th of July, the day on which Congress had solemnly proclaimed the independence of the United States. Being joined by his brother, Lord Howe, in command of a formidable fleet, the two were empowered as commissioners to treat of peace. They accordingly made overtures for this purpose; but as their powers extended to little beyond granting pardons to those who, as General Washington remarked, "had committed no fault, and therefore wanted no pardon," their overtures were ineffectual.

On the 22d of August, the British landed with nearly their whole force, under cover of their fleet, at Gravesend, on Long Island. General Putnam had the chief command on the island, and he remained within the line of fortifications which Stirling had erected. Under his orders, Generals Sullivan and Stirling were appointed to command without the lines. Only a portion of the American army had been ferried over to Long Island, probably to prevent the sacrifice of the whole; and General Washington did not assume the command in person. The object, therefore, was not a general and decisive battle, but a temporary check and annoyance; even this was considered perilous.

The centre of the British army, consisting of Hessians under General de Heister, occupied Flatbush. Earl Percy and Lord Cornwallis were on the right, and General Grant on the left. On the night of the 25th, General Clinton drew off the van of the British army to the eastward, and in the morning seized some heights which commanded the road from Jamaica to Brooklyn. General Grant, at the same time, advanced along the shore of the bay, at the head of the left

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wing, with ten pieces of cannon. Stirling was directed by Putnam to oppose this advance with the two regiments nearest at hand. Early in the morning, he came in sight of the enemy, before whom our advanced parties were retiring. These he rallied, and skirmishing immediately commenced, the contending parties having come within one hundred and fifty yards of each other. The fire was kept up briskly for two hours, when the British light troops retired, though the cannonade continued on both sides.

Meantime, it became apparent from the firing that the British had turned the left wing of our force, and gained its rear, and that the centre also had given way, and was in full retreat. Stirling perceived that immediate retreat could alone save his own detachment from being made prisoners. Ordering the main body of his force to make the best of their way through Gowan's creek, he gallantly, and with great self-devotion, placed himself at the head of four hundred of Smallwood's Maryland regiment, and attacked a corps under Lord Cornwallis, advantageously posted at a house at the mills, near which his detachment was to pass the creek. The attack was kept up with the greatest intrepidity, the small party having been checked five times, and rallied again, under his encouragement, with fresh ardor. They were on the point of driving Cornwallis from his station, when the approach of a British reinforcement compelled Stirling to draw off, in the hope of providing for the safety of the brave men who were still with him, those for whom they were sacrificing themselves having already effected their retreat. But fresh bodies of the enemy encountered him in every direction, keeping up a galling fire from several quarters. He succeeded in turning a hill-side, which covered him from the fire of the British, and was making a rapid retreat, when, meeting a fresh body of the enemy, he was compelled to surrender to the Hessian general, De Heister. He was soon taken on board of Lord Howe's ship, the Eagle.

Had not the enemy been allowed to turn the left of our army, from neglect of a precaution which had been specially enjoined by Washington, and had all parts of the line been defended with equal obstinacy with that intrusted to Stirling, the check to the British army would have been more effectual. Its advance would have been purchased by greater sacrifice, and Stirling would have been able to make good

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his retreat. Washington bore strong testimony to the bravery and resolution with which he had defended his position, and took the earliest occasion to effect his exchange; and Congress, in acknowledgment of his services, promoted him to the rank of major-general.

Soon after the evacuation of New York, he returned to his duty in the army, and took part in the retreat through New Jersey, and in the operations on the Delaware, where he again signalized himself by the successful defence of Coryell's Ferry, which the British attempted to seize. When the army, elated by its successful efforts at Trenton and Princeton, but worn out by fatigue and privation, settled down for necessary repose, very late in the season, in winter-quarters at Morristown, Stirling's vigilance recommended him to Washington as a suitable person to command the lines immediately opposite to the enemy. This led to his being frequently engaged in skirmishes with detached parties of the British. On the opening of the campaign in 1777, Stirling encountered a strong party under Cornwallis, and, after sustaining the attack of the British with great gallantry, was compelled by their superior numbers to retire from the open country, with the loss of three field-pieces. But after reaching a more advantageous position, he made so obstinate a stand as to arrest the further progress of Cornwallis. Other similar checks led Sir William Howe to abandon the attempt to reach Philadelphia by land.

Stirling was then detached with his division up the Hudson, to reinforce the army intended to operate against Burgoyne. He had reached the Highlands, when intelligence of the British army having embarked, with the probable intention of passing round by sea to Philadelphia, led to his recall to reinforce the main army under Washington. Discouraged by the difficulties of ascending the Delaware, Sir William Howe entered the Chesapeake, and, ascending to the mouth of Elk river, moved his army up in the transports as far as it continued navigable, and disembarked his troops to the number of eighteen thousand men. The effective force of Washington did not exceed eleven thousand, a considerable part being militia, in whom he had little confidence. This force he assembled on the Brandywine, to oppose the approach of the British to Philadelphia, and he determined to hazard a battle for the protection of our seat of government.

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On the morning of the 11th of September, the British army got in motion to attempt crossing the river, and skirmishing commenced. Cornwallis had been detached from the left of the British up the bank of the Brandywine, and had crossed it at the Forks, without opposition. Washington immediately detached Generals Sullivan, Stirling, and Stephen to oppose this column under Cornwallis, with whom was Sir William Howe, in person. Stirling's and Stephen's divisions formed on favorable ground, having both flanks covered with wood, and the artillery judiciously posted. Sullivan's troops, having made a longer circuit, had not had time to form, when the British commenced their attack with great impetuosity. The American column made a spirited resistance; but the right wing being in some disorder, was obliged to give way. Sullivan succeeded in rallying his command, but being briskly charged, it again gave way, and, the flank of the column being thus exposed, the remainder of the line began to waver. Sullivan, left behind by his flying troops, joined those who continued to resist, and throwing himself, with Stirling and Lafayette, personally into the conflict, made a stand until our forces were completely broken, and the enemy were within twenty yards of them; then, taking refuge in the woods, they succeeded in rejoining their routed followers. Lafayette was wounded, but Sullivan and Stirling escaped unhurt.

Washington soon after pressed forward, with Greene, to the succor of this column; but finding it broken, he succeeded in covering its retreat, and checking the advance of the British. The remainder of Howe's army having crossed the Brandywine, Washington retreated to Chester, and on the following day to Philadelphia. He again offered battle to the British army, and the action had commenced, when a heavy rain coming on, it was suspended. Washington then continued his retreat to Skippack, and the British took possession of Philadelphia, from which, notwithstanding their superior force, Washington had kept them out an entire month since their landing at Elk river.

Howe having extended the cantonments of the British army, Washington thought the moment favorable for attacking the portion of it which lay in Germantown. Stirling was to command the reserve, consisting of the brigades of Nash and Maxwell. At seven in the evening, the various

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corps began their march, and falling upon the British advanced parties by surprise, routed them with little difficulty. The plan was well concerted; but an unusually thick fog prevented the Americans from distinguishing friend from foe, occasioned them to lose their way in some instances, and threw every thing into confusion. A very determined and successful resistance was also made by a party of British troops which occupied Chew's house, a stone building of such strength as to resist a cannonade. The attack failed, therefore, in its main object. The reserve under Lord Stirling appears to have been actively engaged, General Nash, who formed part of it, having been among the slain.

Soon after, Washington called a council of his generals, to consider the question of an attack on Philadelphia. Eleven of them were opposed to the attack, and four in favor of it. Stirling, in behalf of this minority, prepared an able plan for attacking Philadelphia at daylight. But the experiment was deemed too hazardous, considering the weakness of our own, and the strength of the British army, and our troops soon after went into winter-quarters at Valley Forge.

Just before this period, the American arms had gained a great triumph on the banks of the Hudson by the capitulation of the entire army of Burgoyne to the forces under General Gates. The successful commander, who, besides being favored by fortune and the errors of the enemy, had conducted himself with ability, immediately became an object of admiration to the whole country. Many were in favor of placing the whole army under his command, instead of leaving it under the more cautious guidance of Washington, who, though he had shown that he could act with great decision and vigor when there was a fair prospect of success, was yet unwilling to hazard the liberties of his country by exposing an ill-provided and imperfectly disciplined army in frequent combats with superior numbers. This opinion had its favorers even in Congress. But the army, estimating Washington at his full worth, with two or three exceptions, was decidedly in his favor. General Conway, an Irishman, educated in France, had come with other foreigners to America to seek advancement in our army. He had been made a brigadier-general, but not having won any distinction in this rank, and having excited Washing-

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ton's distrust, he became his secret enemy, and exerted himself to disparage his proceedings. With him originated the secret scheme to substitute Gates for Washington, known as the "Conway cabal," which was brought to the knowledge of Washington through the instrumentality of Stirling. Colonel James Wilkinson, aide-de-camp of Gates, being on his way with despatches to Congress, then sitting at York in Pennsylvania, stopped at Stirling's head-quarters at Reading, and having dined with him, repeated to Major McWilliams, an aid of Stirling, the following passage from a letter of Conway to Gates: — "Heaven has determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it." Major McWilliams considered it his duty to disclose this communication to Stirling, who in turn felt bound by public duty as well as by private friendship to make it known to Washington. He immediately did so, with the remark, "Such wicked duplicity I shall always consider it my duty to detect."

This led to a correspondence between Washington, Gates, and Conway, and subsequently between Stirling and Wilkinson. Rumors respecting it got abroad, and public sentiment was so aroused against the conspirators, that they were compelled to abandon their ambitious projects. A part of the rancor of these disappointed men was naturally enough directed against Stirling. An attempt was made to disparage him for an imputed violation of the laws of hospitality, by imparting to Washington the scheme which had been divulged at table in a moment of conviviality. Those whose conspiracy could not bear the light, who were themselves plotting treason and circulating calumny, evinced a wonderful respect for the laws of honor and hospitality. But Stirling only communicated intelligence reported to him as a matter of duty by his subordinate officer. It would have been treason alike against friendship and patriotism to have withheld a knowledge of this plot from its intended victim. The course which he pursued was identical with that of Patrick Henry, then governor of Virginia, when the same cabal attempted to poison his mind against the commander-in-chief. He at once informed him of what was plotting for his injury, remarking, "While you face the armed enemies of your country, and by the favor of God have been kept unhurt, I trust your country will never harbour in her bosom the miscreant who would ruin her best supporter."

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The army remained at Valley Forge until Sir Henry Clinton evacuated Philadelphia, on the 18th of June, 1778, when Washington immediately started in pursuit, with the intention of hanging on the British rear, harassing its march, and, if a favorable opportunity occurred, of bringing it to battle. On the 28th, the British occupied the high grounds about Monmouth court-house, Sir Henry Clinton having sent forward his baggage under Knyphausen, leaving the flower of his army wholly unencumbered to bring up the rear. At eight in the morning, the British rear having descended into the plains, Lee, who led the advance of the Americans, commenced cannonading them, and pushed forward a force on both their flanks. The whole of the enemy immediately marched back to resist this attack. Part of Lee's troops fell into confusion, and he ordered a retreat, intending, as he afterwards alleged, to rally them in a more defensible position. Washington, who was ignorant of what had occurred, ordered up the rear of the army to support the advance, and rode forward, when he was met by the troops in full retreat. He ordered Lee to rally his corps and make a stand, which he partially accomplished, but was again forced from the ground. At this moment, Stirling, who commanded the left wing, brought forward a detachment of artillery, which played with such effect on the British, who had now crossed the morass, as to check their advance. They then attempted to turn the left flank, but were repulsed by Stirling's infantry. Wayne had now come up with the right wing, and equally checked their advance on his side, compelling the British to retire to the position they had occupied on the arrival of Washington. Washington now ordered the artillery forward to cannonade the enemy, and detached a corps of infantry to gain their flanks; but before any further impression could be made, night put an end to the battle. At midnight, the British decamped so silently that their retreat was not perceived, and thus got beyond the reach of further pursuit. Lee subsequently requested a court-martial upon his conduct, and measures were immediately taken for his trial. Stirling was made president of the court, and Lee was found guilty of all the charges preferred against him, and suspended from command for a year.

In October, Stirling was ordered to Elizabethtown, to command the troops in New Jersey employed in watching

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the British fleet and the army in New York. On the opening of the campaign of 1779, he was ordered to take post at Pompton with the Virginia division, and cover the country towards the Hudson. Major Henry Lee, who, with his light horse, formed part of the command, was stationed in advance to watch the motions of the enemy. Having learned that their advanced party at Paulus Hook was remiss in keeping guard, Major Lee formed a project of surprising it. His suggestion being approved by Washington, Stirling furnished him with the necessary force, and took part in person with a strong detachment to cover his retreat. The enterprise was carried through with great spirit, and was entirely successful, the British post being surprised, and one hundred and fifty men taken prisoners. For the part which Stirling took in this affair, he received the thanks of Washington and of Congress.

The main body of the army having gone into winter-quarters at Morristown, Washington detached Stirling with two thousand men to attempt carrying the British posts on Staten Island. The troops moved rapidly forward on sleds, and having crossed the inlet on the ice, Stirling detached Colonel Willet to attack a British regiment at Decker's, whilst he proceeded with the remainder to the watering-place, where the main body of the enemy lay. Notwithstanding the precautions that had been taken, and the great despatch with which the assailants had moved, the spies of the enemy had gained intelligence, and the British troops were all within their works, prepared for resistance. The projected surprise having thus failed, the works being too strong to be carried by assault, and the communication, moreover, with New York being unexpectedly found open, by which the British could be reinforced, the attack was necessarily abandoned. Some skirmishing took place in the retreat, a charge on the rear from the enemy's cavalry was repulsed, and a few prisoners were brought off by the Americans.

The campaign of 1780 was not fruitful of any important events in the northern part of the United States, where Stirling was employed. Projects were entertained for the recovery of New York, with the assistance of the French, who had now engaged actively in our behalf; but on account of the delay in waiting for our allies, the plans for this purpose were not carried into effect. In 1781, Stirling was or-

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dered to Albany, to take the chief command of the Northern army collecting there, to resist another invasion from Canada under St. Leger. He had under his orders Brigadier-Generals Stark, Van Rensselaer, Gansevoort, and Enos, with a small body of regular troops, and militia from New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire. He collected the main body of his army at Saratoga, and made the most judicious arrangements to maintain the favorable omen of a battle-field already consecrated by victory.

Soon after his arrangements were completed, he had the satisfaction of announcing to his troops the complete triumph of our arms at Yorktown. This decisive event, with the approach of winter, doubtless put an end to the projected expedition of St. Leger. Stirling soon after dismissed the militia to their homes, and transferred his head-quarters to Albany. A scheme was formed for a winter's expedition, moving the troops in sleds over the snow, to reduce St. John's, Chamblee, and Montreal; but it was deemed advisable to remain on the defensive in this quarter, and the project was not prosecuted.

Stirling now resumed the command in New Jersey, and in January, 1782, he repaired to Philadelphia, which was within his military command, and established his head-quarters there for the winter. In the spring of the following year, he was appointed, with the adjutant-general of the army and another officer, on a commission to settle the rank of the subalterns of the Connecticut line; and he proceeded for that purpose to Fishkill, where those troops were encamped. This service being accomplished, he was again ordered to command the Northern department, and established his head-quarters at Albany. There were rumors again of a contemplated expedition from Canada, to join an army of the enemy from New York, and effect the long meditated junction by the Hudson river and the Lakes; but no real movement was made towards this object, and Stirling had only to remain on the watch, and use every effort to keep himself well informed of the intentions of the enemy.

Whilst thus engaged in the service of his country, his useful and honorable career was suddenly brought to a close. "The fatigue of body and mind to which he had been subjected during his command on an important and exposed frontier, superadded to the hard service and constant exposure

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he had undergone from the commencement of the war, brought on a violent attack of the gout, which soon proved fatal. He died at Albany, on the 15th of January, 1783, in the fifty-seventh year of his age," within a week of the day on which the independence of his country was solemnly recognized by treaty.

"He was buried in the vault of his wife's ancestors, within the walls of the ancient Dutch church in that city; and when that venerable edifice was demolished, his bones were removed to the cemetery belonging to the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which he was a member. His funeral was solemnized with the military observances appropriate to his rank, and the religious rites of his communion; and the ceremonies of the occasion are still remembered by the elder inhabitants of that city, as a spectacle of extraordinary interest and solemnity. He left a widow and two daughters; Mary, the elder, married to Robert Watts; Catharine, the younger, to Colonel William Duer.

"The death of Lord Stirling was lamented by his brother officers, and the troops he had commanded, [embracing every brigade in the American army, except those of South Carolina and Georgia,] as well as by his personal friends. He was regretted, indeed, by all, both in military and civil life, who knew him either in his public capacity or private relations; by many also, who, without knowing him personally, were aware of the loss the public cause had sustained in being deprived of the influence of his character and the benefit of his services."

From what we have thus gleaned from the work before us, it is apparent that Stirling was among the foremost of those to whom we are indebted for the priceless blessings and the daily increasing national greatness that we enjoy. When these States were colonies, we have seen him with patriotic foresight endeavouring to foster their growth by enlightened suggestions to their rulers in the mother country; by advice to his neighbours, and by example, extending the number of objects of agricultural cultivation, and exploring and developing our mineral wealth; with enlightened benevolence aiding to found a library for the diffusion of knowledge among the inhabitants of his native city, and fostering in its infancy an institution of learning, which has sent forth so many youth fitted for a career of usefulness and honor.

An ardent lover of his country and of her liberties, we find him strenuously opposing the earliest attempts to assail

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them. The Stamp Act, and the act to lay duties at our seaports without our consent, found in him an equally inflexible opponent. When humble and loyal prayers to a stubborn king and an equally obstinate Parliament failed in obtaining redress, he encouraged the combinations that rendered these attempts at taxation nugatory. And when, at length, an attempt was made to crush all opposition by a large and well-disciplined army, he was among the first to take up arms, and never relinquished them until he died, on the eve of his country's emancipation. In the naval expedition against the king's transport off Sandy Hook, he first displayed his zeal and enterprise; in the battle of Long Island, where he sacrificed himself with a small portion of his troops to secure the safety of the remainder, at Middlebrook, at the Brandywine, at Germantown, and at Monmouth, he met in arms the invaders of his country, and in most of these bloody fields found occasion to signalize the obstinate courage and constancy which were his distinguishing characteristics. From August, 1775, when he first took up arms in New Jersey, until his decease, in January, 1783, he was unremittingly engaged in active service. In the midst of all the discouragements that attended his country's struggle for liberty, from her weak and inefficient confederation, depending for the fulfilment of its pledges on thirteen distinct sovereignties, from her ruined finances, depreciated currency, her starving and half-naked soldiery, rendered mutinous by the penury, and sometimes by the neglect, of Congress, he never despaired of the republic. And so he persevered until death, to the ruin of his private fortune, and with equal disregard of that rank in the mother country, and of the large territorial claims attached to it, which a contrary course would have established; — an honorable example of a man counting nothing of value in comparison with the sacred maintenance of his principles, and sinking every selfish consideration in the one strong and controlling feeling of an ardent patriotism.

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ART. VIII. — *The New Timon, a Romance of London.* First American from the Third London Edition. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1846. 12mo. pp. 208.

FLETCHER of Saltoun's apothegm would hardly answer for our latitude; song has no super-legislative force among us. The walls of one of our great political parties were thought to have risen from their ruins a few years ago, like those of Thebes, to the sound of singing; but this Amphionic masonwork was found not to resist our changeful climate. Our national melodies are of African descent. If our brains be stolen, it will never be through our ears; the Sirens had sung in vain to a Nantucket Ulysses. We remember a nomadic minstrel, a dweller in tents, who picked up a scanty subsistence by singing "Proud Dacre sailed the sea," and "The Hunters *of* Kentucky," on election days, and at Commencements and musters. But he was merely the satellite to a dwarf, and the want of the aspirate betrayed a Transatlantic origin. Moreover, only slender-witted persons were betrayed into the extravagance of the initiatory ninepence, the shrewder citizens contenting themselves with what gratuitous music leaked through the rents in the canvas.

Mr. Barlow, we believe, had a beatific vision of the nine immigrant Muses, somewhere on the top of the Alleghany mountains. A judicious selection of place; — for only in some such inaccessible spot would they be safe from the constable. Without question, a ship's captain importing nine ladies with so scanty a wardrobe would be compelled to give bonds. With us the bard has no chartered sacredness; cotton and the stocks refuse to budge at his vaticinations. The newspapers are our Westminster Abbey, in whose Poets' Corner the fugitive remains of our verse-makers slumber inviolate, — a sacred privacy, uninvaded save by the factory-girl or the seamstress. The price-current is our Paradise of Daintie Devyces; and that necromancer, who might fill his pockets by contracting to bring back Captain Kidd to tell us where he buried treasure, would starve, were he to promise merely

> "To call up him who left half told
> The story of Cambuscan bold."

It is not that we are an antipoetical people. Our sur-

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veyors might fix that stigma upon us, by whose means Graylock becomes Saddle-mountain on the maps, and Tahconic is converted from his paganism, and undergoes baptism as Mount Everett. All the world over, the poet is not what he was in ruder times. If he ever unite, as formerly, the bardic and sacerdotal offices, that conjunction forebodes nothing graver than the publication of a new hymn-book. The sanctity of the character is gone; the garret is no safer than the first-floor. Every dun and tipstaff sets at naught the precedent of the great Emathian conqueror. Poetry once concerned itself with the very staple of existence. Now it is a thing apart. The only time we were ever conscious that the Muse did still sometimes cast a halo round every-day life was when we heard the "Village Blacksmith" congratulating himself, that Longfellow had had his smithy "drawed as nateral as a picter."

Many respectable persons are greatly exercised in spirit at the slow growth of what they are pleased to call a national literature. They conjecture of the forms of our art from the shape of our continent, reversing the Platonic method. They deduce a literary from a geographical originality; a new country, therefore new thoughts. A *reductio ad absurdum* would carry this principle to the extent of conforming an author's mind to the house he lived in. These enthusiasts wonder, that our mountains have not yet brought forth a poet, forgetting that a mouse was the result of the only authentic mountainous parturition on record. Others, more hopeful, believe the continent to be at least seven months gone with a portentous minstrel, who, according to the most definite augury we have seen, shall "string" our woods, mountains, lakes, and rivers, and then "wring" from them (no milder term, or less suggestive of the laundry, will serve) notes of "autochthonic significance." We have heard of one author, who thinks it quite needless to be at the pains of a jury of matrons on the subject, as he makes no doubt that the child of Destiny is already born, and that he has discovered in himself the genuine *Terræ Filius*.

Never was there so much debate of a national literature as during the period immediately succeeding our Revolution, and never did the Titan of native song make such efforts to get himself born as then. Hopkinson, Freneau, Paine, and Barlow were the result of that travail. It was not the

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fault of the country ; it was even newer then than now, and its shape (if that was to be effectual in the matter) was identical. Nor was zeal or pains wanting. It is believed that the "Conquest of Canaan" and the "Vision of Columbus" were read by authentic men and women. The same patriotism which refused the tea swallowed the poetry. The same hardy spirit, the same patient endurance, which brought the Pilgrims to Plymouth rock, was not yet gone out of the stock. A nation which had just gone through a seven years' war could undergo a great deal.

But we must come sooner or later to the conclusion, that literature knows no climatic distinctions of that external kind which are presupposed in this clamor for a national literature. The climate in which the mind of an author habitually dwells — whether it be that of Greece, Asia, Italy, Germany, or England — moulds the thought and the expression. But that which makes poetry poetry, and not prose, is the same everywhere. The curse of Babel fell not upon the Muse. Climate gives inexorable laws to architecture, and all importations from abroad are contraband of nature, sure to be satirized by whatever is native to the soil. There is but one sky of song, and the growth of the tropics will bear the open air of the pole. For man is the archetype of poetry. Its measure and proportion, as Vitruvius reports of the Doric pillar, are borrowed of him. Natural scenery has little hand in it, national peculiarities none at all. Not Simoïs or Scamander, but Helen, Priam, Andromache, give divinity to the tale of Troy. Dante's Italicism is his lame foot. Shakspeare would fare ill, were we to put him upon proof of his Englishry. So homogeneous is the structure of the mind, that Sir William Jones conceived Odin and Fo to be identical.

There is no fear but we shall have a national literature soon enough. Meanwhile, we may be sure that all attempts at the forcible manufacture of such a product (especially out of physical elements) will be as fruitless as the *opus magnum* of the alchemists. The cunning of man can only adroitly combine the materials lying ready to his hand. It has never yet compassed the creation of any seed, be it never so small. As a nation, we are yet too full of hurry and bustle. The perfectly balanced tree can grow only in the wind-bound shelter of the valley. Our national eagerness for immediate re-

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sults infests our literature. We wish to taste the fruit of our culture, and as yet plant not that slower growth which ripens for posterity. The mental characteristic of the pioneer has become engrained in us, outliving the necessity which begot it. Everywhere the blackened stumps of the clearing jut out like rocks amid the yellow waves of our harvest. We have not learned to wait; our chief aim is to produce, and we are more careful of quantity than quality. We cannot bring ourselves to pinch off a part of the green fruit, that the ripe may be more perfect. To be left behind is the opprobrium; we desire an immediate effect. Hence, a large part of that mental energy, which would else find its natural bent in literary labor, turns to the lecture-room or the caucus, or mounts that ready-made rostrum of demagogues, the stump. If any man think he has an errand for the general ear, he runs at full speed with it, and delivers such fragments as he has breath left to utter. If we adopt a Coptic emblem, and paste it on the front of our pine-granite propylæa, it must have wings, implying speed. That symbol of wiser meaning, with finger upon lip, is not for us. We break our eggs, rather than await the antiquated process of incubation. We pull up what we have planted, to see if it have taken root. We fell the primeval forest, and thrust into the ground a row of bean-poles for shade. We cannot spare the time to sleep upon any thing; we must be through by daylight. Our boys debate the tariff and the war. Scarce yet beyond the lacteal age, they leave hoop, and ball, and taw, to discuss the tea and coffee tax.

We find talking cheaper than writing, and both easier than thinking. We talk everlastingly; our magazines are nothing but talk, and that of a flaccid and Polonian fibre. The Spartans banished the unfortunate man who boasted that he could talk all day. With us he had been sure of Congress or the Cabinet. No petty African king is fonder of palaver than the sovereign people. Our national bird is of no kin to the falcon of the Persian poet, whose taciturnity made him of more esteem than the nightingale. We are always in haste; we build a railroad from the cradle to the grave. Our children cannot spare time to learn spelling; they must take the short cut of phonography. In architecture, we cannot abide the slow teaching of the fitness of things; we parody the sacred growth of ages with our inch-board fragilities,

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"Their rafters sprouting on the shady side,"

and every village boasts its *papier-machè* cathedral. Our railroad-cars are our best effort in this kind yet, — the emblems of hurry. The magnetic telegraph is of our invention, a message upon which, travelling westward, outstrips Time himself. The national trait is aptly symbolized by a gentleman we know of, who has erected his own funeral monument (what a titbit for honest old Weever!) and inscribed upon it an epitaph of his own composing, leaving vacant only the date of his demise. This is to be beforehand with Death himself. We remember only the *occasio celeris* and not the *ars longa* of the adage. Hence a thousand sciolists for one scholar, a hundred improvisators for one poet. Every thing with us ripens so rapidly, that nothing of ours seems very old but our boys.

A sandy diffuseness of style among our speakers and writers is the result of this hurry. We try to grasp a substantial handful here and there, and it runs through our fingers. How our legislators contrive to sit out each other's speeches we could never conceive. Who reads those interminable debates is a question of harder solution than what song the Sirens sang. In our callower years, we sit down beside them, like the clown at the river's edge. But we soon learn the *labitur et labetur*. Providence, which has made nothing that is not food for something else, has doubtless so constituted some systems as that they can devour and digest these. The constituency of Buncombe, if it find time to read all that is addressed to it, must be endowed with an unmatched longevity. It must be a community of oldest inhabitants. Yet, with all this tendency to prosing, we love concentration, epigrammatic brevity, antithesis. Hence the potency of phrases among us; a nimble phrase in a trice trips up our judgment; "masterly inactivity," "conquering a peace," "our country right or wrong," and the like. Talleyrand's plan for settling the Restoration on a firm basis would have done for us: — "C'est bien, c'est très bien, et tout ce qu'il faut maintenant, ce sont les feux d'artifice *et un bon mot pour le peuple*."

Under such circumstances, we need hardly expect a sudden crop of epics. We must have something that we can bolt. And we need not trouble ourselves about the form or the growth of our literature. The law of demand and supply

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is as inexorable here as in every thing else. The forcing system, we may be sure, is out of place. Art cannot make heartwood under glass. Above all, let not our young authors be seduced into the belief, that there can be any nationality in the great leading ideas of art. The mind has one shape in the Esquimaux and the Anglo-Saxon, and that shape it will strive to impress on its creations. If we evaporate all that is watery, and the mere work of absorption, in the mythologies and early histories of the different races of men, we shall find one invariable residuum at bottom. The legendary age of Greece may find a parallel in our own recent history, and "Old Put," the wolf-killer, at whose door all the unfathered *derring-does* of the time are laid, is no mean Yankee translation of Theseus. Doubtless, a freer and more untrammelled spirit will be the general characteristic of our literature, and it is to be hoped that it will get its form and pressure before our social life begins (as it inevitably must) to fence itself from the approaches of license behind a stricter and more rigid conventionality. Where external distinctions are wanting, men intrench themselves the more deeply in forms. When this reaction makes itself felt in our literature, let us hope to find the works of our authors as conscientious in finish, as they should be bold in design and outline. As for expecting that our mountains and lakes and forests should inoculate our literature with their idiosyncrasies, we may as reasonably look to find the mental results of our corduroy roads there, a speculation which might confirm itself by certain metres we have lately been favored with by our poets. The "surface of the country," of which we used to read so much in our geographies, never made and never marred a poet. There are mountains as good as Chimborazo and Popocatapetl in the poet's mind. Were Skiddaw and Ben Lomond the lay-figures from which Bunyan painted his Delectable Mountains? Or was the dead marsh-level of parts of the Excursion an infection from those hills among which Wordsworth has spent his life? Shakspeare had done better than travel in Egypt when he said, —

> "Ye pyramids, built up with newer might,
> To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
> *Ye are but dressings of a former sight.*"

Hitherto our literature has been chiefly imitative and artificial; we have found no better names for our authors than the

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American Scott, the American Mrs. Hemans, the American Wordsworth. There is nothing to fear from too great license as yet. At present, every English author can see a distorted reflection of himself here, — a something like the eidolons of the Homeric Hades, not ghosts precisely, but unsubstantial counterparts. He finds himself come round again, the Atlantic Ocean taking the function of the Platonic year. Our authors are the best critics of their brethren (or parents) on the other side of the water, catching as they do only what is exaggerated in them. We are in need of a literary declaration of independence; our literature should no longer be colonial.

Let us not be understood as chiming in with that foolish cry of the day, that authors should not profit by example and precedent, — a cry which generally originates with some hardy imitator, the "stop thief!" with which he would fain distract attention from himself. It is the tower-stamp of an original mind, that it gives an awakening impulse to other original minds. Memory was the mother of the Muses. Montaigne says, "In my country, when they would decipher a man that has no sense, they say such a one has no memory." But to imitate the works of another is not to profit by them. It is making them our dungeon. It is better to smell of the lamp than of the library. Yet the most original writers have begun in some sort as imitators, and necessarily so. They must first learn to speak by watching the lips and practising the tones of others. This once acquired, the native force within masters and moulds the instrument. Shakspeare's early poems have the trick and accent of Spenser. Milton's Comus was written with a quill from the Swan of Avon's wing, dipped in Jonson's ink. But even the imitations of an original mind give no small oracle of originality. The copyist mimics mannerisms only. Like Crashaw's minstrel,

> "From this to that, from that to this, he flies."

The original mind is always consistent with itself. Michel Angelo, cramped by the peculiar shape of a piece of marble which another sculptor had roughed out for a conception of his own, conquered something characteristic out of that very restraint, and the finished statue proclaimed its author. The poet, like the sculptor, works in one material, and there, in the

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formless quarry of the language, lie the divine shapes of gods and heroes awaiting the master's evocation.

The republication of a poem which has made a sensation in England is not without its importance to us. We read of an ancient nation who, every New Year, made clean hearths, and then rekindled them with fire sent round by their king for that end. A rite not unlike this in form, though widely different in meaning, is still maintained by many of our authors. So soon as a new light makes its appearance in England, every native rushlight is ceremoniously extinguished, and the smoking wick set once more ablaze by the stolen touch of that more prosperous foreign flame. From the avatar of this Christmas we cannot remotely conjecture in what shape an author shall choose to appear at the next. But the book, which we have made the text of our somewhat erratic discourse, is not only worthy of notice, inasmuch as it may serve as a model, but still more from its own intrinsic merits, and because it is a strong protest against the form and spirit of the poetry now in vogue. It once more unburies the hatchet of the ancient feud between what are called the "natural" and "artificial" schools.

The dispute in this case, as in most others, has concerned itself chiefly about words. An exact definition of the terms used by the contending parties would have been the best flag of truce. Grant the claims of the disciples of Pope, and you blot out at once the writings of the greatest poets that ever lived. Grant those of the opposite party, and you deny to Pope any merit whatever. The cardinal point of the whole quarrel lies in the meaning attached to the single word *poet*. The most potent champion of *Popery* in our day gave by his practice the direct lie to his assumed theory. The Age of Bronze, the only poem which he wrote professedly upon this model, is unreadable from sheer dulness. His prose letters in the Bowles controversy were far more in Pope's vein and spirit.

The author of the New Timon avows himself a follower of Pope. We shall by-and-by have occasion to try him by his own standard. In the mean time, we shall barely remark, that his allusions to Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Keats are presumptuous and in bad taste. The fact that he misspells the name of one of these poets argues either a very petty affectation, or a shameful unfamiliarity with what he pretends to criticize.

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The truth is, that Pope's merit lies in the concinnity and transparency of his style. It is this, rather than the sentiment, which charms. Thousands of readers find no want of orthodoxy in the Essay on Man, who would recoil in horror from the rough draught of Bolingbroke, on which it was based. Fancy, purity of diction, conciseness, unfailing wit, all these are Pope's, and they have given him immortality. But these are not essentially the attributes of a poet. In imagination, the crowning faculty of the poet, nay, the one quality which emphatically distinguishes him as such, Pope is wanting. A single example of the pure exercise of this faculty is not to be found in his works.

A profusion of ignorance and bad temper have been lavished on this topic. Had the controversy been understandingly carried on, there would have been no occasion for ill-feeling. One chief blunder has been the defining of authors as belonging to a certain school because they happened to be addicted to the use of a measure consisting of a certain number of feet, yet not the less variable on that account. Dryden, Pope, and Goldsmith are commonly named together, — authors as dissimilar as Chaucer and Racine. Crabbe, Campbell, and Rogers have all three used the same measure, yet are wholly unlike each other and unlike their three predecessors above named. Byron, who also used the "English Heroic" (as it is commonly called) in the Corsair and some other poems, presents still another totally distinct variety.

What, then, is the secret of that predilection in the minds of many to that kind of writing which is rather vaguely defined to be "of the Pope school"? Many, no doubt, adhere to it on the ground of its age and respectability, — a prejudice which Pope himself has admirably satirized. Others commend it on the score of its being easily comprehensible. Others again are charmed with what they esteem the grace, precision, and finish of its metre.

It is unquestionably the prime merit of style, that it conveys the author's ideas exactly and clearly. But after all, the ideas to be conveyed are of more importance than the vehicle, and it is one thing to see distinctly what they are, and another to comprehend them. Undoubtedly the first requisite is that they be worth comprehending. Once establish the principle, that easiness of comprehension is the chief

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merit in literature, and the lowest order of minds will legislate for the exercise of that faculty which should give law to the highest. Every new book would come to us with the ambiguous compliment, that it was adapted to the meanest capacity. We have never been able to appreciate with any tolerable distinctness the grounds of that complacent superiority implied in the confession of not being able to understand an author, though we have frequently seen airs assumed on the strength of that acknowledged incapacity. One has a vision of the lame, halt, and blind dropping compassionate fourpences into the hats of their unmutilated fellow-citizens. Apelles judged rightly in pronouncing Alexander's horse a better critic than his master. The equine was more liberal than the imperial appreciation.

The merit of Pope is wholly of the intellect. There is nothing in him of that finer instinct which characterizes all those who, by universal consent, have been allowed as great poets, and have received the laurel from posterity. His instinct is rather that of a man of taste than of genius. In reading Shakspeare, we do not concern ourselves as to the particular shape which his thoughts assume. That is wholly a secondary affair. We should as soon think of criticizing the peculiar form of a tree or a fern. Though we may not be able to codify the law which governs them, we cannot escape a feeling of the harmony and fitness resulting from an obedience to that law. There is a necessity for their being of that precise mould, and no other, which peremptorily overrules all cavil. With Pope, on the contrary, the form is what first demands notice. It is here that the poet has put forth his power and displayed his skill. He makes verses by a voluntary exercise of the intellect, rather than from the overflow of the creative power. We feel that he had his choice between several forms of expression, and was not necessarily constrained to the one he has selected. His verses please us, as any display of mental skill and vigor never fails to do. The pleasure he gives us is precisely similar to that we derive from reading the Spectator, and is in both cases the result of identical causes. His apothegms are wholly of the intellect, and that, too, of the intellect applied to the analysis of artificial life. He does not, according to Bacon's definition of poetry, "conform the shows of things to the desires of the soul." Yet he dwells in the

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shows of things rather than in the substances, and conforms them, sometimes despotically, to the necessities of his satire. He jeers and flouts the artificial life which he sees. He mocks at it, as Lucian derided Zeus, — an atheist to the gods of the day, with no settled belief in any higher gods. He does not confute the artificial by comparison with any abiding real. He impales all contemporary littlenesses upon the sharp needles of his wit, and in his poems, as in an entomological cabinet, we see preserved all the ugly insects of his day. He does not tacitly rebuke meanness by looking over it to the image of a perennial magnanimity. He does not say sternly, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" but mischievously affixes a stinging epigram to horns, hoof, and tail, and sends Beelzebub away ridiculous. His inkstand was his arsenal, but it was not his to use it in Luther's hearty catapultic fashion.

We do not so much commend the New Timon, then, as being a return to purer models, but as a protest against the excesses into which the prevailing school had degenerated. Latterly, poetry seems to have deserted the strong and palpable motions of the common heart, and to have devoted itself to the ecstatic exploration of solitary nerves, — the less tangible, the better. The broad view attainable from those two peaks of Parnassus, which Sir John Denham sensibly defined to be "Nature and Skill," seems to be wellnigh neglected. Our young poets, instead of that healthy glow of cheek earned only by conversation with the robust air of the summit, and the labor incident to the rugged ascent, seem to value themselves upon their paleness, and to think him the better man who has spent most time in peering dizzily down the dark rifts and chasms round the base of the mountain, or in gazing into the potential millstones of its solid rock. The frailer the tissue of the feeling, the greater the merit in tracing it to its extremes, — a spiderlike accomplishment at best. Their philosophy (if we call that so which they esteem as such, and which is certainly nothing else) stands in grave need of Philotas's leaden soles. One might almost expect to see them blown out of existence by the incautious puffs of their own publisher or clique. The farther the poet can put himself out of the common, the more admirable is he. The reflections of Perillus in his bull, of Regulus in his hogshead, or of Clarence in his malmsey-butt, would furnish

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an ample stock in trade to any young poet. Or a nearer approach to nature and the interests of every-day life might be found in the situation of Terence McHugh, buried alive at the bottom of a well, and so finding it to be the residence of at least one unquestionable verity.

Mystery, too, has become a great staple with our poets. Every thing must be accounted for by something more unaccountable. Grandgousier's simple and pious theory to explain the goodliness of Friar John's nose would hardly pass muster now. The "mystery of our being" has become a favorite object of contemplation. Egoism has been erected into a system of theology. Self has been deified like the Egyptian onion, —

"Nascuntur in hortis
Numina."

Poets used to look before and after. Now, their eyes are turned wholly inward, and ordinarily with as useful result as was attained by the Brahmin who spent five years in the beatific inspection of his own navel. Instead of poems, we have lectures on the morbid anatomy of self. Nature herself must subscribe their platform of doctrine, and that not "for substance, scope, and aim," but without qualification. If they turn their eyes outward for a moment, they behold in the landscape only a smaller image of themselves. The mountain becomes a granite Mr. Smith, and the ocean (leaving out the salt) a watery Mr. Brown, — in other words a Mr. Brown with the milky particles of his composition deducted. A new *systema mundi* is constructed, with the individual idosyncrasy of the poet for its base. And, to prolong the delight of swallowing all this sublime mystification, enraptured simplicity prays fervently, with the old epicure, for the neck of a crane. Fortunately, that of a goose will suffice.

Nor has our mother tongue been safe from the experimental incursions of these philosophers. They have plunged so deeply into the well of English undefiled as to bring up the mud from the bottom. This they call "Saxon," and infuse portions of it into their productions, deepening the turbid obscurity. Strange virtues have been discovered in compound words, and the greater the incongruity of the mixture, the more potent the conjuration. Phrases, simple or unmeaning enough in themselves, acquire force and become

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mystical by repetition, like the three *Iods* of the Cabalists, or the Κόγξ Ὄμπαξ of the Eleusinian mysteries. Straightforwardness has become a prose virtue. The poet wanders about his subject, looks for it where he knows it is not, and avoids looking where he knows it is, like a child playing at hide-and-seek, who, to lengthen the pleasure of the hunt, peeps cautiously into keyholes and every other impossible place, leaving to the last the table, under which lurks, with ostrich-like obviousness, the object of his search. It had been fortunate for Columbus, could he have recruited his crews with such minstrels, whose only mutiny would have been at the finding of the expected continent. We have seen the translation of a Hindoo deed which affords an exact parallel to such poetry. It begins with a general history of India, diverges into a system of theology, exhausts all the grantor's knowledge of natural history and astronomy, relates a few fables on different subjects, throws in a confused mass of compound words (one of them containing one hundred and fifty-two syllables), and finally reveals the object of this ponderous legal machine in a postscript of six lines conveying an acre or two of land.

The New Timon, if not the exact reverse of all this, is at least a resolute attempt in the opposite direction. We do not believe it possible to revive the style of Pope. It was a true mirror of its own age, but it would imperfectly reflect ours. Its very truth then would make it false now. The *petere fontes* points to other springs than these. Much less do we believe in confining literature to the strait channel of any one period. That is surely a very jejune kind of conservatism, which, with the Athenian Ephorus, would cut every new string added to the lyre. The critics have too often assumed the office of Ephorus in our commonwealth of letters, and have unfortunately become impressed with the notion, that this chordisection is the chief part of their official duty. As Selden said that equity was measured by the length of my Lord Chancellor's foot for the time being, so has judgment in these cases been too often meted, if not by the length, at least by the susceptibility, of my Lord Ephorus's ear. If every Phrynio had been thus dealt with, the lyre would never have lost that pristine simplicity and compactness, and that facility at making itself understood, which characterized it when it was a plain tortoise-shell, ere

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idle Hermes had embarrassed and perplexed it with a single string.

The author is a professed disciple of Pope, but he is wanting in the vivid common-sense, the crystal terseness, and the epigrammatic point of his original. Moreover, he is something of a "snob." His foundling Lucy must turn out to be an earl's daughter; his Hindoo Timon must be a nabob. It is clear that he reverences those very artificial distinctions which he professes to scorn. So much contempt could not be lavished on what was insignificant. Himself the child of a highly artificial state of society, there seems to be something unfilial and against nature in his assaults upon it. His New Timon is made a Timon by the very things which he affects to despise. Pope was quite superior to so subaltern a feeling.

The plot of the story is not much to our taste. Morvale, the hero, is the son of a half-Hindoo father and an English mother. The mother, left a widow,

> "Loathed the dark pledge the abhorred nuptials bore;
> Yet young, her face more genial wedlock won,
> And one bright daughter made more loathed the son.
> Widowed anew, for London's native air
> And two tall footmen sighed the jointured fair;
> Wealth hers, why longer from its use exiled?
> She fled the land and the abandoned child." — p. 21.

In the mean while, a rich friend of Morvale's father opportunely dies, leaving his immense wealth to the son. This self-devotion on the part of the very rich is happily universal in the Utopia of the novel and the melodrama. We are thus introduced to Mr. Morvale.

> "They sought and found the unsuspecting heir
> Couched in the shade that neared the tiger's lair,
> His gun beside, the jungle round him, — wild,
> Lawless, and fierce as Hagar's wandering child: —
> To this fresh nature the sleek life deceased
> Left the bright plunder of the ravaged East.
> Much wealth brings want, — that hunger of the heart
> Which comes when Nature man deserts for Art:
> His northern blood, his English name, create
> Strife in the soul till then resigned to fate;
> The social world, with blander falsehood graced,
> Smiles on his hopes and lures him from the waste.

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Alas! the taint that sunburnt brow bespeaks
Divides the Half-Caste from the world he seeks;
In him proud Europe sees the Paria's birth,
And haughty Juno spurns his barren hearth.
Half heathen and half savage, — all estranged
Amidst his kind, the Ishmael roved unchanged." — pp. 22, 23.

We do not profess to be in Juno's confidence, but, unless she is greatly belied, she is not in the habit of examining closely the complexion of a millionnaire. Wealth produces a marvellous change in Morvale, at least. He now travels, converses much with books and men, drinks life at once to the dregs (the favorite beverage of heroes), and becomes one of those profoundly learned men of the world, more familiar to the patrons of circulating libraries than to any other class in society. These singular beings are the antitheses of ordinary natures. They are incarnate contradictions. Fire and gunpowder in them meet on amicable terms. A liberal course of dissipation fulfils more than the functions of a university. In the society of opera-girls, they learn to be fastidious in women; in that of *roués*, they exhaust the arts and sciences. We do not say that Morvale is precisely one of these, but we have hints, every here and there, of something like it. We would only warn him from ground sacred to Madame Tussaud and the melodrama.

Morvale, having run round the elevated circle of the passions, subsides to a less heroic, but much more respectable, stratum of existence. His feelings as a son and brother revive. He accordingly, we are told, "*searched* his mother," a perilous infringement of orthoëpy, or of the rights of the subject, if done without a justice's warrant. He does not find her, however, she being probably one of those highly artificial characters who never carry themselves about with them. She avoids him

"Till Death approached, and Conscience, that sad star,
That heralds night, and plays but on the bar
Of the Eternal Gate, — laid bare the crime."

She leaves her daughter Calantha to his fraternal care. The brother and sister go to housekeeping together in the magnificent isolation of London. But though there is enough affection, there is little confidence, between them. A secret melancholy, the origin of which Morvale tries in vain to dis-

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cover, preys upon the spirits of Calantha, — the old "worm i' the bud." Morvale, in one of his walks, encounters an orphan, Lucy, whom he brings home with him, and makes an inmate of his house, where, in good time, a passion springs up between them.

One of Morvale's friends — and it is a little singular, that notwithstanding the barrier of his Hindoo blood, he moves in the most fashionable society — is Lord Arden, a *blasé* like himself, who one day, while they are riding together, relates his own history. Whatever fault we may find with our author's plot, we cannot but approve his method of unfolding it. He tells his stories admirably, and interests us in spite of ourselves. But we must be careful that this does not interfere with our judgment of him as a poet. An author may be a very good story-teller, and a very bad poet. The character of Arden is well conceived. Indeed, it is by far the best in the book. The story had been truer to nature, if he, who had been through life brought into contact with the hollownesses of society, had become the Timon instead of Morvale. A man of the world, and selfish (if we may say so) rather on æsthetic grounds than by nature, he falls in love, while yet quite young, with Mary, the daughter of a poor country curate. Arden is one of the presumptive heirs to an earldom, the present earl being his uncle, and a cunning Scot has barnacled himself to the prosperous ship of his fortunes. Through him, Arden contrives an elopement and clandestine marriage. The Scot, however, knowing that Arden's uncle, the earl, looked upon a wife as merely one round in the ladder of preferment, and would infallibly withdraw his patronage, if he discovered such a mark of unthrift in his nephew as disinterested love, has the ceremony performed by a mock priest. Mary's father, finding the marriage to be a sham, dies broken-hearted, and Mary herself, compelled to believe herself betrayed, leaves her home and wanders no one knows whither. Arden, meanwhile, ignorant of all this, has gone on a foreign embassy. On his return, he becomes aware of the deceit practised upon him in regard to the marriage, but seeks Mary in vain. After the lapse of some years, he meets a lady in Italy, to whom he becomes betrothed. The day for the wedding is already fixed, when he receives letters from England, giving a hope that Mary's hiding-place may be found. Leaving his betrothed with a

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hasty and unintelligible explanation, he hastens home, where his search is again unsuccessful. So far Arden is his own biographer.

After a time, Morvale, by means of a miniature worn by Lucy, discovers that she is the daughter of Arden and Mary. He is about to send for Arden to inform him of this fact, when he makes the additional discovery, that Calantha is the nameless lady to whom his friend had been betrothed in Italy, and that his desertion of her was the occasion of that profound melancholy which was gradually killing her. He sends for Arden, and receives him by the death-bed of Calantha. His Indian nature thirsts for revenge, and, after making known his last discovery to the man whom he now considers his deadliest foe, draws a dagger, but is arrested in the act of striking by the entrance of Lucy, who throws herself between them. The relationship between Lucy and Arden is revealed, and she goes home with her father. Morvale, still struggling with his savage thirst for vengeance, wanders over the country on foot, and at last meets with an old man who converts him to Christianity. A chance occurring, he saves Arden from drowning, but leaves him before he has recovered his consciousness, though not before he has been seen and recognized by Lucy. Arden at length dies. By an informality in his will, Lucy is disinherited, and at this juncture Morvale returns in season to have the story end canonically with a wedding.

Our brief sketch does no kind of justice, of course, to the narrative skill of the author, which is, we are inclined to think, his strong point. But the comparative anatomist will see at a glance, that the skeleton is in many parts inconsistent with itself. Even granting (a large concession), that the hereditary savage in Morvale should have withstood all the refining influences of a high artificial culture, and the Mephistophelic polish acquired by attrition with the world, there is still a geographical blunder in the character. It is far less in accordance with what we know of the mild nature of the Hindoo, than with the less tractable idiosyncrasy of our American Indian, which takes the color of the white man's civilization only as a paint through which the Maker's original red shows itself at the first opportunity. But after making this allowance, we feel that the author has not used the character to the best advantage. This fresh, unfettered nature might have been brought into fine contrast with Arden, the artificial

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product of the club and the saloon. Indeed, this seems to have been the author's original design, but in point of fact there is little substantial difference between the two characters as they are exhibited to us in the narrative, and they might change places without any great shock to the reader's sense of fitness.* Our author *makes up* his characters. His mind is not of that creative quality which holds the elements of different characters, as it were, in solution, allowing each to absorb only that which is congenial to itself, by a kind of elective affinity. The only savage propensity of Morvale's nature which is brought to bear upon the story is the sentiment of revenge, and for this the motive is not sufficient. Why should Morvale wish, or how could he expect, that Arden should have committed what would have been at least moral bigamy by marrying Calantha? If not, what injury was there to avenge? The story, in fact, ends with Arden's discovery of his daughter; the whole of Morvale's conduct after this event seems to be an unnatural excrescence. The author may plead that he intended to convey a moral; but the moral of a story should always be infused into it, or rather should exhale out of every part of it, like the odor of a flower. It is but an incumbrance, when wafered on. Besides, the means by which he manages the conversion of his hero are ludicrously insufficient to the end. If Horace's rule be true, that a god must not be brought in unless the knot refuses to be unloosed by simpler means, then it follows, *a fortiori*, that, when brought, the god should be competent to the task in hand. It is absurd that Morvale, after holding out so long against more natural inducements, should be converted at last by a very prosy sermon from an old man whom he meets under a hedge, and whom he would have been much more likely to consider a bore than an apostle. The author should have remembered his master Pope's criticism upon Milton. It would have been much more to the purpose, had Morvale been regenerated by his love for Lucy. As the *dénouement* is managed, we feel very much as when we first discovered that the red man of our boyish

* In his tragedy of "Luria," Mr. Browning has finely worked out an idea similar in kind, though with tragic, and not satirical, contrast. We are glad to recognize in the last work of this very promising dramatist a more assured touch, and a chastened, though by no means diminished, vigor and originality.

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imagination, the one hero of Cooper under a dozen aliases,

"The stoic of the woods, the man without a tear,"

was powerless to resist the persuasion of a string of glass beads.

We will now proceed to extract some of the passages which have struck us most favorably in reading the book, and which give a fair idea of the author's manner and spirit. In the first part of the poem there are a few sketches of well-known public characters, which, as they are complete in themselves, and have no connection with the story, we will quote first. They do not assume to be complete full-lengths, but must be understood as hit off with a pencil on the crown of a hat. We omit that of Sir Robert Peel, who seems to have puzzled our author, and come to the Duke of Wellington.

"Next, with loose rein and careless canter view
Our man of men, the Prince of Waterloo;
O'er the firm brow the hat as firmly prest,
The firm shape rigid in the button'd vest;
Within — the iron which the fire has proved,
And the close Sparta of a mind unmoved!
Not his the wealth to some large natures lent,
Divinely lavish, even where misspent,
That liberal sunshine of exuberant soul,
Thought, sense, affection, warming up the whole;
The heat and affluence of a genial power,
Rank in the weed as vivid in the flower;
Hush'd at command his veriest passions halt,
Drill'd is each virtue, disciplined each fault;
Warm if his blood — he reasons while he glows,
Admits the pleasure — ne'er the folly knows;
If for our Mars his snare had Vulcan set,
He had won the Venus, but escaped the net;
His eye ne'er wrong if circumscribed the sight,
Widen the prospect and it ne'er is right,
Seen through the telescope of habit still,
States seem a camp, and all the world — a drill!"
— pp. 34, 35.

O'Connell next passes across our magic-lantern.

"But who, scarce less by every gazer eyed,
Walks yonder, swinging with a stalwart stride?
With that vast bulk of chest and limb assign'd
So oft to men who subjugate their kind;

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So sturdy Cromwell push'd broad-shoulder'd on;
So burly Luther breasted Babylon;
So brawny Cleon bawl'd his Agora down;
And large-limb'd Mahmoud clutch'd a Prophet's crown!

"Ay, mark him well! the schemer's subtle eye,
The stage-mime's plastic lip your search defy—
He, like Lysander, never deems it sin
To eke the lion's with the fox's skin;
Vain every mesh this Proteus to enthrall,
He breaks no statute, and he creeps through all;
First to the mass that valiant truth to tell,
'Rebellion's art is never to rebel,—
Elude all danger, but defy all laws,'—
He stands himself the Safe Sublime he draws!
In him behold all contrasts which belong
To minds abased, but passions rous'd, by wrong;
The blood all fervor, and the brain all guile,—
The patriot's bluntness, and the bondsman's wile."
—pp. 36, 37.

The drawing of the present premier is still more happily touched.

"Next cool, and all unconscious of reproach,
Comes the calm 'Johnny who upset the coach.'
How formed to lead, if not too proud to please,—
His fame would fire you, but his manners freeze.
Like or dislike, he does not care a jot;
He wants your vote, but your affections not;
Yet human hearts need sun, as well as oats,—
So cold a climate plays the deuce with votes.—
And while its doctrines ripen day by day,
His frost-nipp'd party pines itself away;—
From the starved wretch its own loved child we steal—
And 'Free Trade' chirrups on the lap of Peel!—
But see our statesman when the steam is on,
And languid Johnny glows to glorious John!
When Hampden's thought, by Falkland's muses drest,
Lights the pale cheek, and swells the generous breast;
When the pent heat expands the quickening soul,—
And foremost in the race the wheels of genius roll!"
—pp. 38, 39.

It is impossible to do justice to the narrative parts of the poem by means of detached passages. We shall glean a descriptive passage here and there, as a fairer course toward the

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author, these being at least complete in themselves. The following verses, conveying the feelings suggested by night in London, are striking.

"The Hours steal on — and o'er the unquiet might
Of the great Babel — reigns, dishallowed, Night!
Not, as o'er Nature's world, She comes, to keep
Beneath the stars her solemn tryst with Sleep,
When move the twin-born Genii side by side,
And steal from earth its demons where they glide;
Lull'd the spent Toil — seal'd Sorrow's heavy eyes,
And dreams restore the dews of Paradise;
But Night, discrown'd and sever'd from her twin,
No pause for Travail, no repose for Sin,
Vex'd by one chafed rebellion to her sway,
Flits o'er the lamp-lit streets — a phantom-day!" — p. 141.

Here are a pair of out-of-doors scenes. The first is contained in a very few lines, but it is natural and touching. Arden has returned to England, and is seeking Mary at her old home.

"Behold her home once more!
Her home! a desert! — still, though rank and wild,
On the rank grass the heedless floweret smiled;
Still by the porch you heard the ungrateful bee,
Still brawled the brooklet's unremembering glee." — p. 92.

The other is an autumnal landscape. But it must be observed that the author never paints directly from nature, but from the reflection of her in his own mind.

"Now Autumn closes on the fading year,
The chill wind moaneth through the woodlands sere;
At morn the mists lie mournful on the hill, —
The hum of summer's populace is still!
Hush'd the rife herbage, mute the choral tree,
The blithe cicala, and the murmuring bee;
The plashing reed, the furrow on the glass
Of the calm wave, as by the bank you pass
Scaring the glistening trout, — delight no more;
The god of fields is dead — Pan's lusty reign is o'er!
Solemn and earnest — yet to holier eyes
Not void of glory, arch the sober'd skies
Above the serious earth! — e'en as the age
When fades the sunlight from the poet's page,
When all Creation is no longer rife,

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As Jove's lost creed, with deity and life —
And where Apollo hymn'd, where Venus smil'd;
Where laugh'd from every rose the Paphian child;
Where in each wave the wanton nymph was seen;
Where in each moonbeam shone Endymion's queen;
Where in each laurel, from the eternal bough
Daphne wreathed chaplets for a dreamy brow;
To the wreck'd thrones of the departed creeds
A solemn Faith, a lonely God succeeds;
And o'er the heathen altars of our youth,
Reigns, 'mid a silence disenchanted, — Truth!"
— pp. 178, 179.

The following night-scene is perhaps the best of its kind in the whole book. The images are all in keeping (a rare thing with our author), and the expression, especially in the verse we have Italicized, condensed and energetic.

"'Tis night, — a night by fits, now foul, now fair,
As speed the cloud-wracks through the gusty air:
At times the wild blast dies — and fair and far,
Through chasms of cloud, looks down the solemn star —
Or the majestic moon; — as watchfires mark
Some sleeping War dim-tented in the dark;
Or as, through antique Chaos and the storm
Of Matter, whirl'd and writhing into form
Pale angels peer'd!

"Anon, from brief repose
The winds leap forth, the cloven deeps reclose;
Mass upon mass the hurtling vapors driven,
And one huge blackness walls the earth from heaven!"
— p. 189.

As we said above, narrative seems the author's true sphere. His reflections are often commonplace, sometimes puerile, and display more knowledge of society than of man. Often a thought slender in itself is invested with a burly air by means of initial capitals. But when he has a story to tell, he is in his native element. He never flags, his versification becomes bolder and more sustained, the transitions are rapid and fluent, and incident follows incident without confusion and with a culminating interest.

The author of the New Timon might have studied Pope to more purpose than he has done. He is often exceedingly obscure. *Brevis esse laborat, obscurus fit.* There are pas-

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sages in the poem which have defied our utmost capacity of penetration. Nor is his use of language always correct. His metaphors are frequently confused, as, for instance, on page 154 : —

> " From the way-side yon drooping flower I bore ;
> *Warm'd at my heart, its root grew to the core.*"

A new method of reviving wilted plants. As a metrist he has departed widely from his professed original. In this respect he has done wisely, for Pope's measure is quite too uniform for the abrupt changes and varying inflections of a narrative. But too often he weakens a verse by a repetition of trivial monosyllables ; as,

" Wept tears that seemed *to* sweet founts *to* belong." — p. 28.

" Thou com'st *to* slaughter, *to* depart in joy." — p. 154.

Or by a word not strongly or decidedly enough accented ; as,

> " Not *even* yet the alien blood confessed." — p. 128.
> " Lists the soft lapse of the glad waterfall." — p. 163.

We object, also, to his mode of using the Alexandrine as too abrupt. The metre should flow into it with a more gradual and easy swell. One of our own countrymen, Dr. Holmes, has a much surer mastery over this trying measure. We think the subject of metre one to be studied deeply by all who undertake to write in verse. We cannot quite agree with old Samuel Daniel, who, in his noble " Defense of Rime," asserts that " whatsoever form of words doth move, delight, and sway the affections of men, in what Scythian sort soever it be disposed or uttered, that is true number, measure, eloquence, and the perfection of speech." No doubt, the effect produced is the chief point ; but in truth, the best utterances of the best minds have never been Scythian, coming to us rather " with their garlands and singing-robes about them."

In conclusion, we should say that vivacity, rather than strength, was the characteristic of our author ; that rapidity of action, rather than depth or originality, was the leading trait of his mind. In his contempt of Laura-Matildaism, he sometimes carries his notions of manliness to an extreme which would be more offensive, were it not altogether absurd. He says, for example, that

" Even in a love-song man should write for men ! " — p. 50.

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Imagine the author of the New Timon serenading Lord Stanley, who seems to be an object of his admiration, with "Sleep, gentleman, sleep!" It follows, as a matter of course, that his female characters (the simplest test of a creative poetic genius) are mere shadows.

If we might hazard a guess, we should name Bulwer as the probable author of this poem. It seems hardly possible that it should be the first production of a young writer. The skilfulness with which the plot is constructed, perfection in which is perhaps the slowest attainment of writers of fiction, seems to argue against such a supposition. Moreover, the characters and general sentiment are very much in Bulwer's manner. The fondness for personifying qualities or passions, and of giving a factitious importance to ordinary conceptions by means of initial capitals, is also one of his strongest peculiarities. The moral of the story, too, is within his range. Had we time, we might confirm our theory by a tolerably strong array of minor corroborations. But we must perforce content ourselves with merely throwing out the suggestion. It can hardly be supposed that the authorship of a poem which ran at once through several editions can long remain a secret. The fate of Junius is a warning to all authors not to preserve the anonymous too strictly.

ART. IX. — *Views afoot; or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff.* By J. BAYARD TAYLOR. With a Preface by N. P. WILLIS. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 12mo. pp. 343.

THERE is something which we like well in the title of this unpretending work; it is straightforward and expressive, suiting well with the character in which the writer presents himself to the world. One of our modern writers, who think it refinement to go as far as possible from the Saxon barbarism of former days, might have described it as views seen when he "was being" on foot in Europe; but with all the evident grace of such forms of speech, which are now in high favor, we cannot help thinking that the plain phrase sounds as well, and conveys the meaning better. We say *better*, be-

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cause it is more characteristic; it conveys the idea of a directness of mind, such as does not let "I dare not" wait upon "I would"; such as enables a man to form his purpose, and carry it forthright into action; such as gives him, when he stands in presence of scenes and persons that he has longed to see, sufficient independence and self-feeling to know clearly what his own impressions are, and to set them faithfully down; in a word, such as gives the manly decision which this writer manifested in forming his plans for visiting Europe, when he doubtless had the cold comfort of finding it esteemed the most ridiculous enterprise in the world. He saw that the fulfilment of this bright hope of his early days was a possible thing; and though it must be done with toil and trouble, with humility and self-denial, and with a brave contempt for those social obstacles which are harder to overcome than any which nature throws in the way, he felt that he had power to meet the labor and to make the sacrifice, confident that he should be overpaid for his efforts and privations by the satisfaction and improvement which the pilgrimage would bring. Most ancient men would say, that for a journeyman printer, without property, without friends, without encouragement, to undertake the tour of Europe, was the wildest of all human visions; and we doubt not that Mr. Taylor received rich presents of this kind of sympathy from those who knew his adventurous design. But those prudent and estimable persons were looking, all the while, to external advantages for the purpose, and making no account of inward resources; when experience shows, that, whether to trudge through Europe, or to foot it through life, — for John Wesley says there is no carriage-road to heaven, — the strong mind and strong heart are more than a match for them all.

And yet, in such a pilgrimage there must be a great deal to encounter; for it is a familiar truth, though, when examined, a queer one, that when nature gave us hands and feet, with an evident intent that they should be employed, men should esteem those most respectable and fortunate whose condition is such that they never use them. The great object of social existence is for each to raise himself to a position where he can be as lazy and good for nothing as he pleases; and when he has drawn that high prize in the lottery of life, he is secure of outward homage, even though he cumber and curse the ground. The head may be as empty as

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famine, but other heads will bend to it with graceful homage; while, if the same vacuum be in the pocket, where nature abhors it less, and man considerably more, there are none to do it reverence. Should it be the poor man's lot to travel, no full-orbed landlord smiles upon him; the waiter passes coldly by; he must almost scale the heavens to find his barren little upper chamber; and at table the meats are cold as this world's charity, before they are served to him. Those animals, assuming to be human because they go on their hind legs, who are insolent where they have the opportunity, welcome him as a mark for their scorn; and if his comfort depends on the deference and attention of others, he will have but little to enjoy.

If, however, he is sufficient to himself as a man, feeling that the humblest are as much, and the greatest are nothing more; if he can take the world as it is, and not expect to find icicles in August, nor flowers in the snow; if he sets his own price upon himself, and does not submit to the appraisement of those who judge from without of what may be within, —he will find the misanthropy, which looking at the surface is apt to engender, giving place to a healthier feeling. He will no more be angry with boors high and low, than with "briers which prick and scratch, because they can do no other"; he will receive insult and unkindness, not as personal injuries, but as mere illustrations of human nature; and he will be surprised to find how much better mankind appears to one who thus regards them. He will find favor and friendliness in quarters where he least expected them; he will feel the affronts and injuries which afflicted him so much diminishing till they are few and small; and at last he will begin to suspect, that something may depend upon himself; and that, while he who is on the watch for discourtesy is sure to find as much of it as he wants, and rather more, whoever meets men with an open hand and heart will perceive currents of feeling under the roughest ice of manner, and will carry a sunshine with him that shall melt the ice and the coldness away.

Without knowing any thing of Mr. Taylor except from his book, we apprehend that he has made this discovery; or perhaps, as the Transcendentalists would say, he has it by revelation in his nature. He makes no complaint of insolence; if he found others rough and churlish, he did not think it necessary to distress himself therefor. If they withheld

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civilities and attentions, he treated it as their affair, not his. He received all kindnesses with manly gratitude, and though not gifted, like the Hebrews in the wilderness, with shoes and raiment that waxed not old, and sometimes obliged to bid the last shilling a sad and affectionate farewell, he managed to see as much, and to enjoy as much, as Rothschild or the Barings would have done in the same expedition, and for an expenditure, we imagine, considerably less than theirs would have been. Those potentates, we surmise, could hardly have kept their subsistence and recreation within the bounds of three shillings a day. But it is doubtful if either of them would have produced a better book than Mr. Taylor, with his two years' outlay of five hundred dollars, which appear to have learned of their owner to travel, so that they might jointly and severally have boasted that never dollars went farther than they.

It may seem superfluous to raise the question, under what circumstances one can travel to most advantage. Using the word *travel* in its ordinary sense, that of passing through a foreign country where one has no time to stay, certain it is, that most men, if they had the power, would choose to go well provided with letters of credit, at least, if not with some show of rank and wealth, such as conveyances at leisure and trains attendant. But this prevailing taste does not settle the question, for we often prefer what is not best for us. And the answer depends very much upon the objects which we have in view. If it is to see the country, with whatever scenes of interest it contains, they are about as much at the service of the poor as the rich. No one can rob him of the right of nature; bricks and stones in their different circumstances and positions are not hidden from his eye; his deliberate way of journeying enables him to see every thing to advantage; and when it comes to ascending mountains, he has prospects before him which gouty toes and fashionable dresses would never undertake to reach. If his aim is to see those distinguished men whose names are familiar to him, he may get a sight of Wordsworth, or hear a speech of Brougham, without money as well as with it. Few travellers find much advantage from their letters, which are given without heartiness, and received without much delight. Besides, a hasty snatch of conversation with an eminent man affords us very little idea of what he is or how he

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appears ; men do not open their minds and hearts to a stranger. And this transient acquaintance is so apt to overset enthusiasm, and remove all its imaginative glories, that after we have had such opportunities, we often wish we could restore the old relation of unknowing and unknown.

But if his object is to see man, — and everywhere humanity is the chief subject of interest to man, — he will not satisfy his curiosity, if it be intellectual, with the mere sight of crowns, trappings, and orders ; for the more refined and cultivated must be substantially alike in all countries. He will wish to go deeper, and explore beneath the surface ; for it is with the world of mankind as with the world of nature, where geology has unfolded a whole science of wonderful interest in the earth's foundations, hidden, till of late years, from every human eye. So the study of man teaches the importance of those human strata, which have lain for centuries unthought of and uncared for, and which might have remained so for centuries longer, had they not been upheaved by revolutions, like the primary rocks bursting up into mountain ridges, crushing and overwhelming all that was once above them. These sudden and sharp explosions have made it necessary, and somewhat interesting, to dig into these regions below ; and whoever takes his safety-lamp, and goes down into these human depths, is surprised at the mines of character, the riches of feeling, and the extent and grandeur of those formations, over which proud feet so carelessly tread.

Now, the wealthy wayfarers have no idea of diving into these caverns ; you will not persuade them to go mourning, without the sun, into the damps and darkness of those regions. But the pedestrian, having less reverend care for his raiment, wants nothing better than to see these pillars on which all social systems rest. He therefore goes among " the masses "; he walks and talks with them as an equal. They neither insult nor cheat him ; they show neither servility nor defiance to him who comes like one of themselves. He can study them at leisure ; he learns how climate, government, and similar influences affect them ; he has full opportunity for investigating the great problems of humanity, of which the rich traveller knows as little as the graceful pennon at the masthead does of what is passing in the forecastle below.

But all this depends very much on the purpose, and the outfit — we mean intellectual outfit, of course — with

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which one travels. If he has ample resources of time and money, he will go forth like Adam and Eve, with the world before him, though not precisely with Providence for his guide, but rather following the steerage of his own sweet will. He sets forth in gallant trim, like Gray's gilded vessel, not doubting that he shall find brilliant and happy adventures, delightful sights and emotions, and that he shall return at last, laden with treasures of memory, to bless and cheer his days. But alas for his anticipations! As one of our own writers has touchingly said, "human hopes are rotten things." The steamer is unsavory to the sense, and his comrades of the voyage pugnacious and vulgar. The angels of the storm have sea-sickness in their wings; the agents of the customs are rude and unaccommodating; he is stripped of the golden fleece at princely hotels; if there is a landscape to be seen, the sky is darkened with a shower; if he is to explore a romantic country, the almanac has "much rain about this time," running down the whole length of its page. The parliament is indefinitely postponed, and the court in mourning. The weather brings such rain or drought, heat or cold, as was never heard of before. If he flies to the Continent, some servant shall take him in hand for his own special picking; a vagrant prince shall appropriate the post-horses which he had contracted for; by day he shall be browbeaten and lightened of his coin, and at night those small destroyers of peace which make night hideous shall come with grim welcome, seeking whom to devour. In Switzerland, he shall be frozen almost beyond all chance of thaw. When he flies into sunny Italy, the arctic circle shall come to spend the same winter in Rome. When he wants moonlight for the Coliseum, that uncertain luminary shall be in her last quarter; and so, like dark care behind the rider, vanity and vexation shall be the companions of his way. Many times shall he wonder at his own folly in leaving a comfortable home for such varieties of woe. He shall weep aloud at the units daily added to the sum-total of his unmerciful bills; and often shall he swear in his wrath, that if he ever outlives these afflictions, no earthly inducement shall prevail upon him to take to the waves and highways again.

Now, the difficulty is, not that Nature has suspended her usual business in order to vex these travellers, nor that their doom is very different from that which other poor mortals

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bear. But in all cases of prosperity, the wants, as Malthus said of population, increase in a geometrical ratio, while the gratifications observe a more lingering rate of advance; the supply may be very fair, but the demands far exceed it; as we see that wayfarers, who formerly thought nothing of the delay of a few hours in stages, are ready to put the conductor of the railway train to death if the cars are ten minutes behind their time. The wayfarer on foot takes all these things as matters of course; he is glad when he escapes troubles, but he is not astonished when they come; being in that condition to which much in the way of comfort and pleasure can be added, while not much can be taken away from it, he is really best situated for enjoying every thing as he goes. And so, no doubt, he does; he is not oppressed with the weight of splendid chains; and whether his cares are light or not, he makes light of them, and so finds them easy to bear.

But after all, the thing most to be regarded in relation to travelling is the personal improvement which it will bring. It is not necessary to observe for the sake of others; and when one has the prospect of writing a book before his eyes, as we may see in the case of English tourists in this country, he is more apt to ask what is merchantable than what is just or true; and surely the customers of Peter Pindar's razor-seller were as much beholden to that person, as readers are to those ladies and gentlemen who have undertaken to tell them what America is, and is to be. Neither is it necessary that a traveller should enjoy his peregrinations; if he is happy in the prospect and the recollection, both of which joys he is sure of, let his experience be what it may, he secures the chief happiness which this strange world affords, though, while he is on the way, he may sometimes "distrusting ask, Can this be joy?" While these things are of less importance, it is essential that he should find improvement, if nothing else, in his expedition; and this purpose can be most effectually answered by encountering difficulties and hardships, the more the better. The great object is, to call out the energies of mind and heart. Prosperity lets them snore life away to their own lazy satisfaction; adversity applies its rough voice, not to speak of its hands, to the sleeper's ears, and lets him know that there is something for him to suffer, and to do. It is true, it is but a pale sort of gratitude we feel to

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those who wake us in the morning from any sort of slumber; still, though rather thankless, the office is severely kind. And nothing renders more effectual service of this sort to the faculties, than travelling with resources at their last gasp, shoes that have almost finished their mortal pilgrimage, with wits which the fear of want sharpens like a whetstone, and a heart which, having nothing else to lean upon, grows brave and strong from the feeling that it depends on itself alone. There are times when years of life seem condensed and crowded into one, and when the effect of a gigantic struggle on the moral nature does more to strengthen it than the patient labor of years. We hear of instances in which a single night of agony has whitened the hair upon the head; but this, if true, is only an outward presentment of the manner in which difficulties and dangers supply at short notice that experience and maturity which were before entirely wanting.

Let any one who is particularly desirous to secure this advantage set forth, as Mr. Taylor did before him, with a preparation as sparing as that of the first apostles. Let him meet the troubles of wayfaring as manfully, and take the same intelligent pleasure in all that he sees. Let him as cheerfully postpone the wants and wishes of the body in favor of the higher interests of the mind; and if he is not a wiser and happier man after thus buffeting the waves of the world, it must be, not because the effort is not improving, but because there is nothing in him to improve; a radical deficiency which sometimes exists in those who travel, as well as in those who stay at home. We think that the community is under great obligation to Mr. Taylor, not only for the pleasant story of his wanderings, but for proving to others that it is not necessary to be rich, in order to secure the benefit of travel; and, lest they should be unwilling to take his word for it, showing them by his own example how the thing is done. It is not every one whose natural taste and temperament are so well suited to such an enterprise. There are many who, like Lord Anson, might go round the world without ever being in it. But we have many whose natural inclination turns to the Peripapetic school, and who, if they cannot meet the expense of a college education, will be glad to take their degree in the university of the world, where the student must at least be active, and where he will meet

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with a tolerable proportion of that discipline and training which other institutions find it hard to supply.

Mr. Taylor tells us, that he had, from his earliest recollection, this enthusiastic desire to visit foreign lands; but his condition, as a printer's apprentice, was far from affording facilities for the enterprise. There are some cases, however, in which difficulties answer just as well, if not better; and in the beginning of 1844, when his time of service was within two years of expiring, finding that a relative was soon to embark for Europe, he determined to realize his youthful dreams. But while the whereunto was settled, the wherewith was not so easy to be found. To raise the means, he published a small volume of poems, which is in general the way to sink the means that one happens to have, instead of gathering more. But he succeeded in giving an impression of his talent which made some editors of periodical works desirous to engage him as a writer of letters by the way; and the sum thus in possession and in prospect, though necessarily small, was his chief reliance to meet the expense of his travels.

Several of his poetical writings appear in this work; but in the early effusions of poets it is not easy to determine whether the inspiration is that of talent or of taste. The mechanical structure of verse is now carried to an artist-like perfection of finish, never known before. Magazines, and other works of the kind, abound in pieces which, fugitive as they are, run away to oblivion with a graceful flow, compared with which the elegies of Cotton Mather, for example, move like a stage-coach without wheels. Nor can we always judge, till after considerable examination, whether the power comes from ambitious effort and sympathy, or whether there is really a spark within which may be kindled into a high and glorious flame. We are not sure that it is not the best way, instead of taking pains to fan it into a fire, to leave it to find its own most appropriate manifestation. Supposing that the young writer should never "write a poem after the manner of John Milton," his imagination may give him a power of painting in language, and a glowing richness of description, of which we see traces here, and which will make a man eloquent as an orator, earnest and inspiring as a writer. If he should never find a voice or a pen, these will throw a living charm over all his intellectual nature, which will prevent his ever walking in darkness, even should he journey to the grave alone.

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Mr. Taylor sailed in a packet-ship for Liverpool, in the summer of 1844; taking passage in the second cabin, which is not, like the Hebrew fancy of the second and third heaven, a decided improvement on the first; but where he made himself as comfortable as the absence of light, air, repose, and sundry other blessings, would allow. Just after landing, he took a run into Ireland, to take a glance at that land of mirth and misery, and to get a hasty view of the Giant's Causeway, concerning which he tells us that the highest part is but fifty feet above the water. This goes to confirm Johnson's gracious remark, that it might be worth seeing, but not worth going to see, — a remark which the traveller finds to his sorrow will apply to many other things in this world. He appears to have left the Green Isle after a visit of a single day, and almost immediately we find him on Loch Lomond, in those scenes where human genius has lighted up the beauty of nature with an attraction that will never wear away. He shoots like an arrow to the top of Ben Lomond, to enjoy for an hour the glorious prospect, and then dashes over to Loch Katrine with equal expedition, taking the boat upon the waters, but on shore trusting to that conveyance which nature has so liberally supplied. At times, famished, drenched, and benumbed with cold, as he went through the tangled forest and mountain paths, he must have been agreeably reminded of Fitz James's tour in the same region, though he was better secured against outlaws by his lack of gold and silver, than the monarch by his trusty steel.

He was fortunate enough to have a bright, fine morning for his view of Loch Katrine; and he then hurried on to attend the Burns festival on the banks of Doon, where a whole people were to pour out their enthusiasm for him who, without the charms of fiction, without the enchantment of romance, without the old glories of the past to aid the effect of his inspiration, but simply by his own mind and heart, brought a nation into sympathy with him, and established a fame which every generation is building up nearer to the skies. With all Burns's infirmities and errors, none could deny that he was a man. It is more as a man than a poet, that he enchains the general confidence and regard; or rather, his poetry was only the lantern which the bright light of his spirit shone through. The management of this celebra-

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tion did not exactly suit Mr. Taylor's republican ideas. A stage was erected in a field, with an inclosure round it; on the stage were the sons and sister of the poet, and those who were to make addresses. But none were admitted within the privileged circle, save those who paid fifteen shillings for a ticket to the dinner; so that the Scottish peasantry could not enjoy the commemoration of one of their number, and the poet himself, had he come to life for the purpose, could not have been admitted to his own celebration. But there was little, too little, time to speculate on these things; after a hasty view of Edinburgh and Abbotsford, the traveller took passage for London. We regret the necessity for this haste; these were the very scenes for his painting, and there was no fear of being too minute in his narratives and descriptions. We do not care so much to know what he thought, or how he felt, in cities and crowded ways, as to know how these places, with their intellectual and romantic associations, affected his thoughtful and observing mind.

His account of London, as might be expected, has nothing peculiar in it; writing it, as we suppose he did, for some newspaper or journal, not much was required save exact description of those sights of which readers are never weary, though they come to them by almost every steamer, and with little variety of form. But when he reaches the Continent, he is more himself; there is a growing life and spirit in his narrative, and he gives us an animated interest in all that he describes. Probably he was himself more deeply excited; for he says, that surrounded with old buildings and their associations, "the fancy is busy reconciling the actual scene with the ideal; but the want of a communication with the living world without walls up one with a sense of loneliness which he could not before have conceived." Landing at Ostend, he passed hastily through Bruges, only remaining long enough to see the belfry, and hear its chimes, which will henceforth ring to American ears with pleasant associations. Neither Ghent nor Liege detained him, though he was dripping like a Naiad from the rain which showered upon him in the open car. At Cologne, he saw for a moment the cathedral which all Germany is now boiling over with enthusiasm to complete according to the original design. But Heidelberg was his aim, and he rested not till he reached that place, the name of which is now so familiar, where

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he proposed to learn the language, and make some considerable stay. And here, when he has time to take breath and collect his bewildered senses, which could not be done in the "holy and miraculous tavern," however comfortable it might be, he first begins to convey that full and clear impression of himself, which every traveller, who wishes to interest readers, must contrive to give; and which in this case is so favorable, that we are glad to halt and go over the ground with him more leisurely than the railroad whirl of his former movements would allow.

It is an exceedingly pleasant impression which he gives of this place and the country round it. There is much in which a stranger can employ his time with satisfaction and advantage; but though there are many objects to remind one of Arminius, Luther, and the more peaceful masters of song, few things will be contemplated with more pleasure by the visiter from this country than an ancient *arbor vitæ*, which was transplanted from America in 1618, but which, he says, does not thrive well, probably because the soil is less damp than it requires. When he speaks of ascending the Heiligenberg, and visiting the Library, or pondering amidst the ruins, every thing seems bright and happy; but unfortunately there is another side to the picture. The law requires one out of every hundred inhabitants to become a soldier, and he witnessed the selection of the conscripts, when, as may be supposed, intemperance was their baptism into the wretched life before them. And yet, is there any thing in this more sad than the business of *volunteering*, which is so much vaunted here? Is it not better, in fact, to see men forced into that slavish existence by circumstances or oppression, than to find them, of their own free will, consenting to be military slaves?

In making excursions to some distance in the neighbourhood, he found himself followed, as a native of the New World, with afflicting curiosity. But this was not without its compensations; as he stopped at a prune orchard to buy some fruit, an old man called from a tree, "They are Americans; give them as many as they want, for nothing." This is better than being insulted for the repudiation of some of our States, a compliment not unfrequently paid to Americans abroad; where, as Lord Byron supposed that Washington in his childhood was lulled to sleep with the sound of

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Niagara, most foreigners consider Massachusetts and Mississippi so near and intimate neighbours, that the Northern State must needs have indorsed all the paper of the other. He found that many of the Germans were undismayed by what was industriously told them of this country. They had a sort of idea, that other nations were not as pure as paradise before it was profaned by sin, and they were ready to take the risk of its evils, when no longer able to bear the hardships of their own. There are few things more pleasing than the mention of a Bavarian family of this description whom he met in the omnibus for Frankfort. The husband was sanguine and determined; the wife seemed to mourn in silence the prospect of leaving her beautiful fatherland; as night fell, the little girl drew near her father for his accustomed kiss, and then sunk to sleep in a corner of the wagon; while the boy, in the artless confidence of childhood, laid his head upon the stranger's breast.

Mr. Taylor appears to have been edified with what he saw of the German students. There is, no doubt, a full flow of intellectual life and liberty among them; but we do not see clearly why a childish mummery should everywhere be associated with philanthropic and lofty objects; and as to their duels, one of the autumnal sham-fights of our trainbands towers into sublimity, compared with the paltry exhibition. On the contrary, nothing can be more pleasing than his description of the ceremonies with which Christmas and New Year's eve are welcomed; these are youthful, to be sure, but they are meant for the young, and they give older persons the blessed opportunity of renewing for an hour the lost and lamented childhood of their souls. The forests of evergreens that fill the streets, the blaze of lamps, and the sound of happy throngs in the public squares; the mysterious preparation in arranging the presents, the Christmas-tree bright with gilded nuts, sweetmeats, and glittering tapers, and, more than all, the gladness in every face, which evidently shone through it from the heart, made him earnestly wish for a similar observance of the festival in his own distant land. And, Puritans though we are, we entirely agree with him in his feeling; it was a great mistake in our fathers to sweep Christmas with all its associations away. The Thanksgiving which supplies its place is homely and substantial, no doubt; as the pumpkin, which is its emblem, is entirely respectable in its way,

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though less graceful and imaginative than some other fruits and esculents. If Christmas is not an honored festival, the best course is to make it so ; and we are glad to see a disposition to replace it in the general affection, to reunite the broken associations into the same bright chain which, in former years and other lands, has bound hearts together in happy and holy sympathy, resisting the tendency of the world's influence to throw them apart from each other, and giving them the most delightful fancy and anticipation of a Father's house on high.

We cannot follow Mr. Taylor in his travels through Germany, though they abound in pleasant description. He went forth to make the tour of that country on foot, with about thirty dollars in his pocket, but nothing dismayed at the prospect of short commons and hard walking. He alludes to the observation which his appearance excited, and "the strange magnetic influence of the human eye," as he happily terms it, which most men are conscious of when in a land of strangers. But he appears to have found acquaintance by the way, and the name of American almost everywhere insured him a welcome. Of Göttingen he has no recollection so vivid as that of sickness, and the sympathatic consumption of the purse which it threatened ; but we soon find him manfully striding off among the Hartz mountains, with that resolution to get to the top of every thing which appears to have been his passion. Through Leipsic, Dresden, and Prague, he made his way to Vienna, a place which had the same attraction for him that it has for all other strangers, since with all that activity and bustle of cities which make a foreigner feel more lonely because he has no part in them, there is an unreserved and social manner in the public walks and gardens, which are universally frequented, such as is found in no other capital in the world. It has many objects of interest ; but what appears to have engaged most of his attention was the pictures, a luxury in which our country is at present deplorably wanting. He mentions in a simple and manly, but enthusiastic manner, those which he liked the best. Of the celebrated Madonna in the Dresden gallery he has given an excellent description, entirely without that pretension to connoisseurship, which is so intolerable, and so easily detected ; since in case of that affectation, the author falls vigorously to work to paint his own emotions, which, all the while, we are tolerably sure he did not feel. Neither

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is there any overweening confidence in his attempting these descriptions ; for we believe that what is best in the efforts of every art comes back to simplicity. Many things may be excellent for those who have acquired a taste for them, which will not be appreciated by others ; but we believe that in poetry, music, and painting, the last results of cultivation return to nature, and therefore can be understood and valued by the intellectual and refined without any unusual training in the fine arts.

While he was enjoying his residence in the capital of Austria, it suddenly occurred to him to examine his sub-treasury, and he was agreeably entertained to find, that when his expenses there were paid, he should have four dollars left to sustain him back to Frankfort. To most men this discovery would have been alarming ; but it did not prevent his enjoying the summer climate and scenery of Lower Austria, which seemed to him the most beautiful in the world. It is really curious to hear him speak at one time of walking in the rain, and dining on a short allowance of bread and water, and, in the next sentence, of the delightful region he was passing through. But it teaches a lesson which it is well to know ; which is, that the power of enjoyment is often in an inverse proportion to the means, and many of our happiest recollections grow out of serious trials ; as it has been ascertained by experiment that the fairy-like creations of frost upon the morning window follow the unseen traces left by rough hands that have cleansed the panes.

Mr. Taylor went, of course, to Switzerland ; and without taking notice of his descriptions of that scenery which is served up to us by so many writers, — not, however, because his word-painting is not as good as theirs, — we are more engaged with his humanity, and the social interest which he took in the men whom he encountered. Though he had received a prejudice against the Swiss while in Germany, he was agreeably struck with a look and bearing of independence, which are not found among the lower classes of Germans. The children, too, seemed bright-eyed and beautiful, which he was disposed to ascribe not wholly to their bracing climate, but to their inheriting the birthright of the free. He says that nothing ever made him happier than a little child who ran up to him, clasped his hand in both of his tiny ones, and looked up to him so affectionately that he loved him at

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once. The farmers everywhere spoke cheerfully to him. He says, — "We learned a lesson from all this; we felt that not a word of kindness is ever wasted, that a simple friendly glance may cheer the spirit and warm the lonely heart, and that the slightest deed, prompted by generous sympathy, becomes a living joy in the memory of the receiver, which blesses unceasingly him who bestowed it." Many, unfortunately for themselves, travel all the way through life, without coming to an acquaintance with the truth which he here expresses; a truth which, if admitted to the heart, and carried into action, would remove that ill-taste of existence, of which so many are ever complaining, would fill with gladness the dry and vacant channels of feeling, and make glorious summer in wintry and barren souls.

He has less enjoyment in travelling in Italy, where the people are too apt to take vengeance on strangers for the oppression of their masters, after the fashion of other animals, as mentioned in the Pursuits of Literature, when "this dog smarts for what that dog has done." His finances were not in a condition to bear the imposition of landlords; he therefore was indebted to them only for lodgings, and as he and his companion ate their simple meals by the road-side, and moreover were arrayed in long white blouses, he believed that they were taken for pilgrims; at any rate, they excited a curiosity which was more inconvenient than gratifying. He had thus a fair chance for studying the Italian sky, and he allows, that, in the day, it deserves its reputation for depth and transparency, but maintains that the light of its setting suns does not compare with the rich western glory which he has often seen at home. We like the manner in which he speaks of works of art, — the Venus, for example; he neither follows nor defies the common opinion, but simply gives his own. This is much better than making an inventory, as some travellers do, of emotions which they think it highly proper to feel, and would fain persuade others that they do. In the endeavour to convince the world of their enthusiasm they do not at all succeed; but they impose to some extent on themselves, and that is the full reach of the delusion. He evidently cares more for pictures than statues, and more for nature than for either. Nothing can be better than his description, in few words, of the musical echo in Pisa, answering to the notes of the cicerone's voice. "After a moment's pause,

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they were repeated aloft in the dome, but with a sound of divine sweetness, as clear and pure as the clang of a crystal bell. Another pause, — and we heard them again fainter and sweeter, followed by a dying note, as if they were fading far away into heaven." The person who can write like this will soon find echoes in the literary world which will delight to answer to his voice.

But it is not necessary to give much account of a popular work like this, which is already in the hands of many, and which many more might read with profit and pleasure, not merely for the animated and intelligent account of most interesting countries which it contains, but for the example of energy in the pursuit of improvement here presented, without the self-complacency with which that bold trait of character is too often attended. It is a new opening for that fearless adventure in which our country abounds; there is not much money to be made in it, certainly; neither, to say truth, is there much to be lost; but intellectual and moral improvement is a full compensation for all the effort and sacrifice required; and we should not be at all surprised, if many others should follow Mr. Taylor in his enterprising march, and secure the same advantages which he has so well improved. He says that much spiritual and mental experience was crowded into a short time, and though some of it was painful, it was all welcome. He passed through many changes of hope, anxiety, and aspiration, but despondency was a feeling which he was not condemned to know. He says, — "Difficulty and toil give the soul strength to crush, in a loftier region, the passions which draw strength only from the earth. So long as we listen only to the pure promptings within us, there is a Power, invisible, though not unfelt, which protects us; amidst the labor, and tumult, and soiling struggle, there is ever an eye that watches, ever a heart that overflows with Infinite and Almighty Love. Let us, then, trust in that Eternal Spirit, who pours on us his warm and boundless blessings through the channels of so many kindred human hearts."

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ART. X. — *La Guerra del Vespro Siciliano, o un Periodo delle Istorie Siciliane del Secolo Decimo Terzo.* Per MICHELE AMARI. Seconda Edizione. Parizi: Baudry. 1843. 2 vols. 8vo.

IT is curious that some of the most important events of history have been so misrepresented by popular tradition as to be understood in their true light by only a few learned antiquarians. We are often taught to believe, that circumstances, in reality the result of a long series of secretly working causes, occur on a sudden, and without the slightest preparation; or that events which are manifested by spontaneous outbreaks of popular feeling — although these, too, have a deep root in the past — are but the result of some petty machination or ignoble conspiracy. The cause of these errors in historical traditions is, no doubt, to be found in that disposition of our nature which leads us to fix our attention upon some one simple and dramatic occurrence, whilst we throw into the shade the minor events which alone can furnish any explanation of the leading phenomenon. By thus reducing history to the simple narrative of those events which we consider as the most important, we lose many of its most instructive lessons. Providence often inculcates the most salutary truths by means of those circumstances which are too apt to escape our notice altogether. To its superintending care no occurrence is insignificant; to us also none would seem so, if it were possible for human eyes to gain the same comprehensive view.

Of all the errors in history which may be attributed to this cause, few are more striking than those which have been propagated on the subject of the celebrated revolution, commonly known as the Sicilian Vespers. It has been generally believed, that this cruel massacre was the result of a conspiracy headed by Giovanni da Procida, in order to place Peter of Aragon on the throne of Sicily. In the work before us, Mr. Amari has endeavoured to show how erroneous is this view of a revolution which was equally just and noble in its origin and important in its effects. The whole aim of his book is to prove that the Sicilian Vespers, far from being the result of a conspiracy, was rather a popular outbreak, the immediate occasion of which was the insolent

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behaviour of the French at Palermo, while its remote causes are to be found in the unhappy social and political condition of a people, who were neither accustomed nor disposed to suffer a tyrannical foreign dominion. He remarks in his Preface, that being a Sicilian by birth, and consequently well acquainted with the peculiar genius of his countrymen, he was more capable than any foreigner could be both of understanding and explaining to others the real nature of the Sicilian revolution of 1282, "a revolution wished for, but not planned, — resolved upon and executed in an instant."

The family of Norman princes which reigned in Sicily had become extinct in 1186, on the death of William the Good. Resisting the pretensions of Constance, his aunt, who had married Henry the Sixth, emperor of Germany, the Sicilian nobles wished to raise Tancred, the illegitimate cousin of William, to the throne. On hearing of this design, the emperor hastened to Sicily, defeated Tancred, and took possession of the island. At his death, Frederic the Second, of the illustrious house of the Hohenstauffen, ascended the throne of Sicily, at first under the guardianship of his mother, but after the death of this princess under that of Pope Innocent the Third, who did not fail to take advantage of his situation in order to increase his own power. The long and bloody quarrels which arose between the Holy See and Frederic the Second, during which this prince was excommunicated, did not cease with his death, in 1250. On the contrary, no sooner had this event taken place, than the pope endeavoured to excite the whole of Italy against the house of Hohenstauffen. He partially succeeded in this design, and even prevented Conrad, the grandson of Frederic, from ascending the imperial throne, although he had already been named King of the Romans. In the southern provinces of the peninsula, the efforts of the pope were attended with less success, owing to the courage of Manfred, a natural son of Frederic. The heroic manner in which this prince defended the interests of his nephew enabled Conrad to take possession of the whole of Sicily. He lived, however, but two years to enjoy his conquest, and died, leaving an only son, named Conrad, but commonly called Conradin, on account of the brevity of his life.

Conrad had recommended this child to the care of the pope, which did not prevent Innocent from persecuting

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the Hohenstauffen as before. In order to overthrow Conradin, he flattered the passions of the Sicilians, who soon rose against their sovereign and dethroned him. A sort of republic was then established in the island; but Manfred succeeded once more in reconquering the kingdom of his nephew. For a short time, he contented himself with governing in the name of this prince; but he soon caused a rumor of the death of Conradin to be circulated, and on the 11th of August, 1258, he was crowned at Palermo, as sole heir and successor of Frederic the Second, thus usurping the throne of his nephew. The pope, finding himself not sufficiently strong to resist the heroic Manfred, resolved to offer the Sicilian throne to some foreign prince. He accordingly proposed it successively to Richard, Duke of Cornwall, brother of Henry the Third of England, to Charles, Count of Anjou and Provence, brother of Saint Louis, and at last to Edmund, grandson of Henry. The king of England would willingly have accepted this offer for his grandson; but the exactions of the pope were so excessive, and his proposed conditions so unreasonable, that the parliament refused to sanction any act of the king in this affair. Louis the Ninth, on the contrary, refused the crown for his brother Charles; but the pope — who excited the ambition of Charles, and endeavoured to convince the king of the necessity of establishing a powerful government in Sicily, in order to resist the progress of heresy and rebellion in that part of Italy — succeeded in vanquishing his scruples. For the good of the Church, Louis the Ninth, who was sincerely attached to his religion, consented to enter upon an arrangement which at heart he probably disapproved; for he was too good and too wise a prince not to see that it was an act of manifest injustice.

On the 25th of February, 1265, all the preliminary arrangements being terminated, Pope Clement the Fourth, a Frenchman by birth, published a bull, which declared that the territory extending from the Straits of Messina to the frontiers of the Papal States, with the exception of Benevento, should be granted to Charles of Anjou, as a vassal of the Holy See, upon condition that he should pay annually eight thousand ounces of gold to the pope, and lend him military aid in case of necessity. Thus, under the pretence of defending the interests of the Church, was the kingdom of

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Naples and Sicily sold to Charles of Anjou. As soon as he could muster an army, this prince hastened to Italy, where, after he had been crowned with his queen at the Vatican, he lost no time in endeavouring to meet his enemy, Manfred, in the field. An occasion soon presented itself; the armies of the two princes encountered each other at Benevento, on the 26th of February, 1266. The French were victorious, and Manfred, finding that all was lost, threw himself into the ranks of the enemy, and found the death which he desired.

But the death of this prince did not deliver Charles from all his enemies. The party of the Ghibellines soon resolved to resist the usurpation of the house of Anjou. Conradin, and one of his relatives, Frederic of Austria, took part in this design; and they hastened to Sicily, followed by a large number of German barons. But they were defeated at the battle of Tagliacozzo, on the 23d of August, 1268. Conradin and Frederic were both made prisoners, and led to Naples, where they were beheaded on the public square, in violation of every principle of justice and public law, even as understood in that barbarous age. This act of tyranny was but the first of a long series of cruelties which were destined to render the reign of Charles of Anjou sadly memorable.

Scarcely had the king got rid of his enemies, when he forgot all the promises he had made to the pope before his accession to the throne. Instead of restoring to the papal government the property which the princes of the house of Hohenstauffen had wrongfully seized, he took possession even of those ecclesiastical lands which his predecessors had left untouched. Avarice alone seems to have guided the new king in most of the acts of his reign. Taxes were imposed, not for the public use, but under pretence of the necessity of reducing by this means an arrogant and dangerous people, and really for the sole purpose of enriching the royal treasury. These taxes were so onerous, and frequently levied in so arbitrary a manner, as to excite great discontent among the nobles and the people. Clement the Fourth wrote twice to Charles to remind him of his engagements, but without effect. Not satisfied with ruining the people by many and heavy exactions, Charles went so far as to seize their lands, and distribute them among the numerous adventurers who had followed him to Italy, and who, for the most part, had been

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induced to leave their native country only by the hope of obtaining the spoils of victory. The most futile pretences were resorted to in order to dispossess the landholders of their property. The new barons, in their turn, gratified their retainers with smaller grants, and thus a new feudal division was established in Sicily upon the ruins of the former one.

Another evil inflicted by this prince upon the unhappy Sicilians was the debasement of the coin. During the dominion of the Hohenstauffen, the coining of money had been conducted upon more strict principles than in any other part of Europe. But by order of Charles of Anjou, the ancient *agostalis* was displaced by *carlinis* and half-*carlinis*, which professed to be of pure gold and to have the same weight as the *agostalis*, but were in reality far inferior to it in value. By this fraudulent contrivance, the treasury gained eighty *per cent.* on the coining of money.

Among other tyrannical decrees promulgated during this reign was one which ordered that no grain should be ground in any mills except in those belonging to government; and which threatened with severe punishment, not only those who should disobey this order, but even those who might purchase the forbidden article. No person in Sicily was safe; the lands of the peasantry were seized without assigning any cause or pretext for the forfeiture. At the tables of the foreign lords, men of the most illustrious and noble families were obliged to serve as menials, and young men, born to command in the field, were employed like slaves in the kitchen of their masters. Neither age nor sex was respected; married women and young maidens were grossly insulted in the presence of their husbands and parents. During the reign of the Emperor Frederic the Second, the laws of the state had been for the most part equitable. Charles caused many of them to be changed, and the administration of justice in Sicily was reduced to a degrading traffic. The ancient parliament, which might have obliged the king to retract some of his oppressive decrees, was never assembled.

Charles was not content with thus violating the fundamental laws of the state, and treating the inhabitants of Sicily with so much cruelty; he inflicted a still greater injury upon their pride by transferring the seat of government from Palermo to Naples. Thus, whilst the island was groaning under

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the tyrannical yoke of its foreign ruler, the continental part of the kingdom was in the most flourishing condition. Charles had restored the University of Naples to its pristine splendor, and this city presented an uninterrupted scene of gayety, whilst Sicily was suffering all the evils and privations which a despotic power can inflict upon a conquered and dependent country.

The impolitic conduct of the French in Sicily had excited against them the indignation of the natives, and an occasion alone was wanting to convert this feeling into open rebellion. Besides Sicilians, the French had other enemies. Constance, granddaughter of Manfred, had sworn to revenge the death of her grandfather. She was married to Peter, Infant of Aragon, who was called to the throne of that country in 1277, and she had never lost an opportunity of instigating him to undertake an expedition against the French in Sicily, in order to restore her to the throne of her ancestors. Giovanni da Procida, one of the king's favorites and the avowed enemy of Charles, inspired his master with similar thoughts of conquest. This celebrated person, whose name has been handed down to posterity as the hero of the Sicilian Vespers, was born at Salerno. He had distinguished himself at the court of Naples as a physician and a scholar. It has been generally thought that he left that court, because Charles had refused to give him satisfaction for the insults offered to his wife and daughters by some Frenchmen; but from evidence adduced in the work before us, it seems that he was banished because he had taken part with Conradin and the Ghibellines when they conspired against the French dominion. Be this as it may, he sought a refuge at the court of Aragon, where his efforts, combined with those of Queen Constance, succeeded in prevailing upon Peter to attempt an invasion of Sicily. This, according to our author, is the only share which Procida had in the revolution of 1282. Mr. Amari does not believe what has often been asserted, that Procida was sent to form an alliance with the pope. He admits, however, that Peter may have had a secret understanding with a few Sicilian nobles, and that Procida may have been employed in these negotiations; but he insists that the people of Palermo took arms before this conspiracy was ripe.

As we have said, Palermo suffered more than any other Sicilian city from the oppressive government of the French.

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In the spring of 1282, the preparations which Charles was making for a war with the Emperor of the East caused new taxes to be assessed throughout Sicily. Heavy contributions were levied on the inhabitants of this devoted city, and even on Easter Sunday, while the people were offering their thanksgivings in the different churches, the rapacious agents of the exchequer did not scruple to penetrate into these sacred places, and to drag from the altar those unhappy persons who had not yet been able to pay the taxes. These and similar acts of cruelty, added to the general ill-feeling which was entertained in Sicily against the French, exasperated to the last degree a people, who, although crushed by a despotic foreign dominion, had not yet lost all hope of seeing their country once more independent.

On Tuesday, the 30th of March, two days after Easter, a religious ceremony was to take place at the church of Santo Spirito. The inhabitants of the town, at the appointed time, hastened to the place of worship, and every thing wore an aspect of contentment and happiness. Among the crowd which was going towards the church was a young lady holding the arm of her husband. A Frenchman who was in the press, under the pretence of searching for hidden weapons among the people, met this couple, and offered a gross indignity to the lady. His brutality alarmed her so much, that she fainted, and her husband, pale with rage, exclaimed, — "Death, death to the French!" At these words, a young man advanced from the crowd and plunged a knife into the heart of the insolent Frenchman. This deed had a more prompt and powerful effect upon the people than any deliberate act of conspiracy could have produced. It seemed to animate them at once with the same purpose, and the air was filled with cries of "Death, death to the French!" This cry, says an author of the time, resounded through the whole country like the voice of God, and penetrated every heart. The ground was soon covered with victims. The multitude, increasing at every step, searched every part of the town, and every person who could not pronounce the word *ciciri* without the hissing sound usually given to it by foreigners was immediately put to death. The French, as if they knew they had merited their fate, made no resistance, and were massacred without pity. Neither women nor children were spared.

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But the details of the horrors committed during this dreadful night are too revolting to be related; no less than two thousand Frenchmen were slain before morning. Horrible as this indiscriminate butchery seems to our modern notions of justice and humanity, it is hardly to be wondered at, considering the fervid temperament of the Sicilians, and the magnitude of the provocations they had received. Mr. Amari certainly is less inclined to condemn his countrymen for the cruelties committed by them during the Vespers, than to deplore the atrocity of those acts which urged them at last to set aside all the laws of humanity, in order to free themselves from the chains which their oppressors had riveted upon them. Nine of the principal citizens of the town were chosen by the people as their chiefs, amidst cries of *Buono stato è libertà*, whilst the ancient gonfalon of Palermo was unfurled.

The spirit of rebellion spread like a conflagration throughout the island. Letters were despatched to the inhabitants of Messina, to induce them to imitate the example given by Palermo, and to take arms against the French. In these letters, Charles was termed a Nero and a monster, whilst Messina was represented as the innocent victim of his cruelty. This town soon embraced the cause of the revolution, and from one end of Sicily to the other the French were threatened with total extermination. Charles was at the Papal court when the news of the dreadful massacre of Palermo reached him. Such was his astonishment at the news, that he seemed at first disposed to bow to the stroke as if it were a dispensation of Providence. He was heard to say in prayer, — "Since it has pleased Thee to change my fortunes, grant that my downfall may not be too rapid." His feelings on the subject, however, soon changed, and he hastened to Naples, where he gave way to the most unbounded passion, and made preparations in great haste to inflict a signal act of vengeance upon the rebellious Sicilians. He resolved to proceed immediately, at the head of large forces, to Sicily, and to storm the city of Messina. On the 25th of July, he arrived before this city, which the inhabitants were prepared to defend with the utmost energy. While the siege was going on, the Sicilians, finding that the republican form of government which they had established was not sufficiently strong to enable them to remain independent, resolved to call

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Peter of Aragon to the throne. This prince arrived in Sicily about the end of August, and the appearance of his admiral with a powerful fleet shortly afterwards obliged Charles to raise the siege of Messina.

From this period, nothwithstanding the reiterated efforts of the French to reconquer Sicily, their dominion in this island may be said to have ceased. Mr. Amari, in the work of which we have attempted to give a rapid outline of the most important part, has not terminated his account at the Sicilian Vespers, but has brought down the narrative until the peace signed in 1302, at Callabelletta, between Charles the Second, king of Naples, and Frederic, king of Sicily, that being the first cessation of hostilities since the Vespers. From the title of his work, it is evident that his design was not merely to give an account of the massacre at Palermo in 1282, but to embrace the whole period of Sicilian history of which this celebrated event was the principal incident.

In the present article, we have endeavoured to present only a brief sketch of that part of the work which gives an account of the Vespers. It seems to us, after an attentive perusal of this account, and of the highly interesting appendix to the work, in which Mr. Amari has minutely examined all the authorities from which he has gathered his materials, that it is impossible not to view this insurrection in the same light as the author has done. If Peter of Aragon and Giovanni da Procida were the real contrivers of the massacre, it is singular that none of the most esteemed historians of the time should have mentioned the fact. Thus, for example, Saba Malaspina, the secretary of Pope Martin the Fourth, in his history, makes no mention of any conspiracy. Yet this author was a Guelf, a friend to the pope and to Charles of Anjou, and the enemy of Peter; he was, moreover, as he says in his Preface, an eyewitness of nearly all the events which he relates. * Is it likely, then, if the Vespers were the result of a conspiracy, that he would not have said so? And Dante, who in the Divina Commedia is considered most exact in all that appertains to Italian history, mentions the Vespers without saying any thing of a plot formed by Giovanni da Procida. But it would be trespassing too far on the indulgence of

* "*Nec ambages inserere, aut incredibilia immiscere, sed vera, vel similia; quæ aut vidi, aut videre potui, vel audivi communibus divulgata sermonibus.*"

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our readers to follow our author in his examination of the comparative value of the different historical accounts of this great event. We recommend the perusal of the work itself to those who may wish to test the accuracy of the story as told by Sismondi, and other late historians.

It should be remarked, that although the Vespers must not be considered as the result of a conspiracy, there is reason to believe that a conspiracy did exist. We have already stated, that Peter of Aragon and Giovanni da Procida formed a plot with some of the Sicilians to restore Constance to the throne of her fathers; that they entered into communication with some Italian noblemen; but that these noblemen would not have been able to overthrow the French government, if the Sicilian people, with that impetuosity and want of prudence which are characteristic of an uneducated multitude, had not undertaken to free themselves from the oppression and tyranny of their rulers. The concerted plan, therefore, remained without effect, until the people, generally more capable of making a revolution than of governing themselves after the revolution is accomplished, were no longer able to resist the attempts of the French to reconquer the country. Pedro was then called to the throne, and the object of the conspiracy finally attained.

The origin of the popular account of the Vespers may be explained without difficulty. The republican government, which was in reality the result of the massacre at Palermo and the insurrection of the Sicilians, lasted so short a time, and the king of Aragon was so soon afterwards called to the throne, that it was very easy to consider the two events as cause and effect, and to believe that the accession of Pedro to the throne of Sicily was the immediate result of the Vespers; yet it was only the effect of the disunion of the people after they had recovered their liberty, and of their manifest unfitness to govern themselves. In consequence of the erroneous account which modern historians have given of this affair, Giovanni da Procida has been chosen as the hero of many a romance and drama, while even the name of the young man who gave the signal for this terrible massacre by striking the Frenchman has not been transmitted to posterity. Such are the caprices of history; the story of the adventurer who sought a refuge at the court of Pedro of Aragon is preserved; the name of him who had the courage to strike the first blow for the liberty of his country has been forgotten.

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Looking at the event with the fullest knowledge we can gain of its causes and consequences, it is natural to ask what the Sicilians gained by this bloody insurrection. Was it any thing more than a mere change of name in those who held the reins of government? At first, it was much more. When a change of the reigning family appears to be the only result of a successful rebellion, the government which succeeds is not likely, unless deprived of all freedom of action, to fall into the same errors as its predecessor. But a revolutionary government is apt soon to forget the causes of its origin, and the persons to whom it is indebted for its establishment. This was the case with the government of the house of Aragon in Sicily. At first, the Spanish princes introduced many useful reforms into the administration; but these soon gave way to new abuses, and the island was again involved in all the evils of misgovernment, which it had sought to avoid by the fearful tragedy of the Sicilian Vespers. The people were oppressed by their new tyrants in the same manner as they had been by the house of Anjou, and to a certain degree by that of the Hohenstauffen.

Posterity, however, may gain much by the remembrance of this event. The history of this period places before the eyes of the present oppressors of Italy a terrible example of the energy displayed in defence of their most sacred rights, by the ancestors of the people whom they now trample upon. Let us hope that the Italians, who are still suffering under the odious yoke of a foreign dominion, may never be tempted to repeat in the streets of Venice or Milan the bloody scenes of the Sicilian Vespers; but rather, when the time is at hand for their deliverance, that Italy may be freed from all foreign rule, without any violent commotion and may once more become what it was in former years, the flourishing abode of commerce, civilization, and the arts.

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Art. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Passages from the History of Liberty.* By Samuel Eliot. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 278.

This little book, planned not only in the spirit of scholarship, but in profound sympathy with the services to humanity rendered by the great men whom it commemorates, is an interesting labor of a student earnestly devoted to high moral and intellectual purposes. The idea is to show, in a connected way, the toils and sufferings borne by isolated individuals, in the cause of reform and human progress, during the mediæval period; to gather, as it were, into one bright picture the scattered rays of light illumining here and there the darkness of that night which preceded the glad dawn of modern civilization and civil and religious liberty. The study of the Middle Ages, and especially of the Italian Republics, in that period of confusion and transition, is necessary to the full understanding of the struggles endured and the progress made by men and states for the last three centuries. In Milton's comprehensive scheme of reading, this department of history is said to have occupied fifteen months. But in Milton's time, all the bearings of that act in the world's drama could not, of course, have been appreciated.

One great source of interest in Mr. Eliot's little book is the true perception he has and so clearly expresses, of the individuality of the men whom he has selected for commemoration. Great as is the influence each has exerted upon the course of human affairs, each stood upon his own strength, contending against overpowering odds of hostile interests, and risking every thing in the encounter. To recall these great but obscured names to our present contemplation was a pious duty to the illustrious dead; and lovingly and piously has that duty been performed. The researches of the young scholar have been given to objects of pure and permanent interest. The motive and design of this work are excellent. Enlightened and comprehensive views of the moral dignity of the persons and scenes he describes, and a religious sense of the dealings of Providence with the history of man, seem ever present to the mind and conscience of the author. The style, with some faults and mannerisms which further experience will remove or amend, is clear and perspicuous. The various scholarship which Mr. Eliot has treasured up in travel and study is used, not for show, but to furnish the

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materials of his work, and is consecrated to the high aims of Christian philanthropy.

The materials of the work are distributed in four general divisions. The first embraces the history of the early Italian reformers. In this division, the isolation of the Middle Ages is first graphically delineated; then, under the three somewhat quaint titles of Labor for Liberty, Labor for Peace, and Labor for Country, we have, as exponents and symbols of the principles these topics involve, well-drawn historical sketches of Arnaldo da Brescia, Giovanni di Vicenza, and Jacopo de' Bussolari. The peculiar merits of these men, whose great spirits far outran their ages, are set forth and illustrated with fulness of knowledge, clearness of apprehension, and sympathy of feeling. In the concluding section of this part, the failures in such reforms are ably discussed.

In our judgment, the second division of the book, which is exclusively occupied with the life and labors of John Wycliffe, is the most able and valuable. The services of this truly Christian and most admirable person — who, to most minds, even now is but the shadow of a mighty name, a distant foreboding only of Luther — are here distinctly traced and developed. We see in them the germ of those great additions to human happiness and liberty which have occupied the minds of men during the last three centuries, and some of which even the present age is employed in making or perfecting. The scope of his reforms embraced church and state; and the nineteenth century has scarcely surpassed the wise and Christian spirit in which those reforms were conceived, and so far as lay in the power of the Reformer himself, carried into effect. Mr. Eliot adorns his work with striking expressions from Wycliffe's writings. Among the most remarkable things about this man was the view he took of war, astonishing for his age, for even the nineteenth century is not sufficiently Christianized to renounce this direst work of the Devil. "What honor," exclaims Wycliffe, "falls to a knight that he kills many men? The hangman killeth many more, and with a better title; better were it for men to be butchers of swine than slayers of their brethren."

The third division is occupied with the reforms of Savonarola, and the fourth, with the war of the Communities in Castile. These complete Mr. Eliot's well-considered plan. We regard the book, notwithstanding occasional crudities of sentiment and expression, as a valuable contribution to historical literature.

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2. — *The Statesmen of America in* 1846. By SARAH MYTTON MAURY. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longman; Paternoster Row. 1847. 12mo. pp. 508.

WE do not wonder it took so many publishers to bring out this book. It is one of the most remarkable productions of the present age. Nor do we wonder at the ill-treatment it has received from a portion of the London press. The journalists of England have always been a prejudiced race, and jealous of American superiority in arts and arms; and the greater part of the English travellers have played into the hands of these narrow-minded gentlemen, by attributing to us the same faults that mark the other portions of the human race. Our orations on the Fourth of July and in the general Congress constantly deny the soft impeachment; but John Bull refuses to be convinced. Mrs. Maury has come out on our side with such unanswerable examples, that Mr. Bull grows angry, and tries to evade the conclusion by railing at "politics in petticoats." He is unwilling that such impartial and strong testimony in our favor should go forth uncontradicted to the world, and thinks to counteract it by an alliteration upon that sacred and characteristic garment, which even Mr. Weller the elder, in his conversation with the old housekeeper, shrunk with delicate awe from mentioning. But pray, what objection can there be, in the nature of things, to politics in petticoats? Does not John Bull, or his organ the London Spectator, know that in the languages of the two most politic and polished nations that have flourished in the world's history, the very science of politics is of the feminine gender? How does he construe ἡ Πολιτικὴ and *la Politique*? And what does he say to himself for submitting to that which good King James used to call "the monstrous regiment of women"? What does he think of Queen Victoria, the source of every political honor he can enjoy? Why, John is under petticoat government himself, but without seeming to know it, though every body is on the broad grin. Let us hear from him, then, no more taunting alliterations, no more unbecoming allusions to one part or another of the feminine dress, remembering that the great Pericles was taught politics and eloquence by the fair lips of Aspasia.

We hope we have disposed of John Bull and the London Spectator. Now let us consider, for a few moments, the extraordinary book which has so stirred up the insular mind. The quality which most strikes us, in the analysis of its contents, is the laudable discrimination displayed in the political portraits. An envious person might possibly insinuate that Mrs. Maury some-

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times oversteps the modesty of nature, — that she colors too highly. Suggestions of this sort, however, coming from the source they do, are entitled to no consideration. Mrs. Maury never colors too highly, never is indiscriminate. Her distinctions are great, greater, greatest, — good, better, best; and what better distinctions can any one make than the three degrees of comparison? If she makes no more, it is not her fault, but the fault of English adjectives; for we have not, as the Greeks had, the liberty of constructing double comparatives and superlatives. If we had, we doubt not Mrs. Maury would have applied them, with her usual skill, to at least half a dozen of her heroes. Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Charles Jared Ingersoll, would certainly have been placed among the superlatives of the second degree.

A short preliminary dissertation disposes of the President and People of the United States. Then — "begin from Jove the strain" — the portraits of individual deities commence with James Buchanan, the Secretary of State, of whom she says that the moment she saw him, at a ball, she knew that she "had looked upon a friend." Her deep intuition was justified by the event; for, says she, "he granted me every indulgence, and accorded my every wish." Even at the most frightful moments of brave talk respecting a war with England about Oregon, she "sought consolation from Mr. Buchanan." To most people this would seem, under the circumstances, a very odd source to go to for comfort; and nothing short of Mrs. Maury's divining-rod could have pointed her thither. "I ever left his presence," says she, "with a light and happy heart." We learn from her, too, that Mr. Buchanan has "an aristocratic address and manner," and a "full-blooded system," both of which are peculiar qualifications for a Democratic Secretary of State. The sketch is followed by extracts from the Hon. Secretary's speeches. Mr. Haywood of North Carolina, whose "compliments are always gratifying," and who "speaks excellent English," comes next to the Secretary of State. Mr. Abbott Lawrence occupies four pages. His "features are very handsome." The general conclusion, — the result of profound reflection, — that "the American forehead is almost always well formed," introduces a peculiarity of Mr. Lawrence's; namely, that it "clearly denotes the immense superiority of the intellectual over the physical nature." So that point is settled. Mrs. Maury made the curious discovery, among other things, that Mr. Lawrence's "religion" is "Episcopalian"; people have generally supposed it was the Christian religion. Of the Hon. Hugh L. White, we are assured that "in personal appearance, dress, manners, and mode of speaking, he *is truly a gentleman.*"

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Mr. Benton's recent approximation to a major-generalship (we understand the sword has proved but an air-drawn dagger, after all) has excited the public attention. His Bobadilian tactics have amused the quidnuncs, and, we fear, have not frightened the Mexicans. Mrs. Maury says he "possesses much weight in the Senate," that "he is somewhat inclined to corpulency," and that "he has much senatorial dignity." His "nose is broader, the nostrils more expanded, the lips more full, and the mouth less wide, than is usual in the American contour." Whatever else the Senator can do, then, he cannot suspend an opponent *naso adunco*. In a note upon the description of Mr. Benton, we are favored with a sketch of a typical American, — an American in the abstract. "Their hands and feet are more delicately formed, the shoulders are more falling, the neck has more length and less thickness, the limbs are longer, and the step is more rapid than that of their forefathers." What means Mrs. Maury has of ascertaining how rapidly our forefathers stepped we cannot imagine. Of the Hon. Samuel D. Hubbard, she says, — "Surely no man was ever so maliciously good as this representative of stern old Connecticut; and I can only account for it by supposing that he originally came out of the Mayflower, and landed with the Pilgrim Fathers; — he is their very express image. I envied the Whigs and Puritans such intelligence, judgment, and virtue, and have tried all arts to beguile him from their ranks, but in vain." What an obstinate, hard-headed, pragmatical old fellow he must be. *We*, too, can account for his obdurate resistance to Mrs. Maury's weapons — *Mauri jaculis* — only by the supposition that he came over in the Mayflower, and is one of the slow-paced forefathers of the Plymouth rock.

Mr. Van Buren has until now been greatly misunderstood both by friends and foes. Both have imputed to him a foxiness of character, as well as of whiskers. But it is all a mistake, for "he speaks of himself with that unreserved confidence which is so attractive in a distinguished man." At the same time, however, he has the knack of conjuring "men's hearts out of their bosoms." In obedience to "her husband's positive command," — an apparent recognition of the much-contested doctrine, that the husband *has* a right to command, — Mrs. Maury, with her son "the Doctor," called upon the Ex-President, though without a letter of introduction. "The Ex-President's manners are bewitching, he took me by the hand, laughed heartily at my mode of self-introduction, himself lifted from the carriage my travelling bandbox, first ordered the driver home, and then said, — 'The name you bear, Madam, is of itself a sufficient introduction; of course you will stay here, for it will give us the greatest pleas-

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ure.'" So "we sat down in a cool and pleasant parlour; iced water, lemonade, and wine were immediately presented."

We cannot resist quoting another beautiful passage, which would make a good subject for a picture, to be entitled "The Sage of Lindenwold." It describes a ramble through the farm and garden. "The Ex-President gathered flowers for me, *led us to look at his potatoes*, presented me with a branch of delicious red currants, and delighted me by calling my boy 'Doctor,' and walking along the fields with his arm round the little fellow's neck." *Fortunate puer!* to have his neck encircled by such an arm! And what an interest a great man throws around the most common objects! The prosaic esculents of a kitchen garden, the useful but unromantic potato, and the red currant, shall henceforth shine transfigured into wreaths of immortal glory upon the Ex-Presidential brow of the Magician of Kinderhook!

We cannot resist the temptation of copying a few sentences from the chapter on Mr. Winthrop. "I have traced, with curious interest, a likeness in Mr. Winthrop to the features of John Winthrop (the first governor), in a portrait painted by Vandyke, and should I revisit America, as I hope, I shall be strangely tempted to ask his permission to try how becomingly he would look in a starched lace ruffle, such as adorns the neck of the Pilgrim governor." If Mrs. Maury *should* come to Boston, and *should* persuade the dignified representative of the three-hilled city to masquerade it in the ruffles of his ancestor, we say, with the poet of John Gilpin, "May we be there to see!"

It is astonishing how many, and how extraordinary, were the attentions lavished upon Mrs. Maury by the most distinguished persons in the country. The Supreme Court of the United States, as was quite proper, took the lead in these urbanities.

"Before I had ever been presented to Judge M'Lean," she relates, "I was honored by his protection, and gratified by his notice. My little son was, on general occasions, my only escort; he attended me to my seat, and then took leave, generally returning every hour to inquire if I was ready to retire. I was thus alone in the court, and might probably have felt somewhat embarrassed (!), being unknown, and in the midst of strangers; but Judge M'Lean, entering at once into the delicacy of my position, always bowed to me from the bench, as well on my departure as on my entrance. The compliment was the more gratifying, because M'Lean was usually at that time the presiding judge on the bench. Immediately, by this recognition, I felt myself in the society and under the protection of the graceful and benignant judge, and no words can express the relief afforded me by this most delicate and refined attention; the impulse of a heart filled with that charity which surpasses comprehension."

"Mr. Webster," also, "unless when greatly occupied by business,

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always acknowledged me in court, and seemed amused with my frequent attendance there; he once complimented me on my good taste and devotion to the law."

From Mr. Webster we pass on to Mr. Hannegan, whose recent passage at arms with General Benton has thrown the country into convulsions of laughter. On one occasion, in the gallery of the Senate, Mrs. Maury grew very enthusiastic. "In the excitement of the moment, I threw down my glove to the speaker; it fell at his side. The chivalrous Hannegan instantly picked it up, pressed it to his lips, looked gratefully up to the gallery, bowed, and placed it in his bosom. The fortunate glove was transmitted by the next day's post to the lady of the Senator, then in Indiana. I preserve the less happy fellow to it."

There are other things equally spicy about Mr. Hannegan. But *paullo majora canamus.* At a ball given by Mr. John Quincy Adams,—sublime moment in the history of political philosophy, scarcely less memorable than Gibbon's barefooted friars and the first conception of the Decline and Fall,—the stupendous idea entered Mrs. Maury's mind of writing the present work. Mrs. Gouverneur playfully charged her with an intention of going home and making a book abusive of the Americans. "Never," said Buchanan, on whose arm I leaned, "never; I answer for her. If she puts pen to paper, it will be to do us justice." Mr. Buchanan's sagacity on this occasion shows how well qualified he is to hold in his hand the threads of our foreign diplomacy. The rest of this historical scene must be quoted.

"'And to show,' I quickly added, 'that an Englishwoman has the sense to appreciate your virtues, to admire your greatness, and to return with gratitude your affection, permit me to offer to *you*, Mr. Buchanan, the dedication of such a book.'

"'Beautifully said,' returned the Secretary, 'and I accept it with the greatest pleasure as a proof of your regard; but what will become of your dear friends, Calhoun and Ingersoll?'

"'Mr. Buchanan,' I replied, 'the Secretary of State is the representative of the Americans in foreign nations, and, therefore, my Guardian and my Friend will both approve of my choice.'"

Thus Mr. Buchanan, though a bachelor, may claim the honors of paternity to the present work.

We cannot close our rambling notices of this charming volume without alluding to two more of Mrs. Maury's most distinguished heroes, Mr. Charles Jared Ingersoll, "her guardian," and Mr. Calhoun, "her friend," as she designates them in her little speech to Mr. Buchanan. "Remember, Short 's the friend." "To me," says Mrs. Maury, speaking of Mr. Ingersoll, "he accorded his constant, unreserved, and most intimate confidence;

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and I declare, and solemnly as I hope for mercy, that the breast of Ingersoll is guiltless of all wilful malice, and free from all vindictive passions. . . . . So gentle, so easily affected is he, that I have sometimes invented a pathetic story, that I might see my Guardian weep." Was there ever so touching and tender a scene as this? Mrs. Maury improvising pathos, and the guileless chairman of the committee of foreign affairs, already turned of sixty-three, weeping. It must be a great comfort to Mr. Ingersoll to have found such a compurgator, for a few unconscious peccadilloes have excited a slight degree of prejudice against him; and his recent report upon the Mexican war, which falsifies every fact in the history of the transaction, and commends a line of national policy that would disgrace a den of robbers, tends to keep up in some ill-regulated minds the same unfortunate prejudices. Even the Senate of the United States did him the great wrong to reject his nomination as minister to France, acting under a similar misapprehension. Now, if the following statements of Mrs. Maury had been pondered as they should have been, the "amiable, sensible, brilliant, and witty Ingersoll, charming at sixty-three," could not surely have suffered the ignominy of a rejection. "He has no secrets, and can keep none [not even those of the State Department]; the only error of his nature being an uncontrollable impulse to utter at once, regardless of time and place, the thing he feels, or knows, or even suspects." It was this unfortunate propensity — one that "displays the most noble and most generous sentiments that can animate the breast of man" — that led Mr. Ingersoll into that fatal collision with Mr. Webster. He certainly did show himself to be, as Mrs. Maury says he is, "open to conviction," but we never heard of his having displayed any earnestness in this particular instance "to ask forgiveness," although his character exhibits "all the warm, uncalculating sensibilities of youth."

Apropos to Mr. Ingersoll, we have a disquisition on wit, which Mrs. Maury thinks the Americans have as yet had no time to acquire, not having "had leisure," like Falstaff, to be either witty themselves, or to be the cause of the wit that is in other men. For this opinion she advances several profound reasons. Mr. Ingersoll, the boy of sixty-three, is the only witty person she conversed with in America. His sparkling sallies are recorded, for the admiration of the European world. One of them is as follows: — "At a ball, after keeping him at least an hour, during which time nobody asked me to dance, I observed, 'that for his sake I was sorry that I had had no offers.' 'Madam,' rejoined the only witty man in America, 'I should instantly have repudiated them.'" Now, when we consider that Mr. Ingersoll is not

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only the chairman of the committee of foreign affairs, but solitary and alone the incorporation of American wit, this brilliant rejoinder assumes at once a national importance. It may be, after all, that the Senate rejected him as minister to France because they thought the country could not spare the only wit it had.

We tear ourselves reluctantly away from the fascinating repartees of Mr. Charles Jared Ingersoll. We must even pass over Major-General Gaines, and skip to Mr. Calhoun, reversing the old saw, and reading it, *Inter leges silent arma.* Great as have been all who have gone before him in these pages, stupendous as have been the geniuses hitherto commemorated, we have come now to the greatest man but one in the whole illustrious catalogue. "Calhoun is my statesman," quoth the Spectator's impetticoated Politics. "Through good report and through evil report, in all his doctrines, whether upon slavery, free trade, nullification, treasury and currency systems, active annexation, or *masterly inactivity*, I hold myself his avowed and admiring disciple." It must be an inexpressible relief to Mr. Calhoun to have found at last a congenial spirit to sympathize in all his views, and understand them. His principles "are THE DECALOGUE OF REPUBLICS"; — the capitals are Mrs. Maury's. "If you should ask me," said the Carolina statesman to his enthusiastic admirer, "the word that I would wish engraven on my tombstone, it is NULLIFICATION." We confess, it seems to us such an epitaph would sound rather ambiguous. Nullification is the last word that we should like on a tombstone; it sounds too much like *annihilation*, for us; but that may be a Northern prejudice.

Mrs. Maury is a thorough defender of slavery, though an excellent democrat and firm supporter of liberty and equality. She points out in a luminous manner the advantages which the slaveholders enjoy for training themselves in the arts of government, and she denounces those who "preach emancipation" as fanatics. "An hereditary slave-owner, he [Mr. Calhoun] was born and educated a ruler. His gracious, princely nature, accustomed to give command without appeal, is equally accustomed to receive submission without reserve." — "And to this education in the art of government as slaveholders at home, and from their birth, it is mainly owing that the statesmen of the Southern sections display such rare, such excelling wisdom in the discharge of the offices of the Republic." Born rulers are a great and brilliant discovery for a republic. The art of governing is a crucial experiment, which must be tried upon the African race, — *experimentum crucis in corpore vili*, — before it can be applied to our Anglo-Saxon democracy. A great statesman must keep a little model administration at home, which he can mould

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at will, — a machine constructed of black men, women, and children, over whom he exercises command without appeal, — in order to qualify himself to administer the government of a free people. The magnetic telegraph, gun-cotton, and Le Verrier's new planet are nothing to this magnificent result of political invention. Mr. Calhoun's eyes, says Mrs. Maury, *give out light in the dark.* These speculations prove the feline attribute ; there is a place, however (but that is *not* in our model republic), where "Darkness visible serves only to discover sights of woe."

We *must* cite one affecting passage more.

"From a singular coincidence of circumstances, I had the happy fortune to convey to Mr. Calhoun the testimonies offered to his worth by many leading men.

"The President declares that you possess his perfect confidence and his highest personal esteem. Buchanan pronounces you preëminent in talent and virtue. Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Hannegan, have all expressed, for themselves and their respective parties, the highest encomiums that men can utter of each other."

To this singularly delicate communication, "Calhoun spoke not ; but his eye glistened, and in silence he took my hand and pressed it. *How few have been indulged with such a privilege!*"

We have been obliged to omit many of the plums in the pudding, — to pass without notice many of the stars in Mrs. Maury's milky way of American greatness. An uncommon operation she performed upon the chairman of one of the committees, — that of making him *look nine ways at once*, — a compound strabismus of singular pathological interest we can barely allude to. We take leave of the book by congratulating the country and ourselves, the present generation and the future, that such a chronicler of our illustrious names has arisen ; and most especially do we congratulate the illustrious names themselves, that their fame is placed beyond the reach of the accidents of mortality. That old poet was a fool who said, —

Πιθανὸς ἄγαν ὁ θῆλυς ὅρος ἐπινέμεται
Ταχύπορος· ἀλλὰ ταχύμορον
Γυναικοκήρυκτον ὄλλυται κλέος.

"The female mind too quickly moves,
Too apt to credit what it loves :
But short-lived is the fame
Which female heraldries proclaim."

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3.— *Christian Consolations: Sermons designed to furnish Comfort and Strength to the Afflicted.* By A. P. Peabody, Pastor of the South Church in Portsmouth, N. H. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1847. 16mo. pp. 312.

It is seldom that a volume of sermons comes within our critical province. Those which are published in this country are, for the most part, of an occasional or controversial character, and are forgotten with the occurrences that produced them. The standard of pulpit eloquence is very low, and there is little chance of improvement in this respect, while the clergy are so much overworked as they are in America. In addition to their parochial duties, which in large parishes consume much time, they are required to produce a greater amount of written matter in the course of a week than most editors of a daily newspaper; and we ought not to complain, therefore, if their sermons are as feeble as the political discussions and "Washington correspondence" of a penny press. They belong to the department of "cheap literature," the quantity given being out of all proportion to the insignificant price that is paid for it. So far as remuneration is concerned, most country clergymen have reason to envy the lot of the "penny-a-liners."

We welcome, therefore, with almost as much surprise as satisfaction, the appearance of a volume of discourses so excellent as these of Mr. Peabody. Though selected from "the author's common parish sermons, written with no view to future publication, at wide intervals of time," they have not a trace of the languid diffuseness, and meaningless repetition of stereotyped phrases, which usually characterize such productions. They are rich in thought, and of a high order of literary merit. Yet the writer nowhere appears over-careful in point of expression, or studious of finish and ornament of style; the rhetorician never assumes the place of the Christian divine. His discourses are sermons, in the strictest sense of that word; they are not mere moral essays, philosophical disquisitions, or imaginative reveries. They do not inculcate stoicism or insensibility, nor do they harshly chide the mourner for the indulgence of grief, which too often exceeds the limits of reason, and violates the teachings of religious faith. With a kind heart and quick sympathies, the preacher touches the broken and crushed affections, and labors to restore the mind to its wonted firmness of tone by the seasonable and impressive suggestion of those great Christian doctrines which deprive the grave of its victory. The sermons bear the marks of deep feeling quite as plainly as they do the impress of

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an acute and highly cultivated intellect. We have found nothing in them which indicates the peculiar tenets of the writer; they may be read without protest by the members of any Christian denomination. It is consoling, indeed, amid the turmoil and excitement of sectarian controversies, to remember that the great practical doctrines of our religion, the precepts addressed to the heart and the life, constitute the neutral ground upon which all polemics may meet in the brotherhood of faith. What is to be believed admits of a multitude of interpretations; what is to be done is uttered with one voice by all who admit Jesus of Nazareth as their teacher, and as the Saviour of men.

4.— 1. *The Agamemnon of Æschylus, with Notes.* By C. C. Felton, A. M., Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in the University at Cambridge. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 199.

2. *The Iliad of Homer, from the Text of Wolf, with English Notes.* By C. C. Felton. New and Revised Edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 581.

A mere announcement of the publication of these Greek classics, edited by Professor Felton, is enough to acquit the critic of his duty. The editor's reputation for various and accurate scholarship, refined taste, and thorough acquaintance with the wants of teachers and pupils, has been so firmly established by his previous labors in the same department, that the public are willing to accept upon trust the fruits of his future industry. The great improvement which has taken place within the last fifteen years, in the school and college editions of the classics that are in use in this country, may be ascribed in a considerable degree to his example and exertions. He was one of the earlier laborers in this field, and what he has accomplished under his own name, besides the aid that he has afforded to others by his criticisms and counsels,— and no one has been more bountiful in this respect, or less avaricious of fame,— has given a new and brighter aspect to the course of classical studies in America. The old pedantic fashion of editing the Greek and Latin authors, which was prevalent in England and Germany, and which amounted to little more than a useless display of various readings, and an announcement of the editor's immense erudition, has given way to considerations of practical utility; and those editions are now alone in use in the lecture and recitation room, which have been

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skilfully contrived to facilitate the progress and guide the taste of the learner. Some of the old brown-paper copies of the Delphin Classics, which were exclusively studied twenty years ago, ought to be preserved as curiosities, and to show the present generation how ample are their means and appliances for study when compared with the meagre apparatus on which their fathers were obliged to rely.

The Agamemnon of Æschylus, "the great masterpiece of the Grecian Shakspeare," is here presented in a portable and very neat edition, with copious notes, in which the numberless difficulties of the text are fully considered and resolved, so that a mere tyro in Greek, by the aid of them, can understand and appreciate the genius of the old dramatist. The commentary is enriched with numerous citations of parallel passages from the works of the English poets, which not only throw light on the crabbed expressions in the text, but pleasantly diversify the learner's path, and keep alive in his mind a sense of the poetic beauty of the original. All that it is important to know of the life of Æschylus is agreeably and succinctly told in the Preface.

The Homer is a reprint of the edition which Professor Felton first published about fifteen years ago, and which is here given with a carefully revised text, and more than double the former amount of annotations. Under the modest title of "Preliminary Remarks," the editor has added an interesting and beautifully written essay on the origin of Greek poetry and the characteristics of Homer, with a discussion of the much-vexed "Homeric question." This essay shows learning without pedantry, and a cultivated taste without unmeaning refinement; and it may be recommended as pleasant and instructive reading even to those who are not able to taste in the original the beauties which it is intended to illustrate.

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A System of Intellectual Philosophy. By Rev. Asa Mahan, President, and Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, in the Oberlin Collegiate Institute. Second Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1847. 12mo. pp. 330.

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A Report on the Trees and Shrubs growing naturally in the Forests of Massachusetts. Published agreeably to an Order of the Legislature, by the Commissioners on the Zoölogical and Botanical Survey of the State. Boston. 1846. 8vo. pp. 547.

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